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A DEFENCE OF POETRY, MUSIC,  
AND STAGE-PLAYS,

BY THOMAS LODGE,  
OF LINCOLN'S INN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

AN ALARUM AGAINST USURERS;

AND

THE DELECTABLE HISTORY

OF

FORBONIUS AND PRISCERIA.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1853.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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As the present volume has only a partial reference to dramatic performances, it may very probably disappoint the expectations of some Members of the Shakespeare Society. It was however most desirable that the suppressed tract of Lodge, in answer to Gosson's "School of Abuse," should be preserved in an accessible form; and, as it was too inconsiderable in bulk to appear by itself, it is accompanied with an accurate reprint of the earliest of the same author's numerous publications, in which he protests against "the unjust slander" with which he had been assailed by Gosson, in his later work, "Playes confuted in Five Actions," without date, but printed about the year 1582. This treatise, "An Alarum against Usurers," is in other respects not unworthy of notice, as it exposes the craft and subtlety of a class of men who are found in most countries, delineated by the author from his own observation, or, as his words might infer, his personal experience. It also furnishes an early specimen of that conversational style which De Foe has employed so effectively in his various fictitious narratives.

Having obtained the use of the curious little volume of tracts relating to Stage Plays, which contains Lodge's Reply to Gosson, and which was purchased at Heber's sale (Part IV., No. 2,334) by the late William Henry Miller, Esq., of Craigentenny, with permission to have it transcribed for the use of the Shakespeare Society, I was led, somewhat incautiously, to undertake the editing of the present volume, instead of leaving it wholly in the more competent hands of Mr. Payne Collier, a gentleman to whom the Society is under such manifold obligations; but with his friendly assistance, the task has not proved very arduous.

The increasing attractions of theatrical entertainments during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were attended with serious abuses. The crowds, in particular, which flocked on the Sundays to places of popular amusement, occasioned loud complaints and remonstrances on the part of the Puritan ministers. As dramatic performances were however encouraged and patronized by the Queen herself and many of the nobility, the denunciations in sermons preached at Paul's Cross, and even the prohibition of the Mayor and Aldermen of London, which prevented the erection of a theatre within the bounds of the City, had no effect in checking the evil.

Two years after the appearance of Northbrooke's "Treatise against Dicing, Dancing, Plays, and Interludes, with other idle Pastimes," Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a writer for the Stage, published his "School of Abuse." Both these works



have been reprinted in the series of the Society's publications, and edited by Mr. Collier, with his usual fidelity. In the same year, 1579, Gosson published another work, entitled "The Ephemerides of Phialo," at the end of which he annexed "A short Apologie of the School of Abuse; against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers." In this Apology Gosson tells us that the Players, having in vain applied to some members of the Universities to answer his former publication, they at length "had found one in London to write certain honest Excuses, for so they term it, to their dishonest Abuses which I revealed." To what individual he alludes, cannot be ascertained. Mr. Collier, I think rather inadvertently, says this "alludes to Thomas Lodge the dramatist, who very soon afterwards published his reply to Stephen Gosson." It is however by no means clear that this was the case, when we consider his words. "Our players," (he says) "since I set out the *Schole of Abuse*, have travailed to some of mine acquaintance of both Universities, with fayre profers, and greater promises of rewardes, if they woulde take so much paines as to write against mee; at last, like to Penelopee's suters, which seeing themselves disdained of her, were glad to encroch with some of her maides, when neither of both Universities would heare their plea, they were driven to flie to a weake hedge, and fight for themselves with a rotten stake.....It is tolde mee that they have got one in London to write certaine *Honest Excuses*, for so they tearme it, to their dishonest Abuses which I revealed.

.....I staye my hande till I see his booke; when I have perused it, I wil tel you more." As Lodge's tract makes no mention of this Apology, the two sheets of which it consists may have already been in the printer's hands; and before being corrected, when the usual license for publication was refused, only a few copies may have been thrown off. But Gosson's distinction, "one in London," in contrast with some persons in both Universities, will not apply to Lodge, although at that time he probably resided in London. It is at least evident that they had no personal acquaintance, although they were students at Oxford at the same time, and took their degree of Bachelor of Arts within seven months of each other. When Lodge's tract came into Gosson's hands, as something unexpected on his part, he expressly states, this was "one whole yeere after the privy printing thereof;" and consequently, several months subsequent to the publication of his "Ephemerides."

This, after all, is a matter of no importance, and it is therefore scarcely necessary to remark, that a tract issued under such circumstances was not likely to be the one specially written in favour of the Playérs at the time, when, in consequence of "his Defiance unto Playérs," Gosson says he "*was mightely besett with heaps of adversaries.*" Of these productions he has preserved the outline of one named "The Play of Plays,"<sup>1</sup> "written in their owne defence," which was brought on the Stage, but probably never printed. Another

<sup>1</sup> In his "Playes Confuted," sign. F., 1-3. See also Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. ii., p. 275.

anonymous tract, of which unfortunately no copy is known to exist, is noticed, in his "Ephemerides," as having passed through the press, in 1579, under the disguised title of "Strange Newes from Affrica."

There is however no occasion to enlarge further on the various works for or against the Stage which appeared at this time, after the detailed information which Mr. Collier has prefixed to the reprints of the two volumes to which I have already alluded. But I may be allowed to express the hope that he will complete the series, by the republication of Gosson's "Short Apology," printed in 1579, and of his latter work, "Playes confuted in Five Actions," as these contain, within a limited compass, much curious matter relating to the Stage. On the present occasion, it may be more suitable for me to endeavour to collect the scattered notices relating to the personal history of Lodge, and to subjoin an enumeration of his writings, as a tribute to his memory which cannot be considered an unsuitable addition to the present volume, as the publication of a Society whose object it is to illustrate the history not merely of the Drama, but of English Literature during the remarkable period in which the author flourished.

In this attempt, however unsuccessful it may be, I found it necessary to supply some local disadvantages by seeking the friendly aid of others. I would specially desire to acknowledge how much I have been indebted to the following gentlemen: John Payne Collier, Esq., and Peter Cunningham, Esq., two of the most efficient members of the Shakespeare So-



ciety; the Rev. Dr. Bandinel, and the Rev. Henry O. Coxe, Oxford; Samuel Christy, Esq., M.P.; Dr. Irving, Edinburgh; W. H. Spilsbury, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn Library; and Sir Charles G. Young, Garter King-at-Arms, through the kind intervention of W. B. D. D. Turnbull, Esq., Advocate. Nor must I omit my hearty thanks for the liberal use accorded to me of several of Lodge's tracts preserved in the rich and interesting library collected by the late Mr. Miller of Craigentenny.

DAVID LAING.

Edinburgh, June, 1853.

SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
THOMAS LODGE AND HIS WRITINGS.

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“ Who does not wish to know all that can be known of an author who could write such stanzas as the following?—

“ ‘ See where the babes of memory are laid,  
Under the shadow of Apollo’s tree ;  
That plait their garlands fresh, and well apaid,  
And breath forth lines of dainty poesy.  
Ah ! world farewell : the sight hereof doth tell,  
That true content doth in the desert dwell.

“ ‘ Sweet solitary life, thou true repose,  
Wherein the wise contemplate Heaven aright,  
In thee no dread of war or worldly foes,  
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight ;  
In thee no wanton cares to win with words,  
Nor lurking toys which city life affords.

“ ‘ At peep of day, when in her crimson pride  
The Morn bespreads with roses all the way  
Where Phoebus’ coach with radiant course must glide,  
The hermit bends his humble knees to pray ;  
Blessing that God whose bounty did bestow  
Such beauties on the earthly things below.’

“ These sweet lines, and many more of the same flow and fancy, were written by Thomas Lodge, considerably more than two hundred and fifty years ago, in a poem ‘ In commendation of a Solitary Life ;’ and, avoiding certain uncouthnesses of antique spelling, it is obvious that, for the grace and facility of the verse, and for the beauty and simplicity of the sentiment, the lines might have been written yesterday—

if, indeed, any of our living ‘babes of memory’ could equal the ease, purity, and piety of Lodge.”

Such is the commencement of a paper on “Thomas Lodge and his Works,” by John Payne Collier, Esq., which appeared in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for December, 1850, and which contains a minute and interesting enumeration of his several works. Had this been followed by one or more papers, as proposed, giving an account of Lodge’s personal history, and a general and comprehensive view of his character, the present attempt would have been superfluous.

THOMAS LODGE was the second son of Sir Thomas Lodge (grocer), Lord Mayor of London in 1563, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir William Laxton (grocer), Lord Mayor of London in 1542. He was born, there is reason for supposing, about the year 1558, either in London, or at West Ham, in Essex. He himself repeatedly speaks of “the offspring from whence he came” as a lineage of which he had no reason to be ashamed; and, either in accordance with the fashion of the time, or in consequence of the imputations thrown out against him by his early antagonist, Stephen Gosson, he uniformly styles himself “Gentleman.” Wood derives his descent “from a family of that name in Lincolnshire” (he should have written, I suspect, Shropshire), and in a pedigree, still believed to be extant, Sir Thomas Lodge (the father), claims to be the representative of Odoard de Logis, Baron of Wigton, in the county of Cumberland, in the reign of Henry I.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1834, vol. ii., p. 157.



Without attempting to assign London or its vicinity as the place of his birth, we have his own authority, at a later period of his life, that he "was bred and brought up in the City."<sup>1</sup> Sir William Laxton died on the 29th of July, 1556, and his funeral took place on the 9th of August, when his son-in-law, Lodge, acted as chief mourner.<sup>2</sup> In 1559, Sir Thomas Lodge, the father of the poet, was chosen one of the Sheriffs of London, and in 1562, Lord Mayor. On the 18th of April, 1563, Sir Thomas, still Lord Mayor, had a son christened;

<sup>1</sup> Vincent: *Salop* in Coll. Armor, p. 509.—"Thomas Lodge, born at Cound, settled in London as a grocer, and was Lord Mayor of London in 1562." (Hulbert's *Manual of Shropshire Biography*, p. 21.)

The following verses were placed on the tomb of Sir William and Lady Laxton in the church of St. Mary, Aldermary, London:—

"Sir William Laxton lies interred within this hollow vault,  
That by good life had happy death, the end for which he sought,  
Of poor and rich he was belov'd, his dealings they were just,  
God hath his Soul, his body here consumed is to dust.

"Here lies by Fame, that lately died, Sir William Laxton's Wife,  
That ever was a doer good, and liv'd a virtuous life:  
A mindful Matron of the poor, and to the learned sort,  
A true and faithful citizen and died with good report."

"He died the 29th day of July, 1556." Sir Thomas and Lady Lodge (the father and mother of the poet) are also buried in St. Mary, Aldermary. Lady Laxton left £100 to her grandson Thomas Lodge student of Lincoln's Inn.

<sup>2</sup> After the burial in St. Mary's Church, Aldermary, there was an entertainment given, where "dyned many worshipfull men and women." The hearse still burning with wax, it is recorded by a citizen of London, that, on the last day of that month, "after mass, and a sermon, there was another" great dinner, and after dinner the hearse was taken down. (The Diary of Henry Machyn, Citizen and Merchant Tailor of London: edited for the Camden Society by John Gough Nichols, Esq.; pp. 111, 113. London, 1848, 4to.)

William Earl of Pembroke being one of the god-fathers.<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas's name also occurs as one of five merchant adventurers, at whose expense a vessel was fitted out for Guinea, in February, 1562-3, returning in August; and again, in the following year.<sup>2</sup>

Lady Lodge was courted by authors when her son, the future poet, was a minor, the Registers of the Stationers' Company recording under the 7th of April, 1579, that Edward White obtained a license for printing a small work, "The Myrror of Modestie."<sup>3</sup> The author was Thomas Salter, and it was dedicated by the publisher to Lady Anne Lodge. The full title of the little book is this:—

"A Mirrhor mete for all Mothers, Matrones, and Maidens, intituled the Mirrhor of Modestie, no lesse profitable and pleasant, then necessarie to bee read and practised.

"Imprinted at London for Edward White, at the little North dore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun."

<sup>1</sup> Machyn's Diary, p. 117.

<sup>2</sup> Hakluyt's Voyages, vol. ii., part 2, pp. 54, 55. Lond., 1599, folio. "Which Voyage is also written in verse by Robert Baker." This refers to "The first voyage of Robert Baker to Guinie, with the Minion and Primrose, set out in October, 1562, by Sir William Garrard, Sir William Chester, M. Thomas Lodge, Anthony Hickman, and Edward Castelin:" also, "The second voyage to Guinie, and the river of Sesto, set out in the moneth of November, 1563, by Sir William Garrard," &c. Hakluyt inserted Baker's poetical accounts in his first Collection, London, 1589, but he omitted them in his enlarged work, in 1599.—To these voyages has been assigned the unenvied distinction of having laid the foundation of the infamous traffic of slaves, which was afterwards countenanced by Queen Elizabeth. (Bancroft's *United States*, 4th edition, vol. i., p. 173; Grahame's *History of North America*, vol. i., p. 16, edit, Lond., 1837. 4 vols., 8vo.)

<sup>3</sup> Registers of the Stationers' Company, vol. ii., p. 86. (Shakespeare Society.)

As only two copies of this volume are known, the dedication is here subjoined.

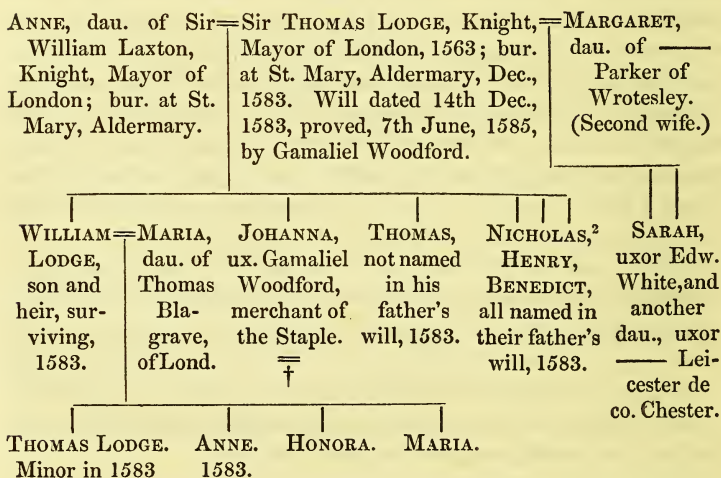
“To the right vertuous Matrone, and singuler good Ladie Anne, wife to the right worshipfull Sir Thomas Lodge knight, E. W. wisheth long life and prosperous estate.

“Having a long tyme debated with myself (my very good Lady) after the copie of this Pamphlete was come into my handes, too whom I might best dedicate the same, your L. at last came to my remembrance, as the Ladie too whom I did knowe my self to be so greatly beholden, by many received courtesies, that I could not but confesse my self bound to be mindfull of requitall, to the uttermoste of my power, and therefore notyng the title that it beareth, beyng the Mirrhor of Modestie, I knewe none so worthie (at least to whom I was indetted of duetie) as your Ladiship to be patronesse hereof, because that the vertue whereof it beareth the title dooeth so gloriously shine in you, as verie Envie herself cannot but confesse (much rather a right demyng mynde) that it is your desarte to have it, bothe for affirmyng that whiche is contained therein (by your life) to be laudable, and also to incorage other by your supporte to followe your stepps, to attain to your atchived fame. Wherefore, although the gift be far unable to gratifie the least part of the favour I have found, yet I have boldly presumed too presente it unto you, as beeyng assured (consideryng your courteous Nature) of courteous acceptation, and the rather because it is a Mirrhor to teache Maidens to be Modest, whereof you have alwaies been a Mistresse, and therefore maye the better judge if it bee well wrought, by perusyng it at your beste leasure, whiche not doubtyng but ye will dooe, I cease from further troublynge you, with my duetifull commendations, and daiely intercession to the Almightye, for the happie estate and prosperitie of your Ladishippe, that am your worships moste bounden, E. W.”

This is followed by an “Epistle to all Mothers, Matrones, and Maidens of Englande,” on four pages, and that by the body of the work. It is ended by “A pretie pithie Dialogue betwene Mercurie and Vertue. Made by T. S.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The body of the book is thus subscribed, at the end, on sign. D 6<sup>b</sup>.—  
“*Finis q. Thomas Salter.*”

Lady Anne did not long survive the dedication, as White, its publisher, on the 29th of December, 1579, obtained a license for "An Epitaph of the Lady Anne Lodge;" and what renders this chiefly worthy of notice is, that in the Register the name "T. Lodge" is added, as the author; but no copy of this Epitaph or Elegy has been discovered. Her husband, Sir Thomas Lodge, survived till February, 1583-4;<sup>1</sup> and it appears, from the following pedigree, communicated by Sir Charles G. Young, Garter King-at-Arms, that he had contracted a second marriage.



<sup>1</sup> His epitaph was in the church of St. Mary, Aldermary:—

"Here lieth buried Sir Thomas Lodge, Knight, and Dame Anne his Wife. He was Lord Mayor in the year of our Lord God 1563, when God did visit this city with a great Plague for our Sins. *For we are sure that our Redeemer liveth, and that we shall rise out of the Earth in the latter day, &c.* Job. 19."

<sup>2</sup> That Thomas Lodge the poet was the second real son of the Lord Mayor, is proved conclusively by the following monument in Rolleston



As Thomas, the second son, is not named in his father's will, the omission confirms the fears of the mother as I shall have occasion to show, and also the attacks of Gosson, his antagonist.

A passage in Lodge's "Alarum against Usurers," 1584, is worthy of notice, where "the young Gentleman" involved in difficulties by his extravagant mode of living, is thus addressed by his father:—

"How tenderly, good boye, *in thy mother's lyfe* wast thou cherished! How deerely beloved! How well instructed! Did I ever entice thee to vice? Nay, rather enforced I thee not to love vertue? And whence commeth it that all these good instructions are swallowed up by one sea of thy follie? *In the Universities thy wit was praised*, for that it was pregnant; thy preferment great, for that thou deservedst it; so that, before God, I did imagine that my honour shuld have beginning in thee alone, and be continued by thy offspring; but *beeing by me brought to the Innes of Court*, a place of abode for our English gentrie, and the onely nurserie of true learning, I finde thy nature quite altered, and where thou first shuldest have learnt law, thou art become lawlesse."

It is scarcely possible to avoid drawing the inference that Lodge was in some measure describing his own "tried experience."

Church, Nottinghamshire, erected to the memory of his immediate younger brother:—

"Underneath lieth the body of Nicholas Lodge, gent., third son of Sir Thomas Lodge, sometimes Lord of this Manor of Rolleston, whose piety towards many orphans, his allies, and friends are extant in his Will, to the poor of the parish notified by his bequest, his upright dealing testified by all he knew. He died September 25, 1612.

"Thomas Lodge, Doctor Medicus, testamenti sui solus Executor clarissimo fratri amoris sui testimonium moerens posuit."

Nicholas Lodge's will, dated 29 August, 1612, contains the following bequest:—"To the wife of my dear brother, Thomas Lodge, five pounds to buy her a pair of bracelets of gold in remembrance of my love to her." Her christian name unfortunately is not given. His brother William was alive and his brother Henry dead when he made his will.

Lodge's first entry into the University of Oxford, says Anthony Wood, was in 1573, and "he was afterwards servitor and scholar under the learned and virtuous Mr. Edward Hoby, of Trinity College, where making early advances, his ingenuity began at first to be observed by several of his compositions in poetry."<sup>1</sup> Lodge himself, in a dedication to Henry Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain of Queen Elizabeth's household, thus refers to his studies at Oxford: "Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes, Master Edmond Carew and M. Robert Carew, (two siens worthie of so honourable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also being a scholler in the Universitie under that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir Edward Hobbie, when he was Batcheler in Arts, a man as well lettered as well borne,"<sup>2</sup> &c.

Thomas Lodge, of Trinity College, took his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 8th of July, 1577. His classical attainments sufficiently prove that he had not neglected his studies, although, for some reason not explained, he did not remain at Oxford the usual period to qualify himself for taking the higher degree of Master of Arts. Soon after his return to his friends in London, he was admitted, on the 26th of April, 1578, into the Society of Lincoln's Inn.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Athenæ Oxonienses*, by Dr. Bliss, vol. ii., p. 382.

<sup>2</sup> See this dedication at page xxviii.

<sup>3</sup> The elder Thomas Lodge was admitted into the Society of Lincoln's

His sureties were Robert Hungate and Edward Thornesby. His name occurs again among those below the bar, who had to keep their vacations in 1579, but in the records, from the 24th to the 30th Elizabeth, inclusive, the names are wholly omitted.

There is no evidence of his having ever been called to the bar, and it seems reasonable to infer that his attachment to literature had withdrawn his mind from pursuing his career as a barrister, for the charge brought against him by Gosson of "leading a vagrant life" is in some respects supported by his mother's will, wherein (1579) she bequeaths the use of a portion of her property towards "his finding at his book at Lincoln's Inn," and the remainder to him, on his attaining the age of twenty-five, with this provision, however, that should he "discontinue his

Inn 8th of October, 1561. His sureties were John Bowyer and John Ronyon. While a student, he seems to have acted as Sub-Treasurer, as is shown by the following order made at a council held on the feast of All Saints, 9 Eliz. (1 November, 1567):—"It is granted to Mr. Thomas Lodge, late Under-Treasurer of this Societie, for his great paines taken in the [collection] of the duties of this Societie, shall have xx<sup>s</sup>. to him paid of the benevolence of this Societie by Mr. Robert Mounson, now Treasurer of this Societie." His name again appears, 2nd February, (1570) 12 Eliz., as Sub-Treasurer and on the 4th of June, in the same year, among the names of persons to be called to the bar "at the next moote," is the following order: "——and that Mr. Lodge shall be likewise called to the barre, so that he leave practisinge as an Attorneye within one yeare next, and otherwise not to be accounted as an utter-barrister afterwards." During the next three years his name is entered at different times among the barristers keeping their vacations. *William* Lodge was admitted into the Society on the 30th of July, (1572) 14 Eliz., Thomas Morte and Thomas Lodge being his sureties. After this, the name of the elder Lodge disappears from the books, and that of Lodge junior is twice entered as keeping vacations (in 16 Eliz.) among the names below the bar.

studies " and cease to be what " a good student ought to be," his share, on the decision of his father, should be divided among his brothers.<sup>1</sup>

Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth," was published at London in 1579. Lodge, who had already distinguished himself by his literary attainments, with all the zeal of youthful ambition, wrote his remarks, not in the way of defending the persons engaged in theatrical entertainments, but of vindicating the lovers of poetry, music, and the drama, and to protest against these liberal arts being held up to public contempt. Gosson, says Sir Walter Scott, "appears to have been a man of extensive learning, which, according to the pedantic custom of the time, he fails not to exhibit by classic quotation, rather more liberal than well judged."<sup>2</sup> In this respect, Lodge was not far behind him. His remarks, in the form of a pamphlet, consisting of sixteen leaves, were suppressed before publication, probably in consequence of the usual license being refused; but a few copies had found their way into private circulation, without title-page, preface, or name of the author. This tract forms the first article in the present volume. One of these copies came accidentally into the possession of Gosson after a considerable interval, for he says, "Amongest all the favourers of these uncircumcised Philistines, I meane

<sup>1</sup> The notices from this and other wills, have been kindly supplied while the sheet was at press, by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> Somers's Tracts, vol. iii., p. 552.



the Plaiers, whose heartes are not right, no man til of late durst thrust out his heade to mayntaine their quarrell [meaning, probably, in an open, avowed manner] but one, in witt, simple; in learning, ignorant; in attempt, rash; in name, Lodge; whose booke, as it came not to my handes in one whole yeere after the privy printing thereof," &c. In the dedication of this work to Sir Francis Walsingham, he further states, among "the Defendantes of Players," he "thought it necessarye to nettle one of their Orators above the rest, not of any set purpose to deface hym, because he hath dealt very grossely, homely, and uncharitably with me, but like a good surgeon, to cut and to seare, when the place requireth, for his own amendment. Which thinge I trust shall neither displease your honor, nor any of the godly, in the reading, so long as the person whom I touch is (as I heare by hys owne frendes,<sup>1</sup> to hys repentance if he can perceive it) hunted by the heavy hand of God, and become little better than a vagarant, looser than liberty, lighter than vanitie itselfe." The work containing this attack bears the title of "Playes Confuted in five Actions, proving that they are not to be suffred in a Christian common weale; by the waye, both the Cavils of Thomas Lodge, and the Play of Playes, written in their defence, and other obiections of Players frendes, are truly set downe and

<sup>1</sup> So little was Gosson acquainted with him, that he calls him "William Lodge;" but, having discovered his mistake, he corrected this in the title-page, and a slip, with the name *Thomas*, is found in some copies pasted over *William*.

directlye answered." It has no date, but was printed about the year 1582.

That Lodge had at this time been visited "by the heavy hand of God," appears from his own words. In 1581, he aided Barnaby Riche, a somewhat voluminous author, in correcting the style of one of his works, "The straunge and wonderfull Adventures of Don Simonides, a Gentilman Spaniarde." In some commendatory verses which follow the preface, Lodge says—

" Good Riche, a wise man hardly can denye  
But that your booke by me ill-mended is:"

and then, in reference to himself, he adds:—

" Whose long distresse hath laid his Muse to rest,  
Or dull his sprightes, or sences at the lest."

These lines are interesting, as a proof of the early proficiency in poetical composition which had attracted notice while a student at Oxford. The whole of this address to Riche may be quoted.

" THOMAS LODGE, GENTILMAN, IN PRAISE OF THE  
AUCTHOORS WORKE.

" Where wanteth judgement and advised eye  
To noate or coate the thyng that is amisse,  
Good Riche, a wise man hardly can denye  
But that your booke by me ill-mended is:  
My hedde suche pleasure can not brooke by gis,  
Whose long distresse hath laied his Muse to rest,  
Or dull his sprightes, or sences at the lest.

" Some errours yet, if any such there bee,  
Your willyng mynde maie quickly them subduc,  
For wise men winke, when often tymes thei see,  
Yet fooles are blynde, when moste thei seeme to vewe,  
Of proude contempt this mischief doeth ensue,  
That he that scornes the fruite of honest toile,  
From bace regard, hymself can scarce assoile.

"The wisest men, for that thei mortall were,  
 Did runne amisse, and kept not leuell, still  
 Some wanton woorkes, some graver stile did beare,  
 Yet eche proceeded from the self same quill:  
 Wee ought not thinke that those mens myndes were ill,  
 For sure the vice that thei did laye in sight  
 Was for to make it growe in more despight.

"I leave thee now, my Muse affordes no more;  
 A dolefull dumpe pulles backe my pleasaunt vaine;  
 Looke thou for praise by men of learned lore,  
 Despise the skoffe that growes from shuttle braine;  
 For me, I honour thee for taking paine,  
 And wishe eche youth that spendes his tyme amisse  
 Would fixe his penne to write suche woorkes as this.

*"Vita misero longa, felici brevis."*

But the charge which Gosson brought against Lodge as a person of a "vagrant life," seems to have suggested the notion, which has been so often repeated as a well-established fact, that Lodge himself had become a "player." That this was the case, rests, I fear, on no other testimony than the use made by Henslowe in describing Lodge, of the term "player;" a name in Lodge's time equally applicable to an actor and a writer for the stage—a playwright. When, however, in 1584, Lodge published his "Alarum against Usurers," he appeals to his courteous friends, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, to protect "my person from that reproach which about two years since an injurious caviller objected against me." As this work, containing the *Primordia* of his studies, and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, forms the chief portion of the present volume, it is unnecessary to quote his own words in reply to Gosson,

who, "not measuring me by my birth, but by the subject I handled," had thus "slandered me without cause." It has been remarked that the tone of his address, in referring to the injurious aspersions of his antagonist, places Lodge's character in a candid and amiable point of view.<sup>1</sup>

Although for several years he still designed himself "Thomas Lodge, of Lincolnes Inn, Gentleman," he seems never to have entertained the idea of adhering to the legal profession, as a barrister; and we have his own authority for stating that, "being my selfe first a Student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes," he quitted his peaceful studies for a more adventurous life. In his subsequent publications, he alludes to two expeditions in which he was concerned. The first may be assigned to the year 1587 or 1588, when he accompanied Captain Clarke, probably in one of those marauding expeditions which were so frequent at this period against the Spanish and Portuguese settlements. To the Gentlemen Readers he says: "To be briefe, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the Ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and everie humorous passion was countercheckt with a storme."

<sup>1</sup> Collier's *Poetical Decameron*, vol. ii., p. 229. The writer of a valuable article on Lodge in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says that, "previously to his [Lodge's] commencing a vagrant life, he made a will, dated 1583, in the preamble to which he states that being of sound mind and body but fully impressed with the uncertainty of human life, he thinks it fitting to devise his property, in case of accident, to his wife Joan and his daughter Mary. He also bequeaths his law books to a person named Sheriton." If such a will was actually made by Thomas Lodge the poet, it may safely be assumed it was not as a prelude to a vagrant life.



In this voyage to “the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries,” to beguile the time with labour, as he says in the dedication of his *Rosalynde*, “I writ this booke; rough as hatcht in the stormes of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perrilous seas.” Tercera, an island near the west coast of Africa, forming part of the group of the Azores, was a Portuguese settlement; but no account of Captain Clarke’s expedition has been recorded.

In 1589, having returned to England, Lodge published a volume of poems, containing “the most pithie and pleasant Historie of Glaucus and Silla.” In the dedication of the volume, intended at first for his own personal friends, he states his reason for making it public.

“To his Especiall good friend Master Rafe Crane, and the rest of his most entire well willers, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court and Chauncerie, Thomas Lodge, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent., wisheth increase of worship and continuance in vertue.

“Sweete Master Crane, I had not thought at this instant to have partaked my passions with the print, whose discontented thoughts so long inured to obscuritie, were divorced many yeares since from vaine glories inordinate follie; but the base necessitie of an extravagant melancholie mate, that had no other *vnde* of *quod ad victum attinet* but the forestalling of other mens inventions, made my imperfit Poems (in spite of waste paper) to hazard an apprenticeship in Powles: so that that which in the first peeping forth was wholie predestinate to your friendship by an underhand marte, is made the mercinarie recreation of everie ridiculous mate. Our Wits now adaies are waxt verie fruitfull, and our Pamphleters more than prodigall: so that the postes which stooode naked a tedious *non terminus*, doo vaunt their double apparrell as soone as ever the Exchequer openeth; and everie corner is tooke up with some or other penelesse companion that will imitate any estate for a two-pennie almes. I could afford you whole services of absurdities, that would disquiet the digestion of Arte, *usque ad pascam*, were it not that I pittie to particu-



larize simple fellowes imperfections, and am altogether loath to adventure my paines in so ungratefull a Province. For transformed Scilla, however she hapned now to bee disjoynd from disdainfull Charybdis, thinke not but if they have good shipping they will meete ere long both in one shop: and landed they had at this instant, in one and the self same bay, if Scilla (the unfortunater of the two) had not met with a mudie pirate by the way. Arrived shee is, though in a contrary coast, but so wrackt and weatherbeaten through the unskilfulnes of rough writers, that made their poast haste passage by night, as Glaucus would scarce know her if he met her. Yet my hope is, Gentlemen, that you will not so much imagine what she is, as what shee was: insomuch as from the shop of the Painter shee is falne into the hands of the stainer. Thus referring the supportance of my credit, and the inability of my verse to your ingenious opinions, I bid you farewell till the next Tearn; at which time I hope to entertaine your severall delights with farre better discourses, and bee suppliant to my good frend Master Crane in some or other more acceptable Poem. In the meane time, let my appliable *voluisse* intitle me to your curtesie: whose I am during life in all enterchangeable dutie.

“ Your friend asured,

“ *Thomas Lodge.*”

At this period of his life Lodge appears to have devoted himself wholly to literary pursuits; and in 1590 he published his “*Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*,” said, in reference to the place where it was written, to have been “*fetcht from the Canaries.*” This pastoral romance was the most popular of all his works, and it was honoured in having furnished Shakespeare with the plot of “*As You Like It.*” In reprinting this novel, in the series of works “*used by Shakespeare as the foundation of his dramas,*” Mr. Collier says, “*We cannot hesitate to declare it a very amusing and varied composition, full of agreeable and graceful invention, (for we are aware of no foreign authority for any of the incidents) and with much natural force and simplicity in the style of the*

narrative. That it is here and there disfigured by the faults of the time, by forced conceits, by lowness of allusion and expression, and sometimes by inconsistency and want of decorum in the characters, cannot be denied. These are errors which the judgment and genius of Shakespeare taught him to avoid; but the admitted extent and nature of his general obligations to Lodge afford a high tribute to its excellence. .... The resemblance throughout will be found rather general than particular; and the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, are entirely new in Shakespeare. The names of the other personages engaged in the drama have also been changed, with the exception of those of the heroine, Phœbe, Adam, and Charles the Wrestler.”<sup>1</sup> At the close of his “*Rosalynde*” the author says, “If you gather any frutes by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favour, you encorage me to be more forward; and as soone as I have overlookt my labours, expect *THE SAILERS KALENDER*.” This work probably had some relation to his sea adventures, but it seems never to have been printed. The dedication of his “*Rosalynde*” is as follows:—

“To the Right Honourable and his most esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine of her Majesties houshold, and Governor of her Towne of Barwicke: T. L. G. wisheth increase of all honourable vertues.

“Such Romanes (right Honourable) as delighted in martiall exploytes, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because he was a Patron of souldiers: and Virgil dignified him with his poems, as a Moecenas of schollers; both joyntly advauncing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, present her with bayes as she is

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's Library, vol. i. London, 1843, 2 vols., 8vo.

wise, and with armour as she is valiant; observing herein that excellent *το προπον* which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred (right Honourable) with a deep insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a Patron of all martiall men, and a Moecenas of such as applie themselves to studie; wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and ayming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde: being my selfe first a Student, and after falling from bookes to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your L. Having with Capt. Clarke made a voyage to the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this booke; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the worke of a souldier and a scholler, I presumed to shrowde it under your Honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions; and whose honorable Loves growen from the generall applause of the whole Common wealth for your higher deserts, may keep it from the mallice of every bitter tung. Other reasons more particular (right Honorable) chalenge in me a speciall affection to your L., as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes, Master Edmond Carew and M. Robert Carew, (two siens worthie of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also being a scholler in the Universitie under that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir Edward Hobbie, when he was Batcheler in Arts, a man as well lettered as well borne, and, after the Etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Ladie. Thus (right honourable) the duetie that I owe to the sonnes chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the braunches are so precious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and emboldened thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship; I humbly intreate your Honour will vouch of my labours, and favour a souldiers and a schollers pen with your gracious acceptance; who answeres in affection what he wants in eloquence; so devoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is, to end his life under the favour of so martiall and learned a Patron.

“Resting thus in hope of your Lordships courtesie, in deyning the Patronage of my worke, I cease: wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire, or I imagine.

“Your Honours souldier humbly affectionate,

“*Thomas Lodge.*”

Lodge's Tragedy, "The Wounds of the Civil War," may be assigned to this period, although first published in 1594. In point of date, his next performance was a kind of historical romance—"The History of Robert second Duke of Normandy, surnamed Robin the Divell." In addressing "the Courteous Reader whatsoever," he says: "Gentlemen, I have, upon the earnest request of some my good friends, drawne out of the old and ancient antiquaries the true life of Robert second Duke of Normandie, (surnamed, for his youthfull imperfections, Robin the Divell) wherein I stand not so much on the termes as the trueth, publishing as much as I have read, and not so much as they have written." He dedicates it thus:—

"To the worshipfull and true Moecenas of learning, M. Thomas Smith, T. L. G. wisheth all aboundance of worldly fortunes in this life, and the benefites of heavenlie felicitie in the life to come.

"Seeing in these our days men rather seeke the increase of transitorie wealth than the knowledge of devine wisdom, preferring stuffed baggs before studious bookes, their pounds before precepts, loosing the true ritches of the minde, to levell at the transitorie allurements of this world, feeding fooles with figgs, and philosophers with floutes; I have, among the multitudes of these men, made choice of your Worship for my Patron and Moecenas, who, of a farre more happy nature with Theodosius, honour Appian, and seeing learning almost suppressed with contempt, or discountenanced with neglect, have in this famous Citie (like a vertuous member of the same) begun to exile ignorance, to revive artes: knowing Ladislaus reasons to be of force, that Citizens who are unlettered are lesse than men, or rather (as Frederick the Emperour was wont to say) man like beastes. Which vertuous indeavour of yours (worthie both your name and fortune) shall in time to come more advance you, than they who in tooth and nayle labour to purchase lands, which ordinarily perish through their heires lavishnes. It is true fame which is gotten by vertue, and perfect vertue to maintaine learning; which is so kinde to



those that seeke after it, that in all changes of fortune, in all miseries of this life, and casualties whatsoever, it prepareth the mind and preventeth mishaps. And least I among the poore Tirones of learning, who desire the increase thereof with the most, though deserve therein with the least, should seeme to forget this especially and ingrafted vertue so admirably bestowed upon your Worship, I have thought good to present you with a rude and lonely written history, which if with like regard you shall accept, as Alphonsus did the silly Satires of Philelphus, I doubt not but in short time to publish that under your name, which shall not only merit and deserve your acceptance, but also mightely profit all such as are studious in all sorts of learning. Till when, I most humbly commend me, desiring your Worship most earnestly to prosecute your vertuous enterprises, beseeching God to prosper you in them and all other, to the advancement of Letters. From my Chamber, 2 Maij., 1591.

“Your Worships to command,

“T. L. G.”

Another work, published by Lodge in 1591, has this quaint title, “Catharos: Diogenes in his Singularity, christened by him, A Nettle for Nice Noses.” It was printed for John Busbie, by whom it was inscribed “to the right worshippingfull Syr John Hart, Knight.” He says, “I present your Worship, in signe of my sincere affect, with this small conceit, pen’d by a Gentleman my deare friend.” This suggests the probability of its having appeared towards the close of the year, when the author had set out on a voyage of adventure.

During Lodge’s absence, his “Euphues Shadow, the Battaile of the Senses,” was published by his friend, Robert Greene. In his dedication to Viscount Fitzwalters he says—“It fortunéd that one M. Thomas Lodge, *who now is gone to sea with Mayster Candish*, had bestowed some serious labour in penning of a booke called Euphues Shadowe: and by his last let-



ters gave straight charge, that I should not only have the care for his sake of the impression thereof, but also *in his absence* to bestowe it on some man of Honor, whose worthie vertues might bee a patronage to his worke."<sup>1</sup> Greene himself, in 1587, had published "*Euphues his censure to Philautus*," which no doubt suggested the title of two of Lodge's tracts; but both writers were preceded by John Lilly, "*the Euphuist*." Greene also prefixed to Lodge's tract the following address:—

"To the Gentlemen Readers, Health.

"Gentlemen, after many of mine owne labours that you have courteslie accepted, I present you with *Euphues shadowe*, in the behalfe of my absent friend, M. Thomas Lodge, who at his departure to sea upon a long voyage, was willing, as a generall farewell to all courteous Gentlemen, to leave this his worke to the view, which if you grace with your favours eyther as his affected meaning, or the worthe of the worke requires, not onely I for him shall rest yours, but what laboures his Sea studies affords, shall be, I dare promise, offered to your sight, to gratifie your courtesies, and his pen, as himselfe, every waye yours for ever. Farewell.

"Yours to command, *Robert Greene*."

As Candish's last voyage proved most calamitous, a short notice of both expeditions may be added, although Lodge's share in the latter has not been defined. In Hakluyt's collection<sup>2</sup> we find a journal of "the admirable and prosperous Voyage of the worshippfull Master Thomas Candish, of Trimley,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dyce has inserted this dedication in his excellent collected edition of Greene's Dramatic and Poeticals Works, vol i., p. i. A specimen of the tract itself was communicated by Haslewood to the British Bibliographer, vol. i., p. 558-560.

<sup>2</sup> "Written by Master Francis Petty, lately of Ey, in Suffolk, a gentleman employed in the same action."—Vol. iii., p. 803: Edit. 1599.

in the Countie of Suffolke, Esquire, into the South Sea, and from thence round about the circumference of the whole Earth." He sailed from Plymouth on the 21st of July, 1586, and returned to the same port on the 9th of September, 1588, when he addressed a letter to Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, humbly desiring his honour to make known to her Majesty the successful issue of this voyage, having "either discovered or brought certain intelligence of all the rich places of the World that ever were known or discovered by any Christian." Of the islands of the Philippines, in particular, he says—"the statelinesse and riches I feare to make report of, least I should not be credited." Purchase says: "I have heard that all his sailes, at his returne in the river [Thames], were silke."

Heywood, in his "Great Britaines Troy," 1609, gives a summary of memorable English events, among which he includes this voyage with "his two ships the Desire and Content."

"——— Noble Candish, furnisht well,  
In two good ships, well man'd and builded late,  
Compast the World."—(Page 465.)

In reference to this voyage of Candish, or Caven-dish, Southey says—"This adventurer having wasted his paternal inheritance, thought to repair a ruined fortune by privateering; and during a former voyage, in which he sailed round the world, the ravages which he committed were such as long left a stain upon the character of the English nation."<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Southey's History of Brazil, vol. i., p. 359.

success was however sufficient to induce another expedition to be undertaken upon a greater scale; its chief destination was for the South Sea, the Philippines, and the coast of China. It consisted of "three tall ships and two barks," and sailed from Plymouth on the 26th of August, 1591. The vessels reached the coast of Brazil on the 15th of December: Candish ordered two of his squadron to attack the town of Santos; the people were surprised at mass, but by negligence they were allowed to escape, carrying with them their stores of provisions; and the want of fresh supplies for storing their vessels was the commencement of a series of disasters. They remained at Santos till the 22nd of January; but, "through extreme want of victuals not being able any longer to live there," they shaped their course towards the Straits of Magellan. A spirit of dissension and mutiny sprung up; and, being assailed by furious storms, some of the vessels were separated, the men enduring great extremities from "cursed famine and miserable cold." Candish having left his own vessel, the galeon *Leycester*, in which he sailed as Admiral, he came aboard the *Desire*, and "told our captain, Mr. John Davis, of all his extremities, and spake most hardly of his company, *and of divers gentlemen that were with him*, proposing no more to goe aboard his own ship, but to stay in the *Desire*. We all sorrowed to heare such hard speeches of our good friends; *but having spoken with the Gentlemen of the Galeon, wee found them faithful, honest, and resolute in proceeding*, although it pleased our Generall otherwise to conceive of them."

The narrative from which these words are taken is preserved by Hakluyt,<sup>1</sup> who styles the writer, Mr. John Jane, "a man of good observation." It is undoubtedly a partial statement, favourable to Davis and his men; but it sufficiently explains Lodge's own words, in 1596, where he says: "being at sea with M. Candish (*whose memorie, if I repent not, I lament not*)."<sup>2</sup> The latter part of Jane's narrative refers exclusively to the ship *Desire*, after its separation from the *Galeon*, (to which Candish had been persuaded to return) and of their extreme sufferings from famine and disease, until they reached the coast of Ireland, on the 11th of June, 1593, with their number reduced to sixteen persons, of whom only five were able to move. On his return homewards, Candish appears to have died of a broken heart, rather than any defined disease. A short time before his death he addressed a long letter to his executor, Sir Tristram Gorges, so filled with "passionate speeches," containing accusations of treachery, cowardice, and neglect of orders, against Davis and the captain of the *Roebuck*, ("the most cowardly villain ever born of a woman") and nearly all concerned, that Purchase, when he gave it to the world, upwards of thirty years later, says he had to omit some passages. From these two accounts, confirmed by that of Anthony Knyvet, also contained in Purchase's collection, it appears that Candish had lost the confidence of all the persons under his command, by mismanagement, indecision, and cruelty. But it is not neces-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii., p. 842.

<sup>2</sup> See page xlii.



sary to give any further details of what Purchase not inaptly calls "that dismall and fatall voyage of Master Thomas Candish, in which he consummated his earthly peregrinations."<sup>1</sup>

Knyvet says, for two months they remained at Santos, and that Master Cocke, captain of the Roebuck, who "went Captain of all the company that went ashore, favoured me very much, and commanded me to take a Friars cell to lodge in, *in the Colledge of Jesus, where he himself lodged with many Captaines and young Gentlemen.*" Here it was, as Lodge has informed us, "it was his chance, in the Library of the Jesuits, in Sanctum, to find a historie in the Spanish tongue," of which he professes to give a translation in his "*Margarite of America,*" printed in 1596; a work written in a ship, in the midst of "souldiers of good reckning," but with greater "will to get a dinner," than "to win fame;" and in such tempestuous weather, that it seemed more probable "the fish should eate me writing, and my paper written, then Fame should know me, Hope should acquaint her with me, or anie but Miserie should heare mine ending."

Upon Lodge's return to England, probably at the close of 1592, or the commencement of the following year, he resumed his literary occupations. During his absence, his friend, Robert Greene, was cut off, it is said, "after a surfeit of pickled herring and Rhenish

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written, I find a very full account of Candish's two expeditions in Dr. Kippis's edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, (*art.* Cavendish) vol. iii., p. 316.

wine." He died on the 3rd of September, 1592, when probably not above thirty-three years of age. They had jointly written a play, "A Looking Glasse for London and England," which was brought on the stage, and performed by Lord Strange's servants, on the 8th and 27th of March, 1591-2, and again, on the 19th of April and 7th of June, 1592.<sup>1</sup> Greene, who was a prolific writer, both in prose and verse, closed his irregular career in a repentant spirit; and soon after his death there appeared a posthumous tract, entitled "A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance." This well known tract concludes with an earnest address "To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities." He first addresses himself to Marlowe, then to Lodge, under the name of young Juvenal, and with them joins George Peele, as his three chief companions. The melancholy fate of Marlowe, in June, 1593, is well known; and the death of Peele, a few years later, is also attributed to his depraved course of life. After his exhortation to Marlowe, "thou famous gracer of Tragedians," Greene proceeds:—

"With thee I joyne young Juvenal, [Thomas Lodge] that biting Satyryst, that lastly with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweet Boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words. Inveighe against vaine men, for thou canst doe it, no man better; no man so well: thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and to name none: for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured

<sup>1</sup> Henslowe's Diary, edited by J. P. Collier, Esq., for the Shakespeare Society, pp. 23, 25, 28. London, 1845, 8vo.

Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worrne, and it will turne; then blame not Schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reprove."

In 1593, Lodge published his "Phillis, honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights." It would appear that the author originally intended to have placed it under the patronage of "a great Mecænas," whom he styled, in his Induction, "the Ascrean Poet of our time;" but the dedication, from some cause, was cancelled, and the following substituted, to a "shee Mecænas," as "the true Octavia of our time."<sup>1</sup>

"To the Right worthy and noble Lady, the Countesse of Shrewsbury.

"I have adventured, most noble Lady, with the wrastlers of Olympia, tho not to win, yet to worke for the Garland; the judgement of my industry relyeth on your Ladishippe, who have both authoritie to convict, and knowledge to commend. I have chosen you, Madam, among many, to be the Soveraigne and shee Mecænas of my toyle, because I am assured that the great report of your learning and vertue (wherewith as yet it hath not pleased you to dignifie the world) must even now be exemplified in mee, who dare promise as much in affection, as any other can performe in perfection. May it please you to looke and like of homlie Phillis in her Country caroling, and to countenance her poore and affectionate Sheepheard, who promiseth under the onely encouragement of so noble a Lady, to employ all his best deseignes, life, and studies, to your good lyking.

"Your Ladiships most humble to commaund,

*"Tho: Lodge."*

It will be observed that Lodge in all his dedications was much more liberal in promises to his several patrons, than he ever intended, or at least succeeded in performing.

<sup>1</sup> See Catalogue of Lodge's works, page lxvi.

In the same year, he published "The Life and Death of William Longbeard, accompanied with many other most pleasant and prettie Histories." This tract in all probability furnished Drayton with the subject of a play, called William Longsword, or Longbeard, for which he received two payments from Henslowe in 1598-9.<sup>1</sup>

"To the Right worshipfull Sir William Web, Knight, Tho. Lodge wisheth increase of Worship in this life, and eternall blessing in the life to come.

"The general care which you have had in the fatherlie government of the Cittie, and the worthy forwardnesse in establishing al vertuous counsels for common good, have made me presumptuous beyond my custome in the behalfe of my contreyemen to present your Worship with this short model of Histories, wherein you maye both find matter worthy the reading and circumstances of deepe consideration. I make you patron of these rare things, who are the very pattern and true *Mecenas* of vertue, seeking by your wisdome to establish the estate of poore Cittizens sonnes decaied, and renew that by your care, which they have loste through unadvisednesse. Accept, I beseech you, my poore talent, or my widdowes mite, with as great devotion as the hart can imagine or opinion conceit, and command me who during life am your Worships most bounden.

"Tho. Lodge."

In 1594 appeared the only two dramatic works with which Lodge's name is connected; namely, "A Looking Glasse for London and England," and "The Wounds of the Civil War;" both of which are already alluded to as compositions of an earlier date than that of publication.

In 1595, he published "A Fig for Momus; containing pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues,

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Collier's notes, in Henslowe's Diary, pp. 95, 142.



and Epistles.” The author, in an address “To the Gentlemen Readers whatsoever,” says—

“Gentlemen, I know you wonder, that having so long time kept silence, I salute the world with so peremptorie a title. But if thou consider the reasons before you enter into mislike, you shall be satisfied, and I excused. I entitle my book *A fig for Momus*, not in contempt of the learned, for I honor them; not in disdaine of the wel-minded, because they cherish science; but in despight of the detractor, who having no learning to judge, wanteth no libertie to reprove . . . . . Under this title I have thought good to include Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles: first, by reason that I studie to delight with varietie; next, because I could write in that forme, *wherein no man might challenge me with servile imitation* (wherewith heretofore I have been unjustlie taxed). My Satyres (to speake truth) are by pleasures rather placed here to prepare and trie the eare, than to feede it: because if they passe well, the whole Centon of them, alreadie in my hands, shall sodainly be published.

“In them, (under the names of certaine Romaines) where I reprehend vice, I purposely wrong no man, but observe the lawes of that kind of poeme. If any repine thereat, I am sure he is guiltie, because he bewrayeth himself. For my *Eclogues*, I commend them to men of approved judgement, whose margents though I fill not with quotations, yet their matter and handling will show my diligence. For my *Epistles*, they are in that kind, wherein no Englishmen of our time hath publicquely written; which if they please, may draw on more, if displease, have their privilege by authoritie.”

This address is preceded by the following dedication:—

“To the Right Honorable and thrice renowned Lord, William Earle of Darbie, T. L., his most humble and devoted servant, wisheth all health and happiness.

“My honoured good Lord, having resolved with my selfe to publish certaine my Poems, and knowing them subject to much prejudice, except they were graced with some noble and worthie patron, I have followed the example of Metabo, king of the Volschi, who, desirous to deliver his onelie daughter from all perill and danger, consecrated and dedicated her to the sister of the Sunne. So I, no lesse carefull of my labors then the king of his Camilla, with deliberate and advised judgement, wholly

devote and offer up my poems to your favour and protection: who being the true Mæcenas of the Muses, and judicall in their exercises, are of power to relieve my weaknes by your worthines, and to priviledge me from envie, though she were prest to devoure me. If, midst your generall favour to all desert, your honour vouchsafe this particular benefite to my industrie, no day, or time, (as Tully counsaileth) shall define the memorie of your benefits, but as your noble Father, in mine infancie, with his own hands incorporated me into your house, so in this my retired age and studie, my labour, lines, and whole life, shall be employed to doe you honour and service.

Your Lordships most bounden in all humilitie,

*“ Thomas Lodge.”*

In 1596, Lodge published at least three distinct tracts in prose, under affected titles. The first is “The Divel Conjured.” It is in the form of a conference betwixt the virtuous and solitary hermit, Anthony, and three worldly men, Metrodorus the Tyrian, Astarius of Cappadocia, and Frumentarius the Indian. The author seems to have entertained no light opinion of its merits: “Sith” (he says to the Reader) “you have long time drawn the weeds of my wit, and fed yourselves with the cockle of my conceits, I have at last made you gleaners of my harvest, and partakers of my experience;” with much more to the same effect. It has this dedication:—

“To the Right Honorable and learned Sir John Fortescue, knight, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Wardrobe, and one of hir Majesties right Honorable Privie Counsell.

“Right Honourable, allured by your Wisdome, and animated by your authority, the one expressed by your generall and matchlesse knowledge in the purer touns, and the perfit use and felicitie of your readings; the other in your execution in affairs; policie in counsaile; place in judgment; and credit with her most Roiall Majestie: I have (more audacious then wise) presumed to submit this weak labor of mine to your judgement to determine on, and authoritie to countenance: for what

your judgement shall winke at, the world will applaud, and what your authority shall countenance, ignorant detraction dare not misconster; so then, shadowed under the strong shield of your favour, I neither suspect my cause, nor feare mine enemies, wax afraid of the curious, or abashed at the envious. Accept, therefore, most noble Lord, this poore wreck of my wit, that hath no hope of eternitie but by your grace, nor defence from misreports but your name; neither any more felicitie then your allowance, and think of the writer as of him that giveth what his rich will can for those favours which his weake power may never requite. Thus wishing your Honour that place in heaven which your charitie and pietie to all the learned justly deserveth on earth, I humbly take my leave, this fifteenth of April, 1596.

“Your Honors most bounden Orator,

“T. L.”

The second tract, “A Margarite of America,” has already been noticed, as it professes to be a translation from a Spanish work which Lodge discovered in the Jesuits’ library at Santos, in Brazil, in 1592. Both the dedication and the address contain biographical information, and may here be quoted.

“To the noble, learned, and vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Russell, T. L. wisheth affluence on earth, and felicitie in heaven.

“Madam, your deep and considerate judgement, your admired honor, and happy readings, have drawne me to present this labor of mine to your gracious hands and favourable patronage: wherein, though you shall find nothing to admire, yet doubt I not but you may meet many things that deserve cherishing. Touching the subject, though of it selfe it seeme historicall, yet if it please you, like our English Sappho, to look into that which I have slenderly written, I doubt not but that your memory shal acquaint you with my diligence, and my diligence may deserve your applause. Touching the place where I wrote this, it was in those Straits christned by Magelan; in which place to the southward many wondrous Isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagoñes, withdrew my senses: briefly, many bitter and extreme frosts at Midsummer continually clothe and clad the discomfortable mountaines; so that there was great wonder in the place wherein I writ this, so likewise

might it be marvelled, that in such scantie fare, such causes of feare, so mightie discouragements, and many crosses, I should deserve to eternize any thing. Yet what I have done (good Madame) judge and hope this felicitie from my pen, that whilst the memorie thereof shal live in any age, your charitie, learning, nobilitie, and vertues, shall be eternized. Oppian, writing to Theodosius, was as famous by the person to whome hee consecrated his study, as fortunate in his labours, which as yet are not mastred by oblivion; so hope I (Madame) on the wing of your sacred name to be borne to the temple of Eternitie, where though envie barke at me, the Muses shall cherish, love, and happie me. Thus hoping your Ladiship will supply my boldnesse with your bountie and affabilitie, I humbly kisse your most delicate handes, shutting up my English duety under an Italian copie of humanitie and curtesie. From my house, this 4 of Maie, 1596.

“Your Honors in all zeale,  
“*T. Lodge.*”

“To the Gentlemen Readers.

“Gentlemen, I am prevented in mine own hopes, in seconding thrifts forward desires. Som foure yeres since, being at sea with M. Candish, (whose memorie if I repent not, I lament not) it was my chance in the librarie of the Jesuits in Sanctum to find this historie in the Spanish tong, which as I read delighted me, and delighting me, wonne me, and winning me, made me write. The place where I began my worke, was a ship, where many souldiers of good reckning finding disturbed stomackes, it can not but stand with your discretions to pardon an undiscreeet and unstaied penne, for hands may vary where stomacks miscary. The time I wrote in was when I had rather will to get my dinner, then to win my fame. The order I wrote in was past order, where I rather observed mens hands lest they should strike me, then curious reason of men to condemne mee. In a worde, I wrote under hope rather the fish should eate me writing, and my paper written, then fame should know mé, hope should acquaint her with me, or anie but miserie should heare mine ending. For those faults (Gentlemen) escaped by the Printer, in not being acquainted with my hand, and the booke printed in my absence, I must crave you with favour to judge of, and with your wonted curtesies to correct; and according to Ecclesiasticall law, give us on our own confession absolution: if you will not, remember this, that a countrie lasse for Ladies, may tell them they curle too much; and for Gentlemen, that they are unfashioned by their fashions. To be short, who lives in this



world, let him wincke in the world; for either men proove too blinde in seeing too litle, or too presumptuous in condemning that they shoulde not.

“Yours, *T. Lodge.*”

The third tract, also in prose, with translations into verse of numerous short quotations from the Latin poets, is more of a satirical cast. The title, “Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse: discovering the Devils Incarnat of this Age.” The dedication is as follows:—

“To the right worshippfull brothers, Nicholas Hare of Stow Bardolfe Esquire and Recorder of Lyn, Hugh Hare Esquire Bencher of the Inward Temple, and John Hare Esquire Clarke of her Majesties Court of Wards, Tho. Lodge, Gentleman, wisheth health, wealth, and heaven.

“Right Worshipfull, understanding how like Scilirus the Scythians fagot you are all so tied together with the brotherly bond of amitie, that no disunion or dissention can depart you; in memorie of your rare and united loves, (the like whereof this barren age scarsely affordeth any) and in regard you are three ornaments in this Honourable Citie, whereof I esteeme my self a member: to consecrate your vertues with my fame, I have boldlie made you the patrons of this my worke, which both becommeth your gravities to read, and your devotions to thinke upon. Accept (I most humblie intreat you) the deserving kindnesse from a gentleman, whose labours and curtesies being well construed, shall embolden him hereafter to adventure on farre greater. Till when, I most humblie commend me. Written in hast, from my house at Low-Laiton, this 5 of November, 1596.

“Your Worships in all kindnesse,

“T. L.”

Low Layton, from whence this dedication is dated, is in the hundred of Becontree, in Essex, about six miles to the north-east of London. The messuage or farm of Malmaynes, in the same hundred,<sup>1</sup> was originally given by Lady Lodge in her will to her son

<sup>1</sup> Inquisit. 26 Eliz., June 25, ap. Morant's Essex, vol. i., p. 4.

Thomas, but the gift is set aside in a codicil, and certain lands on the borders of Suffolk and Essex, at or near Nayland, bequeathed to him instead. Sir Thomas Lodge's country house, as may be gathered from his wife's will, was in the parish of West Ham, in Essex, near Low Layton.<sup>1</sup>

In the last mentioned tract, there is a remarkable passage containing references to some of his contemporary poets. It occurs, strangely enough, in the chapter called "Of the great Devill Belzebub, and what monstrous and strange Devils he hath bred in our age."

"One of these Devils named *Hate-Virtue*: you shall know him by this, he is a foule lubber, his tongue tipt with lying, his heart steeld against charity, he walks for the most part in black, under colour of gravity, and looks as pale as the Visard of the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theater, like an Oister wife, HAMLET, REVENGE:..... His custom is to preferre a foole to credite, to despight a wise man, and no Poet lives by him that hath not a flout of him. Let him spie a man of wit in a Taverne, he is an arrant drunckard; or but heare that he parted a fray, he is a hairebraind quarreller: let a Scholler write, Tush, (saith he) I like not these common fellowes: let him write well, he hath stollen it out of some note book: let him translate, Tut, it is not his owne: let him be named for preferment, he is insufficient, because poore: no man shall rise in his world, except to feed his envy; no man can continue in his friendship, who hateth all men. Divine wits, for many things as sufficient as all antiquity, (I speake it not on slight surmise, but considerate judgement) to you belongs the death that doth nourish this poison: to you the paine, that endure the reproofe. *Lilly*, the famous for facility in discourse: *Spencer*, best read in ancient Poetry: *Daniel*, choise in word and invention: *Draiton*, diligent and formall: *Th. Nash*, true English Aretine. All you unnamed professors, or friends of Poetry, (but by me inwardly honoured) knit your industries in private, to unite your fames in publicke: let the strong stay up the weake, and the weake march under conduct of the strong; and all so imbattell your

<sup>1</sup> The registers of the parish of West Ham, applicable to the poet's period, are not preserved.—See "Lyson's Environs," *art.* West Ham.

selves, that hate of vertue may not imbase you. But if besotted with foolish vain-glory, emulation, and contempt, you fall to neglect one another, *Quod Deus omen avertat*. Doubtless it will be as infamous a thing shortly, to present any book whatsoever learned to any Mæcenas in England, as it is to be headsman in any free citie in Germanie :

“*Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.*”

“The meane hath discoursed, let the mighty prevent the michiefe. But to our Devill, by his leave, we cannot yet shake him off:” &c.

Besides these tracts of 1596, Mr. Collier has assigned to Lodge another printed in the same year, considering it to be a Palinode, or recantation by the author of his previous writings, as “the foule forepassed progenie of my thoughts, in the night of mine error,” and to have been suggested by, and written in imitation of Nash’s “Christ’s Teares over Jerusalem.” It bears this title: “Prosopopeia, containing the Teares of the holy, blessed, and sanctified Marie, the Mother of God;” and is dedicated “To the Right noble, the Mother Countesse, Countesse of Darby, and the vertuous and devout Countesse of Cumberland.” I have not included it in the list of Lodge’s works, being persuaded that it ought to be ascribed to some other author. Except in the dedication, there is no resemblance to Lodge’s style; and, if he could have written these words—“Now at last, after I have wounded the world with too much surfeit of vanitie, I maye bee by the true Helizeus, cleansed from the leprosie of my lewd lines, and beeing washed in the Jordan of grace, imploy my labour to the comfort of the faithfull”—it would at least have shown little of a repentant spirit, to have produced within a few months his “Discovery of the Devils Incarnate of this Age.”

But besides this, if the copy described by Mr. Collier<sup>1</sup> has the initials "T. L.," others, both to the Dedication and the Address to the Reader, have (and possibly more correctly) "L. T."<sup>2</sup> If one conjecture, therefore, may be allowed to take the place of another, it may be suggested, that this tract should rather be attributed to Laurence Twyne, gentleman, one of a literary family, who, in 1576, "gathered into English" "The Patterne of painefull Adventures," or the History of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre, from which Shakespeare derived many of the incidents in his "Pericles."<sup>3</sup> Anthony Wood says, of John Twyne, who died in 1581, that his eldest son "was Lawrence Twyne, who was fellow of All Souls College, and Bachelor of the Civil Law, an ingenious poet of his time, as several copies of verses set before books, written in commendation of their respective authors, do sufficiently attest. He was a married man, lived at Hardacre, in Kent, and left issue behind him, at his death, several children."<sup>4</sup>

At this period, a change seems to have taken place in the course of Lodge's life. His name is no longer connected with works of a poetical or miscellaneous literature; and he ceased to designate himself of Lincoln's Inn. Some of his difficulties and distresses

<sup>1</sup> "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," vol. ii., p. 156. From Mr. Collier's list of Lodge's works, in "The Gentleman's Magazine," it appears that the copy he described is preserved in the Lambeth Library.

<sup>2</sup> Herbert's Ames, vol. ii., p. 1200.—One of these copies is among the Hawthornden books in the College University, Edinburgh.

<sup>3</sup> Reprinted by Mr. Collier in the first volume of "Shakespeare's Library."

<sup>4</sup> Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. i., p. 464. Bliss's edit.



have reached us through Henslowe's papers at Dulwich, and the industry of Mr. Collier.<sup>1</sup> It appears that about the year 1588 he had contracted a debt to a tailor in the Strand, named Richard Topping, and that Henslowe (not to lose Lodge's services by his imprisonment in the Clink, for non-payment thereof) had become bail for his appearance "for meer good will, being somewhat acquainted with him." Lodge, however, as is asserted, went beyond seas, leaving Henslowe liable for the debt. Topping accordingly sent in his claim to Henslowe, who declined paying, and pleaded his privilege from arrest as one of the grooms of the Queen's (Elizabeth's) chamber. This was in, or before, 1596, and the amount was "seven pounds, odd money, due for this eight years."

The defrauded tailor petitioned Lord Hunsdon (the Lord Chamberlain) to interfere, who called on Henslowe to give his answer to Topping's accusation. Henslowe replied that he was clear by law from the payment of the debt, as Lodge had removed the action by habeas corpus to the King's Bench, and there (by the acceptance of the Judges) put in a new trial; that he was unwilling to pay another man's debt; and that it was malice against him that suggested the complaint to the Lord Chamberlain, for Topping knew "where Lodge, the principal, is, and how he may easily come by him."

Other petitions on the part of Topping and Henslowe are preserved, but the issue of the affair is unknown. Topping complains that Henslowe protested

<sup>1</sup> Collier's "Memoirs of Allen," pp. 39-46.

he would spend one hundred pounds rather than pay the debt. The truth seems likely that Lodge was skulking in this country—that Topping knew where to find him, but preferred proceeding against Henslowe than against a man of straw like Lodge.

He finally devoted himself to the medical profession; and in prosecuting his studies, there can be no doubt he went abroad, to benefit by the instructions of some of the eminent physicians and anatomists who then flourished in France and Italy. According to Anthony Wood, he took his degree of Doctor of Physic at Avignon. This must have been previously to the year 1600. In the well-known poetical common-place book, entitled “England’s Parnassus, or the Choycest Flowers of our Moderne Poets,” printed in that year, there are numerous passages, under the common heads, Ambition, Content, Court, Custome, Death, Folly, Fortune, Friends, &c., with his name affixed; and these, were it worth the pains, might probably all be traced as extracts from his printed works. The first extract, Ambition, consists of these two lines:—

“Who fight for crownes, set life, set all to[o] light:  
Who aim so high, wil die or hit the white.

“*Doctor Lodge.*”

In those that follow, the signature is usually in the more abridged form, “D. Lodge:” thus—

“As when a troupe of harvest thrifty swaines,  
With cutting sythes Earth’s ripened riches mowes,  
Whole sheaves of corne lye strowen upon the plaines,  
So fall the Scots before the conquering foes.

“*D. Lodge.*”

Both these extracts occur in "The Complaint of Elstred," which is annexed to his "Phillis honoured with Pastorall Sonnets," &c., in 1593. This circumstance of so naming him is of importance, not only for ascertaining the date of his medical degree, but also for removing any doubts that might be entertained in our identifying Doctor Lodge with the "Souldier poet and Romance writer."<sup>1</sup> In the earlier publication, "The Phoenix Nest, by R. S., of the Inner Temple," London, 1592, among the "Excellent Ditties of divers kinds and rare invention, written by sundry Gentlemen," there are sixteen poems with Lodge's initials, "T. L., Gent," which were probably contributed to this poetical miscellany by the author, although some of them, at least, occur in Lodge's previous publications.

Upon Lodge's return from the Continent, he settled in London, and continued to practise as a physician with greater reputation than success. On the 25th of October, 1602, "Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physic of the University of Avenion," was incorporated in the University of Oxford.<sup>2</sup> During the same year, he published his translation of the Works of Josephus, from the Latin and French versions. This volume was partially superseded by L'Estrange's later version, and wholly by Whiston's translation; but it is singular that no copy of Lodge's translation is to be found in the Bodleian, British Museum, or in any of the chief public libraries either in England or Scotland,

<sup>1</sup> See also on this subject, Collier's *Life of Alleyn*, p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. i., p. 298.

although it actually passed through seven editions between 1602 and 1670, and can only be considered of small pecuniary value. The dedication to Lord Howard of Effingham is as follows:<sup>2</sup>—

“To the Right Honourable Father of Arts and Arms, Charles Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham, Earl of Nottingham, High Constable of the Castle and Forrest of Windsor, Lord Chief Justice in Eyre in England, Governour and Captain Generall of all her Majesties Forts and Castles, High Admirall of England and Ireland, Lieutenant of Sussex and Surrey, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and one of her Majesties most Honourable privy Councell.

“Right Honourable, there is a saying in *Zenophon* most worthy the citing and insight, that matters of worth and consequence are both to be committed and commended to their trust and protection who know the weight and value thereof, and both can and will defend the same by authority and Reason. For this cause and upon this ground I have chosen your honour out for a most noble Patron of this most famous and accomplished History of the Jews: which for dignity and antiquity of the subject, the elegancie and purity of the style, the choice propriety of copious words, the gravity and variety of sentences, the alterations and memorable events, and lastly, for the birth and dignity of the Author, requireth a spirit of no less wisdom, courage, and nobility, than your self, who have power to defend and knowledge to discern the worth thereof. Vouchsafe therefore to level the eye of your esteem upon the Center of this happy history: and as Themistocles was animated to noble actions by beholding Miltiades trophies, and Alexander, in seeing Achilles tombe, did grievously sigh with an honourable emulation, so let the zeal, magnanimity, and admirable constancy which every where affronteth you in this Book (and ravisheth the best minds from the boundless troubles of this world, and draweth them into the contemplation of true perfection) so settle your honourable love and affection to emulate the same, that as for glory in Arms, so for preserving and protecting Arts, you may outstrip your competitors and amaze too curious

<sup>1</sup> The original edition not being at present accessible, nor, indeed, a copy of any other, I have been indebted to the kindness of Thomas Jones, Esq., for a transcript of this dedication from the latest edition, 1670, preserved in Chetham's Library, Manchester.



expectation. And in mine opinion the time challengeth no less at your hands; for as your transcendent dignity and courage hath returned us an happy harvest in our expected and long possessed peace, as by your second care and diligence next under Sacred Majesty we all reap the fruit and felicity of blessed abundance; so by your example in reading and respecting both learning and the learned, you shall pull down that *Babel* which confused ignorance hath raised to overreach industry; yea, you shall strengthen the weakned ability of learning, which (alas the while) is now-adayes like a commodity without request, scarce saleable by the hands of a cunning Broker. Nothing is more worth money and less in request; onely the world's blind creatures, (as S. *Hierom* termeth them) the unlettered, take delight in their errors, whose writings (as *Plutarch* speaketh of *Aristophanes* Poem) are written for no moderate man's pleasure. Let therefore your upright estimation of this work (most noble Earl) awaken the dead devotion of such as contemn Arts; and let no such corrupt drones (as made sale of sinfull thoughts for good merchandise) buz about the hive of true science: but as Emperours, Kings, and Princes, have ever in their Greek, Italian, and French, with a respective acceptance and bountifull hand, entertained this history; so let this translation of Josephus, which courteth you now in English, be accepted at your hands, and countenanced by your Honour: for whose unconfined felicity both I and other of my name have ever prayed, and will never cease to study.

“Your Honours unfeinedly devoted,

“THOMAS LODGE.”

In the year 1603, when the plague was raging in London, Dr. Lodge published a Treatise of the Plague, dedicated to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, stating that he was “bred and brought up in the city.”

“To the Right Honorable the Lord Maior, and to the Right Worshipfull the Aldermen and Sheriffes of the Citie of London.

“Two causes (Right Honourable and Worshipfull) have moved me to publish this present treatise of the Plague: one is the duetie and love which I owe to this Citie, (wherein I was bred and brought up) and for which (as the Orator Cicero in his Offices, and the Philosopher Plato in his Common-weale do testife) every good man ought to employ his uttermost

indevour. The next is a charitable remorse I have conceived to see my poore country-men and afflicted brethren turmoiled and attainted with the greevous sicknes of the Plague, and left without guide or counsaile how to succour themselves in extremitie: for where the infestation most rageth, there povertie raigneth among the Commons, which having no supplies to satisfie the greedie desire of those that should attend them, are for the most part left desolate, and die without reliefe. For their sakes have I undertaken this province to write of the Plague, to the end that with a little charge a poore man may have instructions by a little reading both to know and to cure all the evil accidents that attend the diseases. It resteth in your Honor and those your right Worshipfull assistance, to have especiall care that this charitable intent of mine may be furthered by your discreet orders, in such manner that these bookes may be dispersed among those families that are visited, to the end they may finde comfort and cure by their owne hands and diligence. This is the only reward I require, as Almighty God knoweth, to whose mercy I commend you. From my house in Warwicke Lane, this 19 of August.

“Your Honors and Worships in all affection,

“*Thomas Lodge.*”

The address “To the courteous and friendly Reader” commences thus:—

“Thou maist wonder, perhaps, (Gentle Reader) why amongst so many excellent and learned Phisitians of this Citie, I alone have undertaken to answere the expectation of the multitude, and to bear the heavy burthen of contentious Critiques and depravers.....There have beene lately certaine Thessali that have bestowed a new Printed livery on every olde post, and promised such myracles, as if they held the vaine of destiny in their own hands, and were able to make old Æsau young againe. Amongst these, one by fortune is become my neighbour, who because at the first he underwrit not his billes, every one that red them came flocking to me, conjuring me by great profers and perswasions to store them with my promised preservative, and relieve their sicke with my cordiall waters. These importunities of theirs made mee both agreeved and amazed; agreeved because of that loathsome imposition which was laid upon me, to make myself vendible, which is unworthy a liberall and gentle minde, much more ill beseeeming a phisitian and philosopher, who ought not to prostitute so sacred a profession so abjectly, but be a contemner of base and servile desire of money,” &c.

I subjoin the conclusion:—

“Thus committing you to him on whose mercy I depend, I take my leave of thee, Gentle Reader, desiring no other reward at thy hands but a few devout praiers for me, which I will pay thee againe with double usury whilst God lendeth me life. Vale.

“Thine in all friendship, THOMAS LODGE.”

It is worthy of notice that Heywood, in 1609, mentions Lodge as one of the eminent physicians of the day.

“As famous Butler, Pady, Turner, Poe,  
Atkinson, Lyster, LODGE, who still survive.  
Besides these English Gallens,”<sup>1</sup> &c.

A translation of the Works of Seneca, by Dr. Lodge, was published in 1614. It passed through two subsequent impressions, and still remains the only English version. In the earliest edition there is a dedication in Latin to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere.<sup>2</sup>

Though the name of Lodge is not found in Henslowe's account-book, yet it is known that he wrote, in conjunction with Greene, a play called “A Looking Glasse for London and England;” and that, in 1591, Henslowe drew Lodge's share from its performance. In the reply to Topping, to which I have already alluded, Henslowe states that he had become bail to Lodge from “having some knowledge and acquaintance of him as a player.”

The next notice of Lodge that has come down to

<sup>1</sup> “Troia Britanica; or Great Britaines Troy, a Poem devided into xvii severall Cantons, &c., written by Tho. Heywood,” p. 79. London, 1609, fol.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Payne Collier has a copy which was presented by Lodge to Dekker.

us, is still connected with pecuniary difficulties. It is a memorandum in the Privy Council Registers, dated January 10, 1616, of "A passe for Tho. Lodge, Doctor of Physic, and Henry Sewell, gent., to travell into the Arch-Duke's Country, to recover such debts as are due unto them there, taking with them two servants, and to return agayne within five moneths." This was immediately after Henslowe's decease; and it is much more likely, as Mr. Collier observes, that Lodge quitted England to avoid process on the part of Alleyn, than that he went to receive debts due to himself abroad. Alleyn, as is known, arrested Lodge on his return, but with no better ascertained success than Topping.<sup>1</sup>

Of Lodge's subsequent history there are few memorials. In 1620, when he published a revised edition of his translation of Seneca, he describes his condition—"my business being great, and my distractions many." His former patron, Lord Ellesmere, being dead, he replaced the dedication of 1614 with the following:—

"To the most noble and my honourable good Lord, Thomas Earle of Suffolke.

"Right Honourable, it is not your Greatnesse that I admire, nor the vaine applause of the multitude, (which may bewitch men, but not perfect them) that makes mee name you Patron of these my Labours. I neither dedicate this famous Worke unto you for the benefits I hope, or the reputation I may get, or upon the errour of custome that pretends more than Nature intended. I will not flatter your Greatnesse in reckoning up your Titles, nor embrace your judgement, that can distinguish times, men, fortunes; both apparently as they seeme, and really as they are. It is your vertue, your goodnesse, your Noble nature, to which I consecrate my endeavours: your Honour (which is the reward of vertue). These, and

<sup>1</sup> Collier's Life of Alleyn, p. 39.



nought else, tye me to respect, reverence, and esteeme both your Noble selfe and your Honourable family, to whose services I have inseparably consecrated my best labours. In times past it was the custome of the greatest Monarchies to bestow fained Deities upon their mortall Emperours; of famous Cities to erect statues to their well deserving Senatours; of good Children to raise monuments in honour of their Parents. Yet whatsoever Monarchies have foolishly attempted, Cities have dedicated, Children have erected, their memories, times, place, and (welny) names are extinguished. If Antiquity performed any thing, it is either blasted by flatterie, or concealed by feare.

“This my Present is a richer, more lasting, and happier Jewell; that in many ages, and thorow many fires and combustions, hath continued their fames to whome it was Dedicated, and shall make you live in the reading thereof, and my love prove signall and famous thereby, when haply your worthie deserts shall be obscured or detracted, or your greatest Titles buried in the bosome of Oblivion. Thus hoping that this poore Nestling of my Labour shall be as graciously accepted, as it is honestly and unfainedly intended, I commit your Honour and your whole Family to his protection, who onely searcheth mens hearts, and knoweth how unfainedly I respect both you, your Honour, and Family.

“Your Honours most devoted,

“*Thom. Lodge.*”

“To the Reader.

“Gentle Reader, I present thee once more with Senecaes Translation, if not so fully and exactly cleansed from his former misprisions and errours as I wish, yet I hope in such sort examined and perused, that the judicious Reader shall find lesse matter to accept against, and the indifferent, better light to understand him. My businesse being great, and my distractions many, the Author being seriously succinct, and full of Laconisme, no wonder if in some things my omissions may seeme such, as some whose judgement is mounted above the Epicycle of Mercurie, will find matter enough to carpe at, though not to condemne. Let me intreat this favour at thy hands, curteous Reader, to pretend this Translation to bee a Garden, wherein though thou maiest find many holesome herbes, goodly flowers, and rich medicines; yet can it not be but some weedes may ranckly shoot out, which may smother or obscure the light and lustre of the better. Play the good Gardner, I pray thee, and pulling up the weedes, make thy profit of the flowers. If thou wilt correct, bee considerate before thou attempt, lest in pretending to roote out one, thou

commit many errors. What a Stoicke hath written, reade thou like a Christian. If any doubts entangle thy judgement, have recourse to the sacred Synod of learned and pious Divines; whose judgement will select thee out that which is for thy Soules profit, and dissuade thee from admitting that which may either deprave thy judgment, or corrupt thy Soule. The fruit I expect for my Labour at thy hands, is onely this, to interpret mine actions to the best, and to correct with thy pen that which other men lesse advised have omitted by over hastie labour. Farewell, and enjoy the fruits which I have planted for thy profit; which though these times may haply neglect, the future may both applaude and allow. *Vale.* Thine in all vertuous endeavour,

*“Thom. Lodge.”*

This Epistle to the Reader is followed by another to the Translator: “To his learned, judicious, and honoured friend, MR. DOCTOR LODGE,” which is subscribed—“Thus with 1620 Commendations unto you, this 15 of September, I rest, the unfained lover of your ingenious endeavours, W. R.”

In the year 1622, he prefixed a commendatory Epistle to a small tract entitled “The Countesse of Lincolnes Nurserie. At Oxford, printed by John Lichfield and James Short, Printers to the famous University, 1622, 4to.” The dedication “To the Right Honourable and approved vertuous La. Briget, Comtisse of Lincolne,” is subscribed—“Your La. in the best and fastest love, Elizabeth Lincolne.” In this she says, “I doe offer unto your La. the first worke of mine that ever came in print;” the purport of it was “The duty of Nursing due by Mothers to their own children.” Lodge’s address is sufficiently complimentary and pedantic.

“To the Courteous, chiefly most Christian Reader.

“The generall Consent of too many Mothers, in an unnaturall practise,

(most Christian Reader) hath caused one of the Noblest and Fairest hands in this land to set pen and paper. As ashamed to see her sex farther degenerate, desirous for the glory thereof, and have all both rightly knowe and answere their kind, hath made Honour itselfe stoop to these paines, which now shee sends thee to peruse. Three things easily invite to read what to view is offred: Eminency, or interest in the Author; Rarity in the handled matter; Brevity in the quicke despatch. These three meet in this won. The Author so Eminent in Honour, thou canst hardly be anciently honourable, and not be interested in her Honours acquaintance, scarcely not alliance. Next for the Rarenesse; a peculiar tract of this subject, I believe, is not in thine hands. Lastly, it's so briefe, as I am perswaded, it smoothly gliding thee along in the reading, thy sorrow will be, it lands thee so soone. What may give satisfaction to a Reader, let me acquaint thee next, is here to be found. These are two things: Usefulnessse of the subject; Fulnes for the prosecution. If method and soundnesse can make full, this is full, what not alone confirmation ushering in the assertion, but refutation for ushering out objections can doe to making sound and through, this is such. The accomodation to these particulars (Gentle Reader) I leave to thyselfe, least I become tedious whilst am honoring brevity. The pay, assure thyselfe, will bee larger then the promise. The wine much better then the bush. This one word, and Ile stand out of the gate, thou mayest goe in. If Noble who readest, (likenesse is mother and nurse of liking) this comes from Nobility; approve the rather, and practise. If meaner, blush to deny what Honour becomes speaker to perswade to, president to lead the way to. And so I either humbly take my leave, or bid Farewell.

“Blest is the land where sons of Nobles raigne,  
 Blest is the land where Nobles teach their traine.  
 To Church for blisse Kings, Queenes should nurses be.  
 To State its blisse great dames babes nurse to see.  
 Go, then, great booke of Nursing, plead the cause:  
 Teach high'st, low'st, all, it's God's and Natures lawes.”

“This eminent Doctor,” (says Anthony Wood)  
 “who practised his faculty in Warwick Lane, in the  
 beginning of King James the First's [reign], and  
 afterwards in Lambert Hill, removed thence, a little  
 before his last end, into the parish of St. Mary Mag-

dalen, in Old Fish Street, London, where he made his last exit (of the plague, I think) in 1625, leaving then behind him a widow called Joan;<sup>1</sup> but where buried, unless in the church or yard there, I know not." Wood's information is as usual correct. Lodge died in the year 1625; and, on the 12th of October, in that year, administration of his effects was granted to "Jane relict of Thomas Lodge, M.D., of St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish Street, London." His wife's maiden name is unknown; but Mr. Hunter has discovered that one Thomas Lodge, M.D., of the poet's time, married the widow of Soloman Aldred.<sup>2</sup>

In considering Lodge's literary character, it may be remarked that he belongs to a class of writers, the Greenes, Lylys, Marlowes, and Peeles, displaying poetical and dramatic genius, not indeed of the highest order, but from the versatility of their talents, and the early period in which they flourished, as the precursors of our greater English dramatists, not likely to be soon forgotten.

That Lodge may have written other works for the stage besides the two with which his name is associated, is highly probable, but no Henslowe of the time has preserved a record of such performances earlier than 1591. In "The Looking Glasse for London," he had as a joint author Robert Greene, but it would not be easy to distinguish their respective

<sup>1</sup> Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, vol. ii., p. 384.

<sup>2</sup> "New Illustrations of Shakespeare," i., 334, by Rev. Joseph Hunter. Lond., 1845. The existing registers of St. Mary Magdalen commence in 1664.



portions. In this play, the Scriptural history of Nineveh is applied to the city of London, and it contains a severe moral lecture on the abuses of the times, exhibiting, in a most incongruous manner, the effects and reprobating the crimes of murder, incest, bribery, usury, and drunkenness, which abounded in the ancient city. Lodge's historical play, "The Wounds of Civil War," is founded chiefly on the lives of Marius and Sylla, in Plutarch, and is written in a loftier strain, but is disfigured by some scenes of low buffoonery. Mr. Collier remarks, "we can hardly call it a work of genius, but unquestionably it required no common talent to produce it.....The characters of old Marius and of his younger rival are drawn with great force, spirit, and distinctness; a task the more difficult, because they resembled each other in the great leading features of ambition and cruelty."<sup>1</sup>

The miscellaneous prose writings of Lodge are more numerous, but, like those of his friend Greene, are not likely to attract much attention, except as containing frequent and curious illustrations of the state of manners; although written in a style too pedantic, they are not devoid of interest. His tale of Rosalynd has peculiar attractions, as having furnished Shakespeare with the incidents and most of the characters in "As You Like It."

His translations are not to be overlooked. To the revised edition of Seneca, as already stated, he prefixes a letter of commendation, by his friend, W. R.,

<sup>1</sup> Collier's Annals of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 215.

who has thus characterized the mode of translation adopted by Lodge:—

“Worthy Sir. Having perused your selected Translation of Seneca, I cannot but ingenuously approve it. Nor is my judgment single. More learned men confirm it.....You have uncovered the veile of that sacred Temple, and opened the mysteries thereof to everie eye, that before lay hidden (save to a few) in the maske of a forraine language. You are his profitable Tutor, and have instructed him to walke and talke in perfect English. If his matter held not still the Roman Majestie, I should mistake him one of ours, he delivers his mind so significantly and fitly. Surely, had hee chose any other tongue to write in, my affection thinkes it had beene English; and in English, as you have taught him in your Translation, you expresse him so lively, being still the same Man, in other garments. He hath onely changed his habit, like a discreete traveller, to the fashion of the countrie he is in, retaining still the native gravitie of his countenance, and naturall, gracious comportment. For you have not suited him so lightly, to lose them. You would not; you could not. For his Genius prompted you to write, as himself would have spoken. His spirit breathed in you; over-ruled you.

“That you have not, parot-like, spoken his owne words, and lost yourself litterally in a Latine eccho, rendering him precisely verbatim, as if tied to his tongue, but retaining his sence, have expressed his meaning in our proper English elegancies and phrase, is in a Translatour a discretion that not onely I commend, but Horace also commendeth:

“Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fidus  
Interpres.”

It is however in his character as a Poet that Lodge perhaps claims his chief distinction. It may, therefore, be hoped that the plan which Mr. Singer, in his *Select Early English Poets*, left uncompleted, may yet be accomplished, by publishing the whole of Lodge's poetical compositions in a collective form. In his “*Fig for Momus*,” 1595, after explaining his reasons for adopting this title, he adds: “I have thought good to include *Satyres*, *Eclogues*, and

Epistles: first, by reason that I studie to delight with varietie, next, because *I would write in that forme wherein no man might challenge me with servile imitation* (wherewith heretofore I have been unjustly taxed)." This may not have had any reference to his earlier poem of Glaucus and Sylla; but the supposition has been hazarded, that in this poem, being written in the same stanza, and bearing in some passages points of resemblance, Lodge had taken Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" for his model. This proceeds upon an assumption that the latter was written before Shakespeare quitted Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1586 or 1587, and that it had been circulated in manuscript.<sup>1</sup> It is at least as probable that Shakespeare may have seen Lodge's volume, which was printed in 1589, or four years before "Venus and Adonis" made its appearance, and in which the allusion to Venus lamenting the fate of Adonis surely cannot have been unknown to one like Lodge, who was so familiar with classical literature.

In regard to his Satires, some diversity of opinion has also been expressed as to the claims of priority among the English satirists of this time. Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, when he published his "Virgidemiarum," in 1597, boldly claimed this for himself.

"I first adventure, follow me who list,  
And be the second English satirist."

On the other hand, Mr. Collier claims the same dis-

<sup>1</sup> See communication by James P. Reardon, Esq., in "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," vol. iii., p. 143.

tion for Dr. Donne,<sup>1</sup> as a copy of his first three Satires exists in a manuscript, with the date of 1593, two years prior to Lodge's volume having been issued from the press. But Lodge's own words are sufficient to prove that his attention had for some time been directed to this form of composition; nor should it be overlooked that, in 1592, Greene so pointedly cautioned Lodge against indulging himself in any other than general satire, and to avoid whatever was personal. "My Satyres (to speake truth) are by pleasures, rather placed here to prepare and trie the eare, than to feede it: *because if they passe well, the whole Centon of them, alreadie in my hands, shall sodainly bee published.*" In like manner, he adds, "For my Epistles, they are in that kind, wherein no Englishman of our time hath publicly written." Mr. Singer, in his edition of Bishop Hall's Satires, after noticing that he had been anticipated by Lodge, and "that Donne and Marston too appear to have written about the same time, though posterior in the order of publication," adds this remark: "What is more important, however, if not the *first*, Hall may justly lay claim to be considered the *best* satirist of his age; and when we remember that the writer was only twenty-three years old at the time of publication, we cannot but regret that graver studies should have so absorbed his life, as to give him neither leisure nor inclination to renew his acquaintance with the Muse."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Collier's Poetical Decameron, vol. i., p. 123.

<sup>2</sup> Satires, by Joseph Hall, p. vii. Chiswick, 1824, 12mo.



It would appear that Lodge's success as a poet was not equal to that as a novelist or miscellaneous writer, or such as to induce him to attempt those greater efforts to which he occasionally alludes. In one of his Eclogues, inscribed to Drayton, under the name of Rowland, he introduces himself by the name of Golde, being an inversion of the letters of his own name. It begins:—

“ Whie sings not Golde as he whilome did,  
In sacred numbers, and diviner vaine,  
Such hymnes as from bace-humor'd braines are hid?”

He enlarges on the little encouragement awarded—

“ In such an age, where learning hath no laude,  
Nor needie Homer welcome, or applaude”—

and his resolution to follow other pursuits, since he says: “ Arts perish, wanting honour and applause.”

“ Which sound rewards, since this neglectful time  
Repines to yeeld to men of high desert,  
I'le cease to revel out my wits in rime,  
For such who make so base account of art:  
And since by wit there is no meanes to clime,  
I'le hould the plough a while, and plie the cart,  
And if my Muse to wonted course returne,  
I'le write, and judge, peruse, commend, and burne.”

Sir Egerton Brydges has paid a just and eloquent tribute to his genius, in his republication of “England's Helicon,” a poetical miscellany, to which Lodge was a contributor, in 1600. “By far the first of these,” (he remarks) “are the compositions of Dr. Thomas Lodge and Nicholas Breton. That the genius of both these writers was not only

elegant and highly polished, but pure and unsophisticated, and far above the taste of their age, may be safely affirmed.....In Lodge we find whole pastorals and odes, which have all the ease, polish, and elegance, of a modern author. How natural is the sentiment, and how sweet the expression, of the following, in *Old Damon's Pastoral* :

“ ‘Homely hearts do harbour quiet,  
Little fear, and mickle solace;  
States suspect their bed and diet;  
Fear and craft do haunt the palace.

Little would I, little want I,  
When the mind and store agreeth;  
Smallest comfort is not scanty;  
Least he longs that little seeth.

Time hath been that I have longed,  
Foolish and to like of folly,  
To converse where honour thronged,  
To my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, and seeing sorrow,  
That the day consum'd returns not :  
Who dare trust upon to morrow,  
When nor time nor life sojourns not.’

“ How charmingly he breaks out, in *The Solitary Shepherd's Song* :

“ ‘O shady vale, O fair enriched meads,  
O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains;  
O painted flowers, green herbs where Flora treads,  
Refresh'd by wanton winds and watry fountains!’

“ Is there one word or even accent obsolete in this picturesque and truly poetical stanza?

“ But if such a tender and moral fancy be ever allowed to trifle, is there any thing of the same kind

in the whole compass of English poetry more exquisite, more delicately imagined, or expressed with more happy artifice of language, than *Rosalynd's Madrigal*, beginning—

“ ‘Love in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet:  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his rest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast;  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah, wanton, will ye?.....’

“ Compare Dr. Lodge not only with his contemporaries but his successors, and who, except Breton, has so happily anticipated the taste, simplicity, and purity, of the most refined age?”

Well might Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, commend him as “one of the writers of *those pretty old songs and madrigals, which are very much the strain of those times.*” Although not free from the conceits and quaintness which disfigure so many of the older poets, the ease and natural simplicity of his verses will always secure to THOMAS LODGE a place of distinction among the poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

CATALOGUE  
OF  
THOMAS LODGE'S WORKS.

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I. A Reply to Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, in defence of Poetry, Musick, and Stage Plays. 1579-80. Small 8vo., 16 pp. Without title or imprint.

[Only two copies of this unpublished tract (both from Heber's collection) are known to exist. One is in Mr. Miller's library, at Britwell House, Bucks; the other in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. This tract forms the first article in the present volume.]

II. An Alarum against Vsurers: containing tryed experiences against worldly abuses, &c. Heereunto are annexed the delectable Historie of Forbonius and Prisceria: with the lamentable Complaint of Truth ouer England. Written by Thomas Lodge, of Lincolnes Inne, Gentleman.—Imprinted at London, by T. Este, for Sampson Clarke, &c. 1584, 4to. Black letter. A to L, in fours, with two leaves marked ¶ following the Dedication and Epistle.

[Of this volume only two perfect copies are known, and, like the preceding, they are at Britwell, and in the Bodleian Library. It is reprinted in the present volume.]

III. Scillaes Metamorphosis: enterlaced with the unfortunate Love of Glaucus. Whereunto is annexed the delectable Discourse of the discontented Satyre:



with sundrie other most absolute Poems and Sonnets. Contayning the detestable tyrannie of Disdaine, and Comickall triumph of Constancie: verie fitt for young Courtiers to peruse, and coy Dames to remarke. By Thomas Lodge, of Lincolnes Inne, Gentleman. *O vita! misero longa, foelici brevis.*—Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, and are to be sold at his shop, neere Holburne bridge, at the signe of the Rose and Crowne. 1589, 4to. A to F 2, in fours, black letter.

[Dedicated “To his especiall good friende, Master Rafe Crane, and the rest of his most entire well willers, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court and Chancerie.” See page xxv. A copy is in the Bodleian Library, another in the collection of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. At Caldecott’s sale, in 1843, it fetched £8. Some copies of this volume were reissued with a new title-page: “A most pleasant Historie of Glaucus and Scilla. With many excellent Poems and delectable Sonnets. Imprinted at London, 1610,” 4to. In the collection of J. Payne Collier, Esq., only. These poems were reprinted, with a selection of other lyrical and pastoral poems by Lodge, at Chiswick, 1819, 12mo., edited by S. W. Singer, Esq., who proposed to have added a second part of Lodge’s Poems; but this intention was never carried into effect.]

IV. Rosalynde. Euphues golden Legacie: found after his death in his Cell at Silixedra. Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes noursed vp with their father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries. By T. L. Gent.—London, imprinted by Thomas Orwin for T. G. and John Busbie. 1590, 4to. A to S 2, in fours, black letter.

[It is dedicated “To the Right Honourable and his most esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine of her Majesties household, and Governor of Barwicke.” In this epistle the author refers to his having been educated at Oxford, and to his having, with Captain Clarke,

made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries. See page xxvii. A copy of this edition, at Britwell, has Sign. R supplied, in MS., in an old hand.

This work was several times reprinted. (2.) "London, printed by Abel Ieffes for T. G. and Iohn Busbie, 1592," 4to. (Bodleian Library.) To this edition there was prefixed a leaf with the title, "The Scedule annexed to Euphues Testament," &c.—(3.) A third edition was "Printed by N. Lyng for T. Gubbins, 1598." (J. P. Collier, Esq.)—(4.) "Imprinted at London by I. R. for N. Lyng, 1604." (Mr. Miller's library, at Britwell.)—(5.) "Imprinted at London, 1609. (Bodleian Library.)—(6.) "Imprinted for Iohn Smethwick, 1612." (British Museum.)—(7.) "Imprinted for Iohn Smethwick, 1623." (Library at Britwell, and the Rev. Alexander Dyce.)—(8.) "Printed for Francis Smethwicke, 1642." (*Bibl. Anglo-Poet.*, No. 422.) All these editions are in 4to., black letter. In the two later editions, the title of "Rosalynd" is omitted. The edition of 1592 was reprinted by Mr. Collier, as the original novel upon which Shakespeare founded his "As You Like It," in the first volume of "Shakespeare's Library," &c. London, Thomas Rodd, 1841-1843, 2 vols., 8vo.]

V. The famous, true and historicall Life of Robert second Duke of Normandy, surnamed for his monstrous birth and behauour, Robin the Diuell. Wherein is contained his dissolute life in his youth, his deuout reconcilment and vertues in his age: interlaced with many straunge and miraculous aduentures. Wherein are both causes of profite, and manie conceits of pleasure. By T. L. G.—Imprinted at London for N. L. and Iohn Busbie, and are to be sold at the West dore of Paules. 1591, 4to. A 2 and B to M 3, in fours, black letter.

[Dedicated "To the worshipfull and true Mœcenas of learning, Mr. Thomas Smith." Dated "From my Chamber, 2 Maij, 1591." See page xxix. Mr. Heber's copy, the only perfect one at present known, is now in the late Mr. Miller's library, at Britwell. Mr. Collier has an imperfect copy. It is curious to trace the history of such a volume. Heber's MS. note says, "The present was probably Lord Oxford's copy: see the

Harleian Cat., ii., 12,088." It is in Harleian binding, with the Swinton crest added; and from a private mark, I find it had been purchased in Edinburgh, for not many shillings, by the Duke of Roxburghe, in 1793. In 1811, at the Roxburghe sale, (6771) it fetched £19; in 1819, at the White Knight's, £14; in 1834, at Heber's, (part viii.) £10 10s.]

VI. Catharos. Diogenes in his Singularitie. Wherein is comprehended his merry baighting, fit for all mens benefits: christened by him A Nettle for Nice Noses. By T. L., of Lincolns Inn, Gent. —At London, printed by William Hoskins and Iohn Danter for Iohn Busbie. 1591. 4to. A 2 to I 3, in fours, black letter.

[This tract is dedicated by the bookseller, John Busbie, "To the Right Worshypfull Syr Iohn Hart, Knight."—"I present your Worship" (he says) "in signe of my sincere affect, with this small conceit, pend by a Gentleman my deare friend." Copies of this tract are preserved in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and in the Earl of Ellesmere's collection. Mr. Collier also possesses a copy.]

VII. Euphues Shadow, the Battaile of the Sences: wherein youthfull folly is set downe in his right figure, and vaine fancies are proved to produce many offences. Hereunto is annexed the Deafe Man's Dialogue, contayning Philamis Athanatos: fit for all sortes to peruse, and the better sorte to practise. By T. L., Gent. London, printed by Abell Jeffes for John Busbie, &c. 1592. 4to.

[In the British Museum, and in Mr. Collier's library. This tract, as already noticed, was published during Lodge's absence, by Robert Greene.]

VIII. Phillis: honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights. Where-vnto is annexed, the tragicall complaynt of Elstred. *Iam Phoebus disiungit equos, iam Cinthia iungit.*—At London,

Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be sold at his shoppe, at the West-doore of Paules, 1593. 4to.

[Title, leaf marked A 3, with the Epistle to the right worthy and noble Lady, the Comtesse of Shrewesbury, (See page xxxvii.) and B to L, in fours, 4to. In Mr. Miller's library, at Britwell; another copy among the Hawthornden books, in the University Library, Edinburgh; and a third (wanting the title) in Capel's collection, Trinity College, Cambridge. The Britwell copy, formerly Mr. Heber's, has a curious variation in a duplicate leaf, B 1, or "The Induction." In the third verse, the lines, as first printed—

"And thou, the Ascrean Poet of our time,  
Vnder whose stile conceit was neuer matched;  
The Genius of my muse," &c.—

were changed as follows:—

"And thou, the true Octauia of our time,  
Vnder whose worth, beauty was neuer matched;  
The Genius of my Muse," &c.

In like manner, the last lines of the fourth verse—

"Yet these, I hope, vnder your kinde aspect,  
(Thow flower of knight-hood) shall escape neglect"—

were thus altered—

"Yet these, (I hope) vnder your kind aspect,  
(Most worthy Lady) shall escape neglect."

This evidently suggests that the poems, before publication, were intended to have been dedicated to some person of distinction, referred to in the seventh verse—

"Under a great Mecenas I have past you;"

and that a prose dedication as well as this leaf of induction may have been cancelled, and replaced with that to Lady Shrewesbury. In this induction there is a delicate compliment paid to Spenser:—

"If so you come where learned *Colin* feedes  
His louely flocke, packe thence and quickly haste you;  
You are but mistes before so bright a sunne,  
Who hath the Palme for deepe inuention wunne."

And also to Samuel Daniel, who shortly before had published his volume called "*Delia*:"—

"Kisse *Delias* hand for her sweet Prophets sake."

Drummond of Hawthornden has marked Sonnets 21 and 22 as translations from Ariosto, and 33 from Ronsard; and Mr. Heber, in a MS. note, points out that Sonnet 15 is inserted in "*England's Helicon*," 1600, with



the signature S. E. D., and thence copied into Ellis's Specimens, as if it had been written by Sir Edward Dyer.]

IX. The Life and Death of William Longbeard, the most famous and witty English Traitor, borne in the Citty of London. Accompanied with manye other most pleasant and prettie Histories, By T. L., of Lincoln's Inne, Gent. *Et nugæ seria ducunt*—Printed at London, by Rychard Yardley and Peter Short, dwelling on Breadstreat hill, at the Signe of the Starre. 1593, 4to. Title, and A to I 2, in fours. Black letter.

[See dedication at p. xxxviii. In the Bodleian Library, with the name of G. Steevens stamped on the title; and J. P. Collier, Esq. These we believe are the only two perfect copies extant: an imperfect copy in the Biblioth. Anglo-Poetica, No. 935. The "pleasant and pretty Histories" mentioned in the title are thus enumerated:—

"The Life and Death of William Longbeard.

Of manie famous Pirats, who in times past were Lordes of the Sea.

The Historie of Partaritus, King of Lomberdie.

The wonderful dreame of Aspatia.

A wunderful revenge of Megollo.

The memorable deeds of Valasca.

An excellent example of continence in Francis Sforza.

Of many unfortunate men.

How King Roderigo lost his kingdome.

Of many famous men.

A most subtile dispute amongst Ambassadors.

Strange Lawes of Tyrsus the Tyrant."]

X. The Wounds of Civill War: lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla. As it hath beene publicquely plaide in London, by the Right Honourable the Lord high Admirall his Servants. Written by Thomas Lodge, Gent. *O vita! misero longa, fœlici brevis*.—London, printed by Iohn Danter,

and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne, in Paules Church-yarde. 1594. A to K, in fours.

[Bodleian Library, British Museum, two copies, Mr. Miller's library, Britwell, (the Roxburghe copy) J. Payne Collier, Esq., and the Rev. Alexander Dyce. It is reprinted in Dodsley's Select Collection of Old Plays, new edition, vol. viii. London, 1825, post 8vo., with an introductory notice by Mr. Collier.]

XI. A Looking Glasse for London and England. Made by Thomas Lodge, Gentleman, and Robert Greene. In Artibus Magister.—London, printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gracious streete. 1594. 4to. Black letter.

[The only known copy of this edition, which was formerly in Mr. Kemble's collection, is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. There is another edition, with the same imprint, in 1598. Copies are in the Bodleian Library, in the British Museum, and in Mr. Collier's hands. The late editions of 1602 and 1617, imprinted by Bernard Alsop, are also in the same libraries. The Rev. Mr. Dyce possesses a copy of that of 1617. This play is reprinted in the carefully edited edition of "The Dramatic Works of Robert Greene, to which are added his Poems, with some account of the Author, and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A." London, 1831. 2 vols., post 8vo.]

XII. A Fig for Momus: containing Pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles, by T. L., of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. *Che pecora si fa, il lupo selo mangia*.—At London, printed for Clement Knight, and are to bee solde at his shop, at the little North-doore of Paules Church. 1595, 4to. A to I 3, in fours.

[Dedicated "To the right Honorable and thrice renowned Lord, William Earle of Darbie," whom he styles "the true Mecœnas of the Muses." See page xxxix. Bodleian Library, and library at Britwell. The

volume was reprinted at the Auchinleck Press, (in Ayrshire) by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., 1817, 4to. Mr. Collier has an old MS. copy.]

XIII. *The Divel coniured.*—London, printed by Adam Islip for William Mats, dwelling in Fleetstreet, at the sign of the Hand and Plough. Anno 1596, 4to. A 2 to M 2, in fours, black letter.

[Dedicated “To the right honorable and learned Sir John Fortescue, Knight, Chancellor of the Exchequer,” &c. See page xl. In the Bodleian Library, library at Britwell, and the British Museum.]

XIV. *A Margarite of America.* By T. Lodge. Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be sold in S. Dunstan’s church-yard in Fleet-street, at the little shop next Cliffords Inne. 1596, 4to. A 2 to N 1, in fours.

[See the dedication and epistle, at page xli. In the British Museum, two copies, and in the Bodleian Library.]

XV. *VVits Miserie, and the VVorlds Madnesse: discovering the Deuils Incarnat of this Age.*—London, printed by Adam Islip, and are to be sold by Cutbert Burby, at his shop by the Roiall Exchange. 1596, 4to. A 2 to P, in fours, black letter.

[In the library at Britwell, and in the Bodleian Library, there are two copies; one of these exhibits a curious typographical mistake in the first line of the title, having WILS MISERIE, in place of WITS MISERIE. The dedication, dated from “Low-Laiton, this 5 of November, 1596,” has already been quoted, at page xliii.]

XVI. *The famous and memorable Workes of IOSEPHUS, a man of much Honour and Learning among the Jewes.* Faithfully translated out of the Latin and French by Tho. Lodge, Doctor in Physicke. *Bernardus Epistola ad Sugerium. Tunc re-*

*centia iucundius bona clarescunt, cum fuerint malis comparata prioribus.* — Printed at the charges of G. Bishop, S. Waterton, P. Short, and Tho. Adams. 1602. Folio.

[Of this edition a copy is in the library at Britwell. The translation was reprinted in 1609, 1620, 1632, 1640, (Printed for Anne Hood) 1655, and 1670. Besides these, there were editions “revised and amended, according to the excellent French translation of M. Arnauld d’Andilly,” in 1683 and 1693, all in folio.—Clarke’s Bibliographical Miscellany, vol. i., p. 127.]

XVII. A Treatise of the Plague: containing the Nature, Signes, and Accidents, of the same, with the certaine and absolute cure of the Feuers, Botches, and Carbuncles, that raigne in these times: And above all things most singular Experiments and Preservatives in the same, gathered by the Observation of divers worthy Travailers, and selected out of the Writings of the best learned Phisitians in this age. By Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Phisicke.—London, printed for Edward White and N. L. 1603, 4to. A to L 3, in fours, black letter.

[Dedicated “To the right Hon. the Lord Maior, and to the right Worshipfull the Aldermen and Sherriffes of the Citie of London.” See page li. Copies in the British Museum, Bodleian Library, and Mr. Collier’s collection.]

XVIII. The Workes, both Morrall and Natural, of Lucius Annæus Seneca. Translated by T. Lodge, D. of Phis.—London, printed by William Stansby. Fo.

[This on the centre of an emblematical title, representing *Morientis Effigies*, “Ingr. by W. Hole,” followed by a printed title-page: “The Workes of Lucius Annæus Seneca, both Morrall and Naturall. Contain- ing, &c. Translated by Tho. Lodge, D. in Physicke. London, printed by William Stansby, 1614,” folio, pp. 917, besides the preliminary leaves



and the table. "Gentle Reader," (he says) "for thee I laboured, for thy good have I made this admirable Roman speake English; if it profit thee, I have my wish, if it displease thee, it is thy want of judgment." Prefixed is a long Latin dedication to Thomas Egerton, Baron Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor of England, as the chief patron of philosophical studies at Oxford. This is followed by another epistle: "Reverendissimis Doctoribus, cæterisque in Stadio Literario optime exercitatis lectoribus, Tho. Lodge, D. Medicus Physicus: Salutem." Mr. Collier possesses a copy, with an autograph inscription of Thomas Dekker, as the gift of the translator in 1614. At an interval of six years, this translation was republished, with an emblematical engraved title-page—"R. E., [Elstrack] sc."—the design is quite distinct from the former, and in the centre, "The Workes of Lucius Annæus Seneca: newly Inlarged and Corrected by Thomas Lodge, D. M. P. London, printed by William Stansby." 1620, folio. The date appears in the colophon, and the text ends on page 921. This edition is not uncommon, and was reprinted in 1632, folio.]

## XIX. The Poore Mans Talentt.

[An unpublished Manuscript. The above is the whole of the title-page. The MS. consists of sixty-nine leaves, but the last two contain medical receipts in later hands. "This unpublished work," says Mr. Collier, in whose possession it is, "was written by some scribe, but it is throughout corrected in the handwriting of the author, and it was sold with the books of the old Duke of Norfolk." The epistle to Anne Countess of Arundell is in the poet's autograph, and a facsimile is annexed. This Lady Anne, sister and coheir of Thomas Lord Dacre, married Philip Earl of Arundel, who languished as a prisoner in the Tower till his death, in 1595. She survived till 1630. Their son, Thomas Earl of Arundel, born in 1586, distinguished himself, in the reign of Charles the First, as a collector of antiquities and of works of art.

"To the Right Honorable my very good Ladie, the Ladie Anne, Mother Countess of Arundell.

"Right Honorable—Amidst the tempests of fortune and the tiranies of sicknes, I have (to satisfie your expectation) finished the booke I promised: wherein I have observed a plaine and easie methode to cure the infirmities of the bodie. The medicines are familiar, and such as everie Apothecarie hath in a redines, or your garden and the feildes will afford you: wherebie your Charitie (which is unconfined) maie the more easelie and with less chardge be imparted to all, both riche and poore, that have recourse unto you in theare necessities. Besides, if you dilligentlie peruse

the Booke, you shall finde that which the greatest Phisitions builde theare judgments upon. I had in person presented this booke, but that the infirmitie of my bodie is such, as my will cannot overmaster yt. Accept yt, noble Maddam, as it is intended, from him that to the uttermost of his power with an unfained harte will both prairie for you and serve you.

To: Madame to see yo.<sup>r</sup> service.  
Thomas Lodge

Such is the Catalogue of Lodge's miscellaneous and poetical writings, in so far as the researches of Mr. Collier and other diligent investigators of early English literature have been able to discover. That he published other tracts, not now known to be extant, is highly probable, or rather certain. For instance, in the "Catalogue of the large and curious English Library of Mr. John Hutton, late of St. Paul's Church-yard, London," sold by auction in October, 1764, is the following lot:—

"No. 1510. TRACTS.—Scillaes Metamorphosis, with other Poems, by Lodge. B. L. 1590.—Diogenes in his Singularitie, or a Nettle for nice Noses, by ditto. B. L.—The famous, true, and historical Life of Robert second Duke of Normandy, surnamed Robin the Divell, by ditto. B. L. 1591.—A Margarite of America, by ditto. B. L. 1596.—An Alarum against Usurers, by ditto; dedicated to Sir P. Sidney. B. L. 1584.—A Fig for Momus, by ditto. 1595.—A Spyders Webbe, by ditto. B. L. No date."

The last of these seven tracts, "A Spyders Webbe," is wholly unknown, and no copy of his "Scillaes Metamorphosis," dated 1590, has been discovered.

In proof of the inconsiderable pecuniary value of such tracts, at that time, it may be noticed that this volume, or lot, fetched the sum of six shillings! Several of these tracts have singly, in more recent times, fetched from five to ten pounds, and upwards; and one of them, the “Alarum against Usurers,” (re-printed in the present volume) at Bindley’s sale, actually produced twenty-seven pounds. In the same sale of Hutton’s books, we also find three other tracts by our author, viz:—

“5214. Lodge, Thomas, Life and death of William Longbeard, &c. B. L. 1593. 5s.

5215. —————, Wits Miserie and the Worlds Madnesse, discovering the Divels incarnat of this age. B. L. 1596. 2s. 6d.

5216. —————, The Devil conjured. B. L. 1596. 2s.”

In one of Greene’s pamphlets, “The Spanish Masquerade,” printed in 1589, Lodge prefixed some verses in French. (Greene’s Works, by Dyce, vol. i., p. xxxviii.) He has also commendatory verses in the “Writing Schoolemaster,” by Peter Bales, London, 1590, 4to.





A REPLY  
TO STEPHEN · GOSSON'S  
SCHOOLE OF ABUSE,  
*IN DEFENCE OF POETRY,  
MUSICK, AND STAGE PLAYS.*  
By THOMAS LODGE.



Protopogenes can know Apelles by his line though he se him not, and wise men can consider by the penn the auctoritie of the Writer though they know him not. The Rubie is discerned by his pale rednes; and who hath not hard that the Lyon is knowne by hys clawes? Though Æsopes craftie crowe be neuer so deftlye decked, yet is his double dealing esely desiphered: and though men never so perfectly pollish there wrytings with others sentences, yet the simple truth will discover the shadow of ther follies: and bestowing euery fether in the bodye of the right M. tourne out the naked dissembler into his owen cote, as a spectacle of follye to all those which can rightlye judge what imperfections be.

There came to my hands lately a litle (woulde God a wittye) pamphlet, baring a fayre face as though it were the Scoole of Abuse; but being by me aduisedly wayed I fynd it the oftscome of imperfections, the writer fuller of wordes then judgement, the matter certainly as ridiculus as serius: assuredly his mother witte wrought this wonder, the child to dispraise his father, the dogg to byte his mayster for his dainty morcell. But I se (with Seneca) that the wrong is to be suffered, since he disprayseth, who by costome hath left to speake well. But I meane to be short: and teach the Maister what he knoweth not, partly that he may se his own follie, and partly that I may discharge my promise, both bind me: therefore I would wish the good scholmayster to ouer looke his Abuses againe with me, so shall he see an ocean of inormities which begin in his first prinsipale in the dispraise of Poetry. And first let me familiarly consider with this find faulte what the learned have alwayes esteemed of Poetrie.

Seneca thoughte a stoike would have a poetically sonne, and amongst the auncientest Homer was no les accompted then *Humanus deus*. What made Alexander, I pray you, esteeme of him so much? why allotted he for his Works so curious a closset? was ther no fitter underprop for his pillow then a simple pamphlet? in all Darius cofers was there no jewell so costly? Forsoth my thinks these two (the one the father of Philosophers, the other the cheftaine of Chiualrie) were both deceiued if all were as a GOSSON would wish them; yf poets paynt naughte but palterie toyes in vearse, their studies tended to foolishnesse, and in all their indeuors they did naught els but *agendo nihil agere*. Lord, howe Virgil's poore Gnatt pricketh him, and how Ouid's Fley byteth him! he can beare no bourde, he hath raysed up a new sect of serius Stoikes, that can abide naught but their owen shadowe, and alow nothing worthye, but what they conceaue. Did you never reade (my ouer wittie frend) that vnder the persons of beastes many abuses were dissiphered? have you not reason to waye? that whatsoeuer ether Virgil did write of his Gnatt, or Ouid of his Fley, was all couertly to declare abuse? but you are (*homo literatus*) a man of the letter, little sauoring of learning, your giddy brain made you leave your thrift, and your abuses in London some part of your honestie. You say that Poets are subtil, if so, you have learned that poynt of them, you can well glose on a trifeling text. But you have dronke perhaps of Lethe, your gramer learning is out of your head, you forget your Accidence, you remember not that under the persion of Æneas in Virgil the practice of a dilligent captaine is discribed; under the shadow of byrds, beastes and trees, the follies of the world were disiphered; you know not, that the creation is signified in the image of Prometheus; the fall of pryde in the person of Narcissus; these are toyes because they sauer of wisdom which you want. Marke what Campanus sayth, *Mira fabularum vanitas, sed quæ si introspiciantur videri possunt non vanæ*. The vanitie of tales is



wonderful, yet if we aduisedly look into them they wil seme and proue wise. How wonderful are the pithie poemes of Cato? the curious comedies of Plautus? how brauely discovereth Terence our imperfection in his Eunuch? how neatly dissiphereth he Dauus? how pleasauntly paynteth he out Gnatho? whom if we shoulde seeke in our dayes, I suppose he would not be farr from your Parson.

But I see you would seeme to be that which you are not, and as the prouerb sayth, *Nodum in Cirpo querere*. Poetes you say use coullors to couer their incouiences, and wittie sentences to burnish their bawdery, and you diuinite to cover your knauerye. But tell mee truth Gosson, speakest thou as thou thinkest? what coelers findest thou in a Poete not to be admitted? are his speeches unperfect? sauor they of inscience. I think, if thou hast any shame, thou canst not but like and approve them: are their gods displesant vnto thee? doth Saturne in his majesty moue thee? doth Juno with her riches displease thee? doth Minerua with her weapon discomfort thee? doth Apollo with his harping harme thee? thou mayst say nothing les then harme thee, because they are not, and I thinke so to[o], because thou knowest them not. For wot thou that in the person of Saturne our decaying yeares are signified; in the picture of angry Juno, our affections are dissiphered; in the person of Minerua is our understanding signified, both in respect of warre, as policie. When they faine that Pallas was begotten of the braine of Jupiter, their meaning is none other, but that al wisdom (as the learned say) is from aboue, and commeth from the Father of Lights: in the portrature of Apollo all knowledge is denocated. So that, what so they wrot, it was to this purpose, in the way of pleasure to draw men to wisdom: for seing the world in those daies was vnperfect, yt was necessary that they like good Phisi[ti]ons: should so frame their potions, that they might be appliable to the quesie stomachs of their werish patients. But our

studientes by your meanes have made shipwrack of theyr labors, our schoolemaisters haue so offended that by your judgement they shall *subire poenam capitis* for teaching Poetry; the universitie is litle beholding to you, al their practices in teaching are friuolus. Witt hath wrought that in you, that yeares and studie neuer setled in the heads of our sagest doctors. No mervel though you dispraysse Poetrye, when you know not what it meanes.

Erasmus will make that the path waye to knowledge which you dispraysse; and no meane Fathers vouchsafe in their seriouse questiones of deuinitie, to inserte poetically sensures. I think if we shal wel ouerloke the Philosophers, we shal find their judgements not halfe perfect. Poetes, you saye, fayle in their fables, Philosophers in the verye secrets of Nature. Though Plato could wish the expulsion of Poetes from his well publiques, which he might doe with reason, yet the wisest had not all that same opinion, it had bene better for him to have sercht more narrowly what the soul was, for his difinition was verye friuolous, when he would make it naught els but *Substantiam intellectu predic-tam*. If you say that Poetes did labour about nothing, tell me (I besech you) what wonders wroughte those your dunce Doctors in ther reasons *de ente, et non ente?* in [is] theyr definition of no force, and les witt? how sweate they power soules in makinge more things then cold be? that I may use your owne phrase, did not they spende one candle by seeking another. Democritus, Epicurus, with ther scholler Metrodorus, how labored they in finding out more worlds then one? your Plato in midst of his presisnes wrought that absurdite that neuer may be redd in Poets, to make a yearthly creature to beare the person of the Creator, and a corruptible substance, an incomprehensible God! for determining of the principall causes of all thinges, a made them naughte els but an Idea which if it be conferred wyth the truth, his sentence will sauour of Inscience. But I speake

for Poetes, I answere your Abuse, therefore I will disprove, or dispraysse naught, but wish you with the wise Plato, to dispraysse that thing you offend not in. Seneca sayth, that the studdie of Poets, is to make children, ready to the vnderstanding of wisdom, and that our auncients did teache *artes Eleutherias, i. liberales*, because the instructed children, by the instrument of knowledg in time became, *homines liberi, i. Philosophye*. It may be that in reiding of poetry, it happened to you as it is with the Oyster, for she in her swimming receiueth no ayre, and you in your reiding lesse instruction. It is reported that the sheepe of Euboia want ther gale, and one the contrarye side that the beastes of Naxus have *distentum fel*. Men hope that scollers should have witt brought upp in the Universite; but your sweet selfe, with the cattell of Euboia, since you left your College, have lost your learning. You dispraysse Maximus Tirius pollicey, and that thinge that he wrott to manifest learned Poets mening, you attribute to follye. O holy hedded man! why may not Juno resemble the ayre? why not Alexander valour? why not Vlisses pollice? Will you have all for your owne tothe? must men write that you maye know theyr meaning? as though your wytt were to wrest all things? Alas! simple Irus, begg at knowledge gate awhile, thou haste not wonne the mastery of learning. Weane thy selfe to wisdom, and use thy tallant in zeale not for enuie: abuse not thy knowledge in dispraysing that which is pereles. I shold blush from a Player, to become an enuious Preacher, if thou hadst zeale to preach, if for Sions sake thou coldst not holde thy tongue, thy true dealing were prayse worthy, thy reuolting woulde counsell me to reuerence thee. Pittie weare it, that Poetrye shoulde be displaced; full little could we want Buchanan's workes, and Boetius Comfortes may not be banished. What made Erasmus labor in Euripides tragedies? Did he indeuour by painting them out of Greeke into Latine to manifest sinne unto us? or to confirme vs in goodness? Labor (I pray thee)

in Pamphlelets more prayse worthy: thou haste not saued a Senator, therefore not worthy a Lawrell wreth; thou hast not (in disprouing Poetry) reprobued an Abuse, and therefore not worthy commendation.

Seneca sayth, that *Magna vitæ pars elabatur male agentibus, maxima nihil agentibus, tota aliud agentibus*. The most of our life (sayd he) is spent ether in doing euill, or nothing, or that wee should not; and I would wish you weare exempted from the sensure. Geue eare but a little more what may be said for Poetrie, for I must be briefe, you have made so greate matter that I may not stay on one thing to long, lest I leaue another vntouched. And first, whereas you say that Tullie, in his yeres of more judgement, despised Poetes, harke (I pray you) what he worketh for them in his Oration *pro Archia poeta*: But before you heare him, least you fayle in the incounter, I would wysh you to followe the aduise of the dasterdlye Ichneumon of Ægypt, who when shee beholdeth the Aspis her enemye to drawe nighe, calleth her fellowes together, bismerring herselfe with claye, agaynst the byting and stroke of the serpent arme your selfe, call your witts together: want not your wepons, lest your imperfect judgement be rewardede with Midas eares. You had neede play the night burd now, for you[r] day Owl hath misconned his parte, and for To who, now a dayes he cryes Foole you: which hath brought such a sort of wondering birds about your eares, as I feare me will chatter you out of your iuey bush. The worlde shames to see you, or els you are afrayde to shew your selfe. You thought Poetrie should want a patron (I think) when you first published this Inuectiue; but yet you fynd al to many euen *preter expectationem*, yea though it can speake for its selfe, yet her patron Tullie now shall tell her tale, *Hæc studia* (sayth he) *adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, aduerſis perſugium ac ſolatiū prebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.*



Then will you dispraise that which all men commend? you looke only upon the refuse of the abuse, nether respecting the importance of the matter, nor the weight of the wyter. Solon can fayne himselfe madde, to further the Athenians. Chaucer in pleasant vain can rebuke sin vncontrouled; and though he be lauish in the letter, his sence is serious. Who in Rome lamented not Roscius death? and canst thou suck no plesure out of thy M. Claudian's writings? Hark, what Cellarius, a learned father attributeth to it; *Acuit memoriam*, (saith he), it profiteth the memory. Yea and Tully attributeth it for prais to Archias that upon any theame he cold versify extempory. Who liketh not of the promptnes of Ouid? who not vnworthely cold bost of himself thus, *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat*. Who then doothe not wonder at Poetry? who thinketh not that it procedeth from aboue? what made the Chians and Colophonians fal to such controuersy? Why seke the Smirnians, to recouer from the Salaminians the prais of Homer? al wold have him to be of ther city: I hope not for harme, but because of his knowledge. Themistocles desireth to be acquainted with those who could best discipher his praises. Euen Marius himselfe, tho never so cruel, accompted of Plotinus poems. What made Aphricanus esteeme Ennius? Why did Alexander giue prais to Achilles but for the prayses which he found written of him by Homer? Why esteemed Pompeie so much of Theophanes Mitiletus? or Brutus so greatlye the wrytinges of Accius? Fuluius was so great a fauorer of Poetry, that after the Aetolian warres, he attributed to the Muses those spoiles that belonged to Mars. In all the Romaine conquest, hardest thou euer of a slayne Poete? nay rather the Emperours honored them, beautified them with benefites, and decked their sanctuaries with sacrifice. Pindarus colledg is not fit for spoil of Alexander ouercome, nether feareth Poetry the persecutors sword. What made Austin so much affectate that heauenly fury? not folly, for if I must needes speake, *illud non ausim affirmare*, his



zeale was, in setting up of the house of God, not in affectate eloquence, he wrot not, he accompted not, he honored not, so much that (famous Poetry) whyche we prayse, without cause, for, if it be true that Horace reporteth, in his booke *de Arte Poetica*, all the answeares of the Oracles weare in verse. Among the precise Jewes, you shall find Poetes, and for more majestie Sibilla will prophesie in verse. Hiroaldus can witnes with me, that Dauid was a poet, and that his wayne was in imitating (as S. Jerom witnesseth) Horace, Flaccus, and Pindarus, sometimes his verse runneth in an Iambus foote, anone he hath recourse to a Saphier vaine, and *aliquando, semipede ingreditur*. Ask Josephus, and he wil tel you that Esay, Job and Salomon, voutsafed poetical practises, for (if Origen and he fault not) theyre verse was Hexameter, and Pentameter. Enquire of Cassiodorus, he will say that all the beginning of Poetrye proceded from the Scripture. Paulinus tho the Byshop of Nolanum yet voutsafe the name of a Poet; and Ambrose tho he be a patriarke in Mediolanum loueth versifing. Beda shameth not the science that shamelesse Gosson misliketh. Reade ouer Lactantius, his prooffe is by poetry; and Paul voutsafeth to ouerlooke Epimenides: let the Apostle preach at Athens he disdaineth not of Aratus authorite. It is a pretye sentence yet not so prety as pithy, *Poeta nascitur, Orator fit*; as who should say, Poetrye commeth from aboue, from a heauenly seate of a glorious God, unto an excellent creature man: an Orator is but made by exercise. For if we examine well what befell Ennius amonge the Romans, and Hesiodus among his contrimen the Grecians, howe they came by theyr knowledge, whence they receued their heauenly furye, the first will tell us that sleping on the Mount of Parnassus he dreamed that he received the soule of Homer into him, after the which he became a Poete. The next will assure you that it commeth not by labor, nether that night watchings bringeth it, but that we must have it thence whence he fetched it, which was, (he

saith), from a well of the Muses which Cabelimus calleth Porum; a draught whereof drewe him to his perfection, so of a shephard he became an eloquent Poet. Wel then you see that it commeth not by exercise of play making, nether insertion of gawds, but from nature, and from aboue: and I hope that Aristotle hath sufficiently taught you, that *Natura nihil fecit frustra*. Perseus was made a poete *Diuino furore percitus*; and whereas the Poets were sayde to call for the Muses helpe, ther mening was no other, as Jodocus Badius reporteth, but to call for heauenly inspiration from aboue to direct theyr endeuors. Nether were it good for you to sette light by the name of a Poet since the oftspring from whence he commeth is so heauenly. Sibilla in her answers to Æneas against hir will, as the poet telleth us, was possessed with thys fury; ye[a], wey consideratly but of the writing of poets, and you shal se that when ther matter is most heauenly, their stile is most loftye, a strange token of the wonderfull efficacy of the same. I would make a long discourse unto you of Platoes 4 furies, but I leave them: it pitieth me to bring a rodd of your owne making to beate you wythal.

But mithinks, while you heare thys, I see you swallowe down your owne spittle for reuenge, where (God wot) my wryting sauoreth not of enuye. In this case I could wyshe you fare farre otherwyse from your foe; yf you please, I wyll become your frende, and see what a potion or recypt I can frame fytt for your diet. And herein I will proue myself a practiser, before I purdge you, you shall take a preparatiue to disburden your heavy hedde of those grose follis you haue conceued: but the receipt is bitter, therfore I would wyshe you first to tasten your mouth with the sugar of perseuerance: for ther is a cold collop that must downe your throate, yet such a one as shall chaunge your complection quit. I wyll have you therefore to taste first of that cold riuer Phricus, in Thratia, which, as Aristotle reporteth, changeth blacke into white, or of Scamandar, which maketh

gray yalow, that is of an enuious man a wel minded person, reprehending of zeale that wherein he hath sinned by folly, and so being prepared, thy purgation wyll worke more easy, thy understandinge wyll be more persit, thou shalt blush at thy abuse, and reclaime thy selfe by force of argument, so will thou proue of clene recouered patient, and I a perfecte practiser in framing so good a potion. This broughte to passe I with thee wil seeke out some abuse in Poetry, which I will seeke for to disproue by reason, first pronounced by no small birde, even Aristotle himselfe; *Poetae* (sayth he) *multa mentiuntur*; and to further his opinion sever Cato putteth in his censure: *Admiranda canunt, sed non credenda Poetae*. These were sore blemishes, if objected rightly, and heare you may say the streame runnes a wronge, but if it be so, by you[r] leue, I wyll bring him shortly in his right chanel. My answer shall not be my owne, but a learned Father shall tell my tale; if you will know his name men call him Lactantius, who in hys booke *De Diuinis Institutionibus*, reasoneth thus; I suppose (sayth he) Poets are full of credit, and yet it is requisite for those that will understand them to be admonished, that among them, not onely the name but the matter beareth a show of that it is not; for if, sayth he, we examine the Scriptures litterallye nothing will seeme more falls, and if we waye Poetes wordes and not ther meaning, our learning in them wilbe very mene. You see nowe that your Catoes judgement as of no force, and that all your objections you make agaynst Poetrye be of no valor. Yet lest you should be altogether discouraged I wyll helpe you forward a little more: it pities me to consider the weaknes of your cause, I wyll therfore make your strongest reason, more strong, and after I have builded it up destroy it agayn. Poets you confesse are eloquent, but you reprove them in their wantonnesse: they write of no wisdom; you may say their tales are friuolus, they prophane holy thinges, they seeke nothing to the perfection of our soules, theyr practise is in other things, of lesse force:

To this objection I answer no otherwise then Horace doeth in his booke *De Arte Poetica*, where he wryteth thus.

Siluestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum  
 Sedibus, et victu foedo deterruit Orpheus:  
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones:  
 Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ condit[or] vrbis,  
 Saxa mouere sono testudinis, et prece blanda  
 Ducere quo vellet: fuit hec sapientia quondam,  
 Publica priuatis secernere, sacra prophanis;  
 Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;  
 Oppida moliri; leges inscidere ligno.

The holy spokesman of the Gods  
 With heaue[n]ly Orpheus hight,  
 Did driue the sauage men from wods,  
 And made them liue aright;  
 And therefore is sayd the Tygers fierce  
 And Lyons full of myght  
 To ouercome: Amphion, he  
 Was sayd of Theabs the founder,  
 Who by his force of lute did cause,  
 The stones to part a sonder.  
 And by his speach them did direct,  
 Where he would have them staye.  
 This wisdom this was it of olde  
 All strife for to allay;  
 To giue to euery man his owne;  
 To make the Gods be knowne;  
 To drive each lecher from the bed  
 That never was his owne;  
 To teach the law of mariage;  
 The way to build a towne;  
 For to engraue these lawes in woods,  
 This was these mens renowne.



I cannot leaue Tirtheus pollicy untouched, who by force of his pen could incite men to the defence of theyr countrye. If you require of the Oracle of Apollo what successe you shal haue: *respondet bellicoso numine.*

Lo now you see your objections [and] my answers, you behold or may perceiue manifestlye, that Poetes were the first raysors of cities, prescribers of good lawes, mayntayners of religion, disturbors of the wicked, aduancers of the wel disposed, inuentors of laws, and lastly the very fot-paths to knowledge, and understanding; ye[a], if we shold beleue Herome, he will make Plato's exiles honest men, and his pestiferous poets good preachers: for he accounteth Orpheus, Museus, and Linus, Christians; therefore Virgil (in his 6 boke of *Æneidos* wher he lernedly describeth that journey of *Æneas* to *Elisum*) asserteneth us, that among them that were ther for the zeale they beare toward their country, ther wer found *Quique pii Vates, et Phæbo digna loqui:* but I must answer al objections, I must fil euery nooke. I must arme myself now, for here is the greatest bob I can gather out of your booke, forsoth Ouid's abuses, in descrybing whereof you labour very vehementlye terming him letcher, and in his person dispraise all poems: but shall one man's follye destroye a uniuersal commodity? what gift, what perfit knowledg hath ther bin, emong the professors of which ther hath not bin a bad on[e]; the Angels have sinned in heauen, Adam and Eue in earthly paradise, emong the holy Apostles ungratious Judas. I reson not that al Poets are holy, but I affirme that Poetry is a heauenly gift, a perfit gift, then which I know not greater pleasure. And surely if I may speak my mind I think we shal find but few Poets, if it were exactly wayd, what they oughte to be: your Muscouian straungers, your Scithian monsters wonderful, by one *Eurus* brought upon one stage in ships made of sheepe skins, wyll not proue you a poet, nether your life alow you to bee of that learning. If you had wisely wayed the abuse of poetry, if you had reprehended the

foolish fantasies of our Poets *nomine non re* which they bring forth on stage, my self wold have liked of you and allowed your labor. But I perceiue nowe that all red colloured stones are not Rubies, nether is euery one Alexander that hath a stare in his cheke, al lame men are not Vulcans, nor hooke nosed men Ciceroes, nether each professor a poet. I abhorre those Poets that sauor of ribaldry: I will with the zealous admit the expulcion of such enormities; Poetry is dispraised not for the folly that is in it, but for the abuse whiche manye ill wryters couller by it. Beleeue mee the magestrats may take aduise (as I knowe wisely can) to roote out those odde rymes which runnes in euery rascals mouth. Sauoring of rybaldry, those foolishe ballets, that are admitted, make poets good and godly practises to be refused. I like not of a wicked Nero that wyll expell Lucan, yet admit I of a zealous gouernour that wil seke to take away the abuse of poetry. I like not of an angrye Augustus which wyll banishe Ouid for enuy. I love a wise Senator, which in wisdom wyll correct him, and with aduise burne his follyes: unhappy were we yf like poore Scaurus we shoulde find Tiberius that wyll put us to death for a tragedy making; but most blessed were we, if we might find a iudge that seuerely would amende the abuses of Tragedies. But I leaue the reformation thereof to more wyser than myselfe, And retourne to GOSSON whom I wyshe to be fully perswaded in this cause, and therefore I will tell hym a prety story, which Justin wryteth in the prayse of Poetrye.

The Lacedemonians, when they had loste many men in diuers incountrys with theyr enemyes, soughte to the Oracles of Apollo requiring how they myght recouer theyr losses? It was answered, that they mighte ouercome if so be that they could get an Athenian gouernor: Whereupon they sent Orators unto the Athenians, humbly requesting them that they woulde appoynt them out one of theyr best captaynes: the Athenians owinge them old malice, sent them,

in steede of a *soldado vechio*, a scholar of the Muses, in steede of a worthy warrior a poore poet, for a courageous Themistocles a silly Tirthetus, a man of great eloquence and singular wytte, yet was he but a lame lymde captaine, more fit for the coche then the field. The Lacedemonians trusting the Oracle, receued the champion, and fearing the gouernment of a stranger, made him ther Citizen; which once done and he obtaining the Dukdome he assended the theater, and ther very learnedly wyshing them to forget theyr folly, and to thinke on victory: they being ac[t]uate by his eloquence, waging battail won the fiele.

Lo now you see that the framing of common welthes, and defence therof, proceedeth from Poets, how dare you therfore open your mouth against them? how can you dispraise the preseruer of a cuntrye? you compare Homer to Methecus, cookes to poetes, you shame your selfe in your unreuerent similituds, you may see your follyes, *verbum sapienti sat*. Where as Homer was an ancient poet, you disalow him, and accompte of those of lesser judgement. Strabo calleth Poetry, *primam sapientiam*. Cicero, in his firste of hys Tusculans, attributeth the inuencion of Philosophy to Poets. God keepe us from a Plato that should expel such men; pittie were it that the memory of these valiant victours shoulde be hidden, whiche haue dyed in the behalfe of ther cuntryes. Miserable were our state yf we wanted those worthy volumes of Poetry: could the learned beare the losse of Homer? or our younglings the wrytings of Mantuan? or you your volumes of Historyes? Belieue me, yf you had wanted your Mysteries of nature, and your stately storyes, your booke would have scarce bene fedde wyth matter. If therefore you will deale in things of wisdom, correct the abuse, honor the science, renewe your schoole; crye out ouer Hierusalem wyth the Prophet the woe that he pronounced; wish the teacher to reforme hys lyfe, that his weake scholler may proue the wyser; cry out against unsaciabie desyre in

rich men, tel the house of Jacob theyr iniquities, lament with the Apostle the want of laborers in the Lords vineyards, cry out on those dume dogges that will not barke; wyll the mightye that they ouer mayster not the poore, and put downe the beggars prowde heart by thy perswasions. Thunder oute wyth the Prophete Micha the mesage of the LORD, and wyth him desyre the Judges to heare thee, the Prynces of Jacob to hearken to thee, and those of the house of Israell to understande; then tell them that they abhorre judgement, and prevent equitie, that they judge for rewardes, and that theyr priests teach for hyre, and the prophets thereof prophesie for money, and yet that they saye the Lorde is wyth them, and that no euil can befall them: breath out the sweete promises to the good, the curses to the badde, tell them that a peace muste needes haue a warre, and that God can rayse up another Zenacharib; shew them that Salomons kingdome was but for a season, and that aduersitie cometh ere we espye it. These be the songes of Sion, these be those rebukes which you oughte to add to Abuses; recouer the body, for it is sore, the appe[n]dices thereof will easily be reformed, if that we ar at a staye.

But other matter call me and I must not staye upon this only; there is an easier task in hand for me, and that which if I may speak my conscience, fitteth my vain best, your Second Abuse GOSSON, your Second Abuse, your dispraises of Music, which you unadvisedly terme Pyping: that is it wyll most byte you, what so is a ouerstay of life, is displeasing to your person: Musik may not stand in your presence, whereas all the learned Philosophers haue alwayes had it in reuerence. Homer commendeth it highly, referring to the prayses of the Gods whiche GOSSON accompteth folishnesse: Looke uppon the harmonie of the Heauens? hange they not by Musike? doe not the spheares moue? the *primus motor* gouerne. Be not they *inferiora corpora* affected *quadam sympathia* and agreement? Howe can we measure the debilitie of the patient



but by the disordered motion of the pulse? is not man worse accompted of when he is most out of tune? is there any thinge that more affecteth the sence? doth there any pleasure more acuat our understanding? Can the wonders that hath wroughte and which you yourselfe confesse no more moue you? it fit-teth well nowe that the learned haue sayd, *musica requirit generosum animum*, which since it is far from you, no maruel though you fauor not that profession. It is reported of the Camelion that shee can chaunge her selfe unto all coollors saue whyte, and you can accompte of all thinges saue such as haue honesty. Plutarch your good Mayster may bare me witnes, that the end whereto Musick was, will prooue it prayes worthy, O Lorde! howe maketh it a man to remember heauenly things, to wonder at the works of the Creator. Eloquence can stay the souldiars sworde from slayinge an Orator, and shall not Musike be magnified which not onely saueth the bodye but is a comfort to the soule? Dauid reioyseth, singeth, and prayseth the Lorde by the Harpe, the Simbale is not remoued from his sanctuary, the Aungels syng *Gloria in excelsis*. Surely the imagination in this present instant, calleth me to a deepe consideration of my God. Looke for wonders where Musicke worketh, and where Harmonie, is ther foloweth incredible delectation: the bowels of the earth yeld, where the instrument soundeth, and Pluto cannot keepe Proserpina if Orpheus recorde. The Seas shall not swallowe Arion whilst he singeth, nether shall hee perish while he harpeth, a doleful tuner yf a diing musition can moue a monster of the Sea, to mourne, a Dolphin respecteth a heauenlye recorde: Call your self home therefore and reclayme thys follye, it is to foule to bee admitted, you may not mayntaine it.

I hadd well hoped you woulde in all these thynges haue wiselye admytted the thyng, and disalow naughte but the abuse; but I see your mynde in your wrytinge was to penn somewhat, you knowe not what, and to confyrme

it I wot not howe; so that your selfe hath hatched us  
 an Egge yet so that it hath blest us wyth a monsterus  
 chickin both wythoute hedde, and also tayle, lyke the  
 Father, full of imperfection and lesse zeal. Well marke  
 yet a lyttle more, beare with me though I be bytter, my loue  
 is neuer the lesse for that I haue learned of Tullye, that  
*Nulla remedia tam faciunt dolorem, quam quæ sunt salutaria,*  
 the sharper medycine the better it cures, the more you see  
 your follye, the sooner may you amende it. Are not the  
 straines in Musike to tickle and delyght the eare? are not  
 our warlike instruments to moue men to valor? you confesse  
 they mooue us, but yet they delight not our eares, I pray  
 you whence grew that poynt of Philosophy? it is more then  
 euer my Mayster taught mee, that a thyng of sounde should  
 not delyghte the eare. Belyke yee suppose that men are mon-  
 sters, without eares, or else I thynke you will saye they heare  
 with their heeles: it may bee so, for indeede when we are  
 delighted with Musike, it maketh our heart to scypp for  
 joye, and it maye bee perhaps by assending from the heele  
 to the hygher partes, it may moue us. Good policie in sooth,  
 this was of your owne coyning your mother neuer taught it  
 you: but I wyll not deale by reason of philosophye wyth you  
 for that confound your sences, but I can assure you this one  
 thinge, that this principle will make the wiser to mislike your  
 inuention. It had bene a fitter jest for your howlet in your  
 Playe, then an ornament in your booke: but since you wrote  
 of Abuses we may licence you to lye a little, so the abuse will  
 be more manifest. Lord, with how goodly a cote haue you  
 clothed your conceiptes, you abound in storyes but imperti-  
 nent, they bewray your reeding but not your wisdom; would  
 God they had bin well aplied. But now I must play the  
 Musitian right nolesse buggs now come in place but pauions  
 and mesures, dumps and fancies; and here growes a great  
 question, What musick Homer used in curing the diseased  
 Gretians? It was no dump you say, and so think I, for that is

not apliable to sick men, for it fauoreth Malancholie. I am sure, it was no mesure, for in those days they were not such good dansers; for soth then what was it? If you require me, if you name me the instrument, I wyl tel you what was the musik. Mean while a God's name, let us both dout, that it is no part of our saluation to know what it was, nor how it went? when I speak wyth Homer next, you shall knowe his answeare.

But you can not be content to erre, but you must maintain it to. Pithagoras, you say, allowes not that Musik is decerned by eares, but hee wisheth us to assend unto the sky, and marke that harmony. Surely thys is but one doctors opinion (yet I dislike not of it) but to speake my conscience, mythinkes Musike best pleaseth me when I heare it, for otherwise the catterwalling of Cats, were it not for harmonie, should more delight mine eies than the tunable voyces of men. But these things are not the chiefest poynts you shote at, thers somewhat els sticking in your stomak, God graunt it hurt you not! From the daunce you runn to the pype, from 7. to 3. which if I shoulde add I beleue I coulde wrest out half a score inconueniences more out of your booke: Our pleasant consortes do discomfort you much, and because you lyke not thereof, they are discomendable. I haue heard it is good to take sure fotinge when we trauel unknowen countryes; for when we wade aboue our shoe latchet, Appelles wyl reprehende us for coblers; if you had bene a father in Musick and coulde have decerned of tunes I would perhaps have likt your opinion sumwhat where now I abhor it; if you wear a professor of that practice I would quickly perswade you that the adding of strings to our instrument make the sound more harmonious, and that the mixture of Musike maketh a better concent. But to preach to unskillfull is to perswad the brut beastes. I wyl not stand long in thys point although the dignitie thereof require a volume, but howe learned men haue esteemed this heauenly gift, if you please to read you shall

see. Socrates in hys old age will not disdain to learn the science of Musik among children, he can abide their corrections to, so much accounted he that which you contemn, so profitable thought he that which you dislik. Solon wil esteeme so much of the knowledg of singing, that he will soner forget to dye then to sing. Pithagoras likes it so wel that he will place it in Greace; and Aristoxenus will saye that the Soule is musik. Plato (in his booke *De Legibus*) will affirme, that it can not be handled without all sciences; the Lacedemonians and Creten-sis wer sturred to warre by Anapestus foote; and Timotheus with the same incensed kinge Alexander to batel, ye[a] yf Boetyus fitten not, on Tauromitanus (by this Phrigian sound) hastened to burn a house wher a strumpet was hidden: so litle abideth this heauenly harmony our humane filthines, that it worketh wonders, as you may perceue most manifestly by the history of Agamemnon, who going to the Trojan war, left at home a musitian that playde the Dorian tune, who with the foote *Spondeus* preserued his wife Clitemnestra in chastity and honesty, wherfore she cold not bee deflowred by Ægistus, before he had wickedly slain the musitian. So that as the magnetes draweth iorne, and the Theamides (which groweth in Ægypt) driueth it away, so Musik calleth to itselfe all honest plesures, and dispelleth from it all vaine misdemanors. The matter is so plentiful that I cannot find wher to end, as for beginnings they be infinite, but these shall suffice, I like not to long circumstances wher les doe serue, only I wish you to accompt wel of this heauenly concent, which is ful of perfection proceeding from aboue, drawing his original from the motion of the stars, from the agreement of the planets, fro the whisteling winds, and from al those celestial circles, where is ether perfit agreement or any *Sumphonia*.

But as I like Musik, so admit I not of thos that deprauē the same: your Pipers are so odious to mee as yourselfe, nether alowe I your harpinge merye beggars; although I knewe you my selfe a professed play maker, and a paltry



actor, since which the windmil of your wit hath bin tornd so long wyth the wynde of folly, that I fear me we shall see the dogg returne to his vomit, and the clensed sow to her myre, and the reformed scholemayster to hys old teaching of follye. Beware it be not so, let not your booke be a blemish to your own profession. Correct not Musik therefore when it is praiseworthy, lest your worthlesse misliking bewray your madnes; way the abuse and that is matter sufficient to serue a magistrates animaduersion.

Heere may you aduise well, and if you have any stale rethorik flourish upon thys text, the Abuse is, when that is applyed to wantonnesse, which was created to shewe Gods worthinesse. When the shamefull resorts of shameles curtezanes, in sinful sonnets, shall prophane vertue, these are no light sinnes, these make many good men lament, this causeth parents hate there right borne children: if this were reformed by your policie I should esteme of you as you wysh. I feare me it fareth far other wyse, *latet anguis in herba*, under your fare show of conscience take heede you cloake not your abuse; it were pittie the learned should be ouerseene in your simplenesse. I feare me you will be politick with Machavel, not zealous as a prophet. Well I will not stay long upon the Abuse, for that I see it is to manifest, the remembraunce thereof is commendable among the godly, and I myself am very loth to bring it in memory. To the wise aduised Reader these mai suffice, to flee the Crocodel before hee commeth, lest we be bitten, and to auoyde the abuse of Musik, since we se it, lest our misery be more, when we fall into folly. *Ictus piscator sapet*, you heare open confession, these Abuses are disclaimed by our GOSSON, he is sory that hee hath so leudlye liued, and spent the oyle of his perfection in unsauery lampes; he hath Argus eyes to watch him now, I would wish him beware of his Islington, and such like resorts: if now he retourne from his repented lyfe to his old folly, Lord, how foule will be his

fall! Men know more then they speak if they be wise, I feare me some will blushe that readeth this, if he be bitten. Would God, Gosson at this instant might haue a watchman, but I see it were needelesse, perhaps he hath *Os durum*, and then what auayleth their presence.

Well, I leaue this poynt til I know further of your mynde, mean while I must talke a little with you about the Thyrd Abuse, for the cater cosens of Pypers, theyr names (as you terme them) be Players, and I thinke as you doe, for your experience is sufficient to enforme me; but here I must loke about me, *quacunq; te tigris elcus est*: here is a task that requireth a long treatise, and what my opinion is of Players ye now shall plainly perceue. I must now search my wits, I see this shall passe throughe many seuerer sensors handling, I must aduise me what I write, and write that I would wyshe. I way wel the seriousnes of the cause, and regarde very much the iudges of my endeour, whom if I could I would perswade, that I would not nourish abuse, nether mayntaine that which be an universall discomoditie. I hope they wil not iudge before they read, nether condemne without occasion. The wisest will alwaies carry to eares, in that they are to dis[c]erne two indifferent causes. I meane not to hold you in suspence (seuerer Judges) if you greedely expect my verdit brefely this it is.

Demosthines thought not that Phillip shoulde ouercome when he reprov'd hym, nether feared Cicero Anthonies force, when in the Senate he rebuked hym. To the ignorant ech thinge that is unknowne semes unprofitable, but a wise man can forsee and prayse by prooffe. Pythagoras could spy oute in women's eyes two kind of teares, the one of greife the other of disceit; and those of judgement can from the same flower suck honey with the bee, from whence the spyder (I mean the ignorant) take their poison. Men that haue knowledge what Comedies and Tragedies be, wil comend them, but it is sufferable in the folish to reprove that they know not,

becaus ther mouthes will hardly be stopped. Firste therfore, if it be not tedious to GOSSON to harken to the lerned, the Reder shal perceiue the antiquity of Play-making, the inuentors of Comedies, and therewithall the use and comoditye of them. So that in the end I hope my labor shall be liked, and the learned wil soner conceue his folly. For Tragedies and Comedies, Donate the gramarian sayth, they wer inuented by lerned Fathers of the old time to no other purpose, but to yeelede prayse unto God for a happy haruest, or plentiful yeere. And that thys is trewe, the name of Tragedye doth importe, for if you consider whence it came, you shall perceiue (as Jodocus Badius reporteth) that it drewe his original of *Tragos, Hircus, et Ode, Cantus*, (so called) for that the actors thereof had in rewarde for theyr labour, a gotes skynne fylled wyth wyne. You see then that the fyrste matter of Tragedies was to give thankes and prayses to GOD, and a gratefull prayer of the countrymen for a happye haruest, And this I hope was not discommendable, I knowe you will judge is farthest from abuse. But to wade farther, thys fourme of inuention being found out, as the dayes wherein it was used did decay, and the world grew to more perfection, so the witt of the younger sorte became more riper, for they leauing this fourme, inuented an other, in the which they altered the nature but not the name; for, for sonnets in prayse of the gods, they did set forth the sower fortune of many exiles, the miserable fal of haples princes, the ruinous decay of many coutryes; yet not content with this, they presented the liues of Satyers. So that they might wiselye under the abuse of that name, discouer the follies of many theyr folish fellow citesens. And those monsters were then, as our parasites are now adayes: suche, as with pleasure reprehended abuse. As for Commedies, because they bear a more plesanter vain, I will leaue the other to speake of them. Tulley defines them thus, *Comedia* (saith he) is *imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, et imago veritatis*; and

it is sayde to be termed of *Comai*, (amongste the Greekes) which signifieth *Pagos*, and *Ode*, *Cantus*; for that they were exercised in the fiede, they had their beginning with tragedies, but their matter was more plessaunt, for they were suche as did reprehend, yet *quodam lepore*. These first very rudly were inuented by Susarion Bullus, and Magnes, to auncient poets, yet so, that they were meruelous profitable to the reclaimyng of abuse; whereupon Eupolis with Cratinus, and Aristophanes, began to write, and with ther eloquenter vaine and perfection of stil, dyd more seuerely speak agaynst the abuses then they: which Horace himselfe witnesseth: nor, sayth he, ther was no abuse but these men reprehended it; a thefe was loth to be seene one there spectacle, a coward was neuer present at theyr assemblies, a backbiter abhord that company, and I my selfe could not haue blamed your (Gosson) for exempting your selfe from this theater; of troth I shoulde have lykt your pollicy. These therefore, these wer they that kept men in awe, these restrayned the unbridled cominaltie, whereupon Horace wisely sayeth.

Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore :

Oderunt peccare mali, formidine poenae.

The good did hate al sinne for vertues loue :

The bad for feare of shame did sin remoue.

Yea would God our realme could light vppon a Lucillius, then should the wicked bee poynted out from the good, a harlot woulde seeke no harbor at stage plais, lest she shold here her owne name growe in question: and the discourse of her honesty cause her to bee hated of the godly. As for you, I am sure of this one thing, he would paint you in your players ornaments, for they best becam you. But as these sharpe corrections were disanulde in Rome when they grewe to more licenciousnes; so I fear me if we shold practise it in



our dayes, the same intertainmente would followe. But in ill reformed Rome what Comedies now? A poet's wit can correct, yet not offend. Philemon will mitigate the corrections of sinne, by reprocuing them couertly in shadowes, Menandar dare not offend the Senate openly, yet wants he not a parasite to touch them priuely. Terence wyl report the abuse of harlots under there proper stile, but he can finely girde them under the person of Thais. Hee dare not openly tell the rich of theyr couetousnesse and seuerity towards their children, but he can controle them under the person of Durus Demeas. He must not shew the abuse of noble yong gentilmen under theyr owne title, but he wyl warne them in the person of Pamphilus. Will you learne to knowe a parasite? Looke upon his Dauus. Wyl you seke the abuse of courtly flatterers? Behold Gnato. And if we had some Satericall Poetes nowe a dayes to penn our Comedies, that might be admitted of zeale, to discypher the abuses of the worlde in the person of notorious offenders, I knowe we should wisely ryd our assemblyes of many of your brotherhod.

But because you may haue a full scope to reprehende, I will rip up a rablement of Play makers, whose wrightinges I would wishe you ouerlooke, and seeke out theyr abuses. Can you mislike of Cecillius? or dispise Plinius? or amend Neuius? or find fault with Licinius? Wherein offended Actilius? I am sure you can not but wonder at Terrence? Will it please you to like of Turpelius? or alow of Trabea? You muste needs make much of Ennius: for ouerloke al these, and you shal find ther volumes ful of wit if you examin them; so that if you had no other masters, you might deserue to be a Doctor, wher now you are but a folishe Scholemaister: But I wylle deale wyth you very freendlye, I wil resolue eueri doubt that you find, those instruments which you mislike in playes grow of auncient custome, for when Rossius was an Actor, be sure that as with his teares he moued affections, so the Musitian

in the Theater before the entrance, did mornefully record it in melody (as Seruius reporteth). The actors in Rome had also gay clothing and euery mans aparel was apliable to his part and person. The old men in white, the rich men in purple, the parasite disguisedly, the yong men in gorgeous coulours, ther wanted no deuise nor good judgement of the Comedy, where I suppose our Players, both drew ther plaies and fourme of garments. As for the appointed dayes wherin Comedies were shoven, I reede that the Romaynes appoynted them on the festiual dayes in such reputation were they had at that time. Also Jodocus Badius will ascertain you that the actors for shewing pleasure receued some profite. But let me apply those dayes to ours, their actors to our players, their autors to ours. Surely we want not a Rossius, nether ar ther great scarcity of Terrence's profession, but yet our men dare not nowe a dayes presume so much as the old Poets might, and therfore they apply ther writing to the peoples vain wheras, if in the beginning they had ruled, we should now adaies have found smal spectacles of folly. But (of truth) I must confess with Aristotle, that men are greatly delighted with imitation, and that it were good to bring those things on stage, that were altogether tending to vertue: all this I admit, and hartely wysh, but you say unlesse the thinge be taken away the vice will continue: Nay, I say, if the style were changed the practise would profit, and sure I thinke our theaters fit, that Ennius seeing our wanton Glicerium may rebuke her. If our Poetes will now become seuere, and for prophane things write of vertue, you I hope shoulde see a reformed state in those thinges; which I feare me yf they were not, the idle hedded commones would worke more mischief. I wish as zealously as the best that all abuse of Playinge weare abolished, but for the thing, the antiquitie causeth me to allow it, so it be used as it should be. I cannot allow the prophaning of the Sabaoth. I praise your reprehension in that, you did well in discommending the

Abuse, and surely I wysh that that folly wer disclaymed, it is not to be admitted, it maks those sinne, which perhaps if it were not, would have binne present at a good sermon. It is in the Magistrate to take away that order, and appoynt it otherwyse. But sure it were pittie to abolish that which hath so great vertue in it, because it is abused. The Germanes, when the use of preaching was forbidden them, what helpe had they I pray you? Forsoth the learned were fayne couertly in Comedies to declare abuses, and by playing to incite the people to vertues, when they might heare no preaching. Those were lamentable dayes, you will say, and so thinke I, but was not this I pray you a good help in reforming the decaying Gospel? You see then how Comedies (my seuere Judges) are requesit both for ther antiquity, and for ther commoditie, for the dignity of the wrighters, and the pleasure of the hearers. But after your discrediting of Playmaking, you salue uppon the sore somewhat, and among many wise workes there be some that fitte your vaine: the practice of parasites is one, which I meruel it likes you so well, since it bites you so sore. But sure in that I like your judgement, and for the rest to, I approue your wit, but for the pigg of your owne sow, (as you terme it) assuredly I must discommend your verdit: Tell me Gosson was all your owne you wrote there? did you borow nothing of your neyghbours? Out of what booke patched you out Cicero's Oration? Whence fet you Catulin's Inuectiue. Thys is one thing, *alienam olet lucernam, non tuam*; so that your helper may wisely reply upon you with Virgil:

Hos ego versiculos feci: tulit alter honores.

. I made these verses, others bear the name.

Beleue me I should preferr Wilson's. Shorte and sweete if I were judge, a peece surely worthy prayse, the practice of a good scholler; would the wiser would ouerlooke that, they

may perhaps cull some wisdom out of a player's toy. Well, as it is wisdom to commend where the cause requireth, so it is a poynt of folly to praise without deserte. You dislike Players very much, theyr dealings be not for your commodity. Whom if I myghte aduise, they should learne thys of Juuenal.

*Viuentum est recte, cum propter plurima, tum his  
Praecipue causis, vt linguas mancipiorum  
Contemnas. Nam lingua mali pars pessima serui.*

We ought to leade our liues aright,  
For many causes moue.  
Especially for this same cause,  
Wisdom doth us behoue,  
That we may set at nought those blames,  
Which seruants to us lay,  
For why, the tongue of euil slaue  
Is worst, as wisemen euer say.

Methinks I heare some of them verifying these verses upon you; if it be so that I hear them, I will concele it; as for the statute of apparrell and the abuses therof, I see it manifestly broken, and if I should seeke for example, you cannot but offend my eyes. For if you examine the statuts exactly, a simple cote should be fitted to your backe. We bereue you of your brauerye, and examine your auncestry, and by profession in respect of that statute, we should find you cater cosens with a, (but hush) you know my meaning: I must for pitie fauor your credit in that you weare once a scholler.

You runne farther to Carders, Dicers, Fencers, Bowlers, Daunsers, and Tomblers, whose Abuses I wold rebuke with you, had not yourself moued other matters. But to eche I say thus, for Dicing, I wyshe those that know



it not, to leaue to learn it, and let the fall of others make them wiser. Yf they had an Alexander to gouern they shold be punished, and I could wish them not to abuse the lenitie of their Prince. Cicero for a great blemish reputeth that which our gentilmen use for brauery, but *sufficit ista leniter attigisse*. A word against Fencers, and so an end: whom I wysch to beware with Demonax, lest admitting theyr fencing delightes, they destroy (with the Athenians) the alters of peace, by raysing quarrellous causes, they worke uprores: but you and I reprove them in Abuse, yet I (for my part) cannot but allow the practice so it be well used; as for the filling of our gracious princes cofers with pence, as it pertaineth not to me, because I am none of her receiuors, so men think unlesse it hath bine lately you haue not bene of her Maiesties counsel. But now here as you begin folishly, so surely you end unlernedly. Prefer you warre before peace? the sword before the goune? the rule of a Tyrant before the happy days of our gracious Queen? You know the Philosophers are against you, yet dare you stand in handy grips wyth Cicero: you know that force is but an instrument when counsell fayleth, and if wisdom win not, farewell warre. Aske Alphonsus what counsellors be lyketh of? hee will say, his bookes; and hath not I pray you pollicy alwais ouer-mastered force? Who subdued Hanibal in his great royalty? He that durst knock at Rome gates to haue them opened is now become a pray to a sylly senator. Appius Claudius *et senex et caecus*, a father full of wisdom can releue the state of decaying Rome. And was it force that subded Marius? or armes that discouered Catulin's conspiracies? Was it rash reuendg in punishing Cethegus? or want of witt in the discouerye of treason? Cato can correct himselfe for traouelling by sea, when the land profereth passage, or to be fole hardy in ouermuch hazard. Aristotle accompteth counsell holye, and Socrates can terme it the key of certentye. What shal we count of war but wrath, of battel but hastines, and if I

did rule (with Augustus Caesar) I woulde refuse these coun-  
 selers. What made the oracle I praye you accompt of Cal-  
 chas so much? Was it not for his wisdom? Who doth  
 not like of the gouerner that had rather meete with *Vnum*  
*Nestorem* then *decem Ajaces*? You cannot tame a Lyon  
 but in tyme, neither a Tigres in few dayes. Counsell in  
 Regulus will, preferring the liberty of his country before  
 his lyfe, not remit the deliury of Carthaginian captiues.  
 Hannibal shall flesh himselfe on an olde man's carkas, whose  
 wisdom preserued his citye. Adrian with letters can  
 gouerne hys legions, and rule peasablye his prouinces by  
 polecye. Aske Silius Italicus what Peace is? and he will say,

Pax optima rerum,  
 Quas homini nouisse datum est: pax una triumphis  
 Innumeris potior: pax, custodire salutem  
 Et ciues æquare potens.

No better thing to man did nature  
 Ever giue then peace,  
 Then which to know no greater ioy  
 Can come to our encrease:  
 To foster peace is stay of health,  
 And keepes the land in ease.

Take counsell of Ouid, what sayth he?

Candida pax homines, trux decet atra feras.  
 To men doth heauenly peace pertaine,  
 And currish anger fitteth brutish vaine.

Well as I wish it to haue continuance, so I praye God  
 wyth the Prophet it be not abused, and because I think my  
 self to haue sufficiently answered that I supposed, I conclude  
 wyth this: God preserue our peaceable Princes, and confound  
 her enemies: God enlarge her wisdom, that like Saba she  
 may seeke after a Salomon: God confounde the imaginations  
 of her enemies, and perfit his graces in her, that the

daies of her rule may be continued in the bonds of peace,  
that the house of the chosen Isralites may be mayn-  
teyned in happinesse: Lastly, I frendly bid  
Gosson farwell, wysHINGE him to  
temper his penn with more  
discretion.

*FINIS.*

AN  
Alarum against Vsurers.

Containing tryed experien-  
ces against worldly  
abuses.

Wherein Gentlemen  
may finde good counsells to confirme them,  
and pleasant Histories to delight them:  
and euery thing so interlaced with  
varietie: as the curious may be sa-  
tisfied with rarenesse, and the  
curteous with plea-  
sure.

Heerevnto are an-  
nexed the delectable historie of Forbo-  
nius and Prisceria: with the lamen-  
table Complaint of Truth o-  
uer England, Written by Tho-  
mas Lodge, of Lincolnes  
Inne, Gentleman.

O Vita! misero longa, fællici breuis.

\* \*  
\*

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to be sold at his shop by Guyld Hall.





*To the Right worshipfull, Sir Philip Sidne Knight,  
indued with all perfections of learning, and  
titles of Nobilitie: Thomas Lodge, Gen.  
wisheth continuance of honour, and  
the benefits of happie Studie.*

It is not (noble Gentleman) the titles of Honour that allureth me, nor the nobilitie of your Parents that induceth me, but the admiration of your vertues that perswadeth me, to publish my pore travailes under your undoubted protection. Whom I most humbly intreate, not onely in so just a cause to protect me, but also in these Primordia of my studies, after the accustomed prudence of the Philosophers, to confirme with favourable acceptaunce, and continuance, as the equitie of the cause requireth. I have set downe in these fewe lines in my opinion (Right Worshipfull) the image of a licentious Usurer, and the collusions of diuelish incrochers, and heereunto was I led by two reasons: First, that the offender, seeing his owne counterfaite in this Mirrour, might amend it, and those who are like, by overlavish profusenesse, to become meate for their mouths, might be warned by this caveat to shunne the Scorpion ere she devoureth.

May it please your Worshippe to favour my travailes, and to accept my good will; who encourageth by the successe of this my firstlings, will heereafter in most humble signe of humanitie continue the purpose I have begunne, commending the cause and my service to your good liking: who, no doubt compassed with incomperable vertues, will commend when you see occasion, and not condemne without a cause.

Yours Worships in all dutie to commaund,

*Thomas Lodge.*

To the Right worshipfull, my curteous friends, the  
Gentlemen of the Innes of Court, Thomas  
Lodge, of Lincolnes Inne, Gentleman,  
wisheth prosperous successe in  
their studies, and happie  
event in their travailes.

Curteous Gentlemen, let it not seeme straunge unto you, that hee which hath long time slept in silence, now beginneth publicly to salute you, since no doubt, my reasons that induce me hereunto be such, as both you may allowe of them, since they be well meant, and account of them, since they tend to your profit. I have published heere of set purpose a tried experience of worldly abuses, describing heerein not onely those monsters which were banished *Athens*, I meane Usurers, but also such devouring caterpillers, who not onely have fatted their fingers with many rich forfeitures, but also spread their venim among some private Gentlemen of your profession; which considered, I thought good in opening the wound to prevent an ulcer, and by counselling before escape, forewarn before the mischief. Led then by these perswasions, I doubt not, but as I have alwayes found you favourable, so now you will not cease to be friendly, both in protecting of this just cause from unjust slander, and my person from that reproch which, about two yeares since, an injurious caviller objected against me: you that knowe me, Gentlemen, can testifie that neyther my life hath bene so lewd, as that my companie was odious, nor my behaviour so light, as that it shuld passe the limits of modestie: this notwithstanding, a licentious *Hipponax*, neither regarding the asperitie of the lawes touching slaunderous Libellers, nor the offspring from

whence I came, which is not contemptible, attempted, not only in publike and reprochfull terms to condemn me in his writings, but also so to slander me, as neither justice shuld wink at so hainous an offence, nor I pretermit a commodious reply. About three yeres ago, one *Stephen Gosson* published a booke, intituled *The Schoole of Abuse*, in which having escaped in many and sundry conclusions, I, as the occasion then fitted me, shapt him such an answere as beseemed his discourse; which by reason of the slendernes of the subject, (because it was in defence of plaies and play makers) the godly and reverent that had to deale in the cause, misliking it, forbad the publishing: notwithstanding he, comming by a private unperfect coppye, about two yeres since made a reply, dividing it into five sections, and in his Epistle dedicatory, to the right honorable, Sir *Frances Walsingham*, he impugneeth me with these reproches, that I am become a vagarant person, visited by the hevy hand of God, lighter then libertie, and looser then vanitie. At such time as I first came to the sight heerof, (judge you gentlemen how hardly I could disgest it) I bethought my selfe to frame an answere, but considering that the labour was but lost, I gave way to my misfortune, contenting my selfe to waite that opportunitie wherein I might, not according to the impertinacie of the injurye, but as equitye might countenance mee, cast a raine over the untamed curtailes chaps, and wiping out the suspition of this slander from the remembrance of those that knew me, not counsell this injurious *Asinius* to become more conformable to his reportes. And now, Gentlemen, having occasion to passe my travailes in publike, I thought it not amisse somewhat to touch the slaunder, and proving it to be most wicked and discommendable, leave the rest to the discretion of those in authoritie; who, if the Gentleman had not plaid bo peep thus long, would have taught him to have counted his cards a little better. And now, *Stephen Gosson*, let me but familiarly reason with thee thus. Thinkest thou that



in handling a good cause it is requisite to induce a fals proposition? although thou wilt say it is a part of Rethorike to argue *A Persona*, yet it is a practise of small honestie to conclude without occasion: if thy cause wer good, I doubt not but in so large and ample a discourse as thou hadst to handle, thou mightest had left the honor of a gentleman inviolate. But thy base degree, subject to servile attempts, measureth all things according to cavelling capacitie, thinking because nature hath bestowed upon thee a plausible discourse, thou maist in thy sweet termes present the sowrest and falsest reports thou canst imagine: but it may be, that as it fortun'd to the noble man of *Italy*, it now fareth with me, who as *Pet[r]arch* reported, given greatly to the intertainment of strangers and pleasure of the chase, respected not the brave and gorgious garments of a courtier, but delighted in such clothing as seemed the place where he sojourn'd. This noble gentleman returning on a time from his game, found all his house furnished with strangers, on whom bestowing his accustomed welcome, he bent himself to the overseeing of his domestical preparation, and comming to the stable among the hors keepers of his new come guests, and reprehending one of them for faulting in his office, the fellow, impatient of reproofe, and measuring the gentleman by his plaine coat, stroke him on the face, and turned him out of the stable; but afterward attending on his master, and perceiving him whom he had stroken to be the Lord of the house, he humbly craved pardon: the gentleman, as patient as pleasant, not only forgave him the escape, but pretely answered thus:—I blame not thee, good fellow, for thy outrage, but this companion, pointing to his coate, which hath made thee mistake my person. So at this instant esteeme I *M. Gosson* hath dealt with me, who not mesuring me by my birth, but by the subject I handled, like Will Summer striking him that stood next him, hath upbraided me in person, when he had no quarrell but to my cause, and therein pleaded his owne in-

discretion, and loded me with intollerable injurie. But if with *Zo[i]lus* hee might kisse the gibet, or with *Patacion* hop headlesse, the world shoulde bee ridde of an injurious slaunderer, and that tongue, laboured in suppositions, might be nailed up, as *Tullies* was, for his *Philippicall* declamations. But good *Stephen*, in like sorte will I deale with thee, as *Philip of Macedon* with *Nicanor*; who not respecting the majestie of the king, and giving himselfe over to the petulancie of his tongue, vainly inveighed against him, whom, notwithstanding, *Philip* so cunningly handeled, that not onely he ceased the rumor of his report, but also made him as lavish in commending, as once he was profuse in discommending. His attempt was thus performed: he seeing *Nicanor* sorely pressed with poverty, releevd him to his content; whereupon, altering his coppie, and breaking out into singular commendation of *Philip*, the king concluded thus: Loe! curtesie can make of bad good, and of *Nicanor* an enimie, *Nicanor* a friend. Whose actions, my reprover, I will now fit to thee, who having slaundered me without cause, I will no otherwise revenge it, but by this meanes, that now in publike I confesse thou hast a good pen, and if thou keepe thy Methode in discourse, and leave thy slander-ing without cause, there is no doubt but thou shalt bee commended for thy coppie, and praised for thy stile. And thus desiring thee to measure thy reportes with justice, and you, good Gentlemen, to answere in my behalfe if you heare me reproched, I leave you to your pleasures, and for my selfe I will studie your profit.

Your loving friend,

*Thomas Lodge.*

Barnabe Rich, Gentleman Souldier, in praise of the  
Author.

If that which warnes the young beware of vice,  
And schooles the olde to shunne unlawfull gaine,  
If pleasant stile and method may suffice,  
I thinke thy travaile merits thanks for paine,  
My simple doome is thus in tearmes as plaine:  
That both the subject and thy stile is good,  
Thou needs not feare the scoffes of Momus' brood.

If thus it be, good Lodge, continue still,  
Thou needst not feare Goose sonne, or Gander's hisse,  
Whose rude reportes part from a slaundrous quill,  
Will be determind but in reading this,  
Of whom the wiser sort will thinke amis,  
To slaunder him whose birth and life is such,  
As false report his fame can never tuch.

John Jones, Gentleman, in praise of the Author.

Though not my praise, yet let my wish prevaile,  
Who so thou be that list to read this booke;  
I never yet by flatterie did assaile,  
To count that good that most did please my looke;  
But alwaies wisht my friends such stile to use,  
As wise might like, though foolish would refuse.

In opening vice my friend who spends his time,  
May count by private good no profit lost,  
What errors scape in young and lustie prime,  
Experience (badge of truth) may quickly cost.  
Who sets the marke that makes men shunne the sand,  
Deserves good words, his proofes for profit stand.

For common good to crosse a few men's vaines,  
Who, like to Midas, would that all were golde,  
I count not misse, since there unlawfull gaines  
Makes some men sink, whom birth might well uphold.  
I know the sore, the scarre is seene to plaine;  
A blessed state where no such wils doo raine.

In briefe, I praise this booke for pretie stile,  
For pithie matter; Gentle, be thou judge.  
O, would my wish some fancies might begile,  
Then faire renewes should not fit a snudge.  
A world to see how Asses daunce in golde  
By wanton wils, when Gentles starve for colde.

Whose errors if it please succeeding age  
To see with sighs, and shun with sad advice,  
Let him beholde this booke, within whose page  
Experience leaves her chiefest proofes of price.  
And thanke the youth that suffered all these toiles,  
To warne thee shun that rocke which many spoiles.

Gentlemen, since the presse cannot passe without escape, and some things are so mistaken, as without correction they will be very grose, may it please you when you read to correct, especially, such principall errours as these that followe.

Folio 30. b.	Line 4.	For woed, Read wonne.
Folio eod.	Line 8.	For colde, Read cloudes.
Folio eod.	Line 15.	For showde, Read shoard.
Folio eod.	Line 30.	For concluding, Read concluded.
Folio 31. a.	Line 34.	For presents a secrets meete, Read with seemly secret greete.

For the rest I referre them to your discretion, who can distinguish coulours, and either better, or fit words to your fantasies,

Your friend:

THOMAS LODGE.



## An Alarum against Usurers.

No marvell though the wise man accompted all things under the sun vain, since the cheefest creatures be mortall; and no wonder though the world runne at random, since iniquitie in these later dayes hath the upper hand. The alteration of states, if they be lookt into, and the overthrow of houses, if they be but easely laid in open viewe, what eye would not shed teares to see things so transitorie, and what wisdom would not indeavour to dissolve the inconvenience?

There is a state within this our common wealth, which though it necessarily stand as a pillar of defence in this royall realme, yet such are the abuses that are growen in it, that not onely the name is become odious by somes error, but also, if the thing be not narrowly lookt into, the whole land by that meanes will grow into great inconvenience. I meane the state of Merchants, who though to publyke commoditie they bring in store of wealth from forrein nations, yet such are their domesticall practises, that not onely they enrich themselves mightelye by others misfortunes, but also eate our English gentrie out of house and home. The generall facultie in it selfe is both auncient and lawdable, the professors honest and vertuous, their actions full of daunger, and therefore worthy gaine; and so necessary this sorte of men be, as no well governed state may be without them.

But as among a tree of fruite there bee some withered fallings, and as among wholesome hearbes there growes some

bitter colloquintida, so it cannot be but among such a number of Marchaunts there shoulde bee some that degenerate from the true name and nature of Marchaunts. Of these men I write, and of none other: my invective is private; I will not write generall; and were it not I respected the publyque commoditie more then my private prayse, this matter shoulde have slept in hugger mugger. Of these ungracious men I write, who having nothing of themselves, yet greedelye graspe all things into their owne handes.

These be they that finde out collusions for statutes, and compasse lande with commoditie: these bee the boulsterers of ungracious pettie brokers; and by these men (the more is the pittie) the prisons are replenished with young gentlemen. These bee they that make the father carefull, the mother sorrowfull, the sonne desperate: these bee they that make crooked straight, and straight crooked; that can close with a young youth while they cousen him, and feede his humoures, till they free him of his farmes. In brieve, such they bee that glose most fayre then, when they imagine the worst, and unlesse they bee quicklye knowen, they easelye will make bare some of the best of our young heires, that are not yet stayed: whome zealouslye I beseech to overlooke this my writing; for what is sette downe heere, eyther as an eye witnesse I will avowe, or informed even by those gentlemen who have swallowed the gudgen and have bene intangeled in the hooke, I have approovedlye sette downe.

Such bee those sorte of men, that their beginning is of naught, sette up by the devotion of some honest Marchauntes, of whome taking up their refuse commoditie, they imploye it to this ungodly and dishonest purpose.

They finde out (according to theyr owne vayne) some olde soaking undermining solicitour, whom they both furnish with money and expence to sette him foorth, and gette him more creditte: this good fellowe must haunte Ordinaryes, canvasse up and downe Powles, and as the catte watcheth the praye

of the mouse, so dilygentlye intendes hee to the compassing of some young novice, whome by fortune eyther hee findeth in melancholyke passions at the Ordinarye, or at pennillesse devotion in Powles, or perhappes is brought acquaynted with him by some of his owne brotherhoode. Him he handeleth in these or such lyke tearmes, both noting place and circumstance.

Gentleman, why bee you so melancholye? How falleth it out that you are not more lyghtsome? Your young yeares, mee thinkes, shoulde loathe such sollome aspectes. I maye not anye waye imagine a cause why you shoulde bee pensive: you have good parentes; you want no friendes; and more, you have lyvely hoodes: which considered, trulye you committe meere follye to bee so mervaylouslye sadde and wonderfullye sorrowfull, where you have no occasion.

If you want money, you have creditte, (a gift which who so ever injoyeth nowe a dayes, hee is able to compasse anye thing) and for that I see so good a nature in you, (if proffered service stinke not) I will verye willynglye (if so bee you will open your estate to me) further you in what I may; and perhaps you shall finde your selfe fortunate in falling into my companie.

The young Gentleman, unacquainted with such like discourses, counting all golde that glysters, and him a faithfull frend that hath a flattering tongue, opens all his minde to this subtill underminer, who so wringeth him at last, that there is no secrete corner in the poore Gentleman's heart, but he knoweth it. After that, framing his behaviour to the nature of the youth; if he be sad, sober; if youthly, riotous; if lascivious, wanton; he laboureth so much, that at last the birde is caught in the pit-fall, and perceiving the vaine of the youth, he promiseth him some reliefe by his meanes. The young Gentleman, thinking he hath God Almightye by the heele, holdes the Divell by the toe, and by this meanes is brought to utter wracke and ruine. The Broker, furnished

of his purpose, having learned the Gentleman's name, lodging, want and wealth; and finding all things correspondent to his purpose, hies him to his setter up, who rejoyceth greatly at his good happe, and rewards this wicked seducer with a peece of gold. To be briefe, at first issue, on the Gentleman's bonde, this broking knave receives fortie or fiftie poundes of course commoditie, making him beleeeve that by other meanes monie maye not be had, and swearing to him, that there will be great losse, and that he could wish the Gentleman would rather refuse then take. But the youth, not esteeming the losse, so he supplye his lacke, sets him forward, and gives the willing jade the spurre; who finding all things meate in the mouth, makes sale of this marchaundize to some one of his greatest fraternitie, and if it be fortie, the youth hath a good peniworth if in ready money he receive twentie pound, and yet the money repayable at three moneths ende. The Broker in this matter getteth double fee of the Gentleman, tribble gaine in the sale of the commoditie, and more, a thousand thankes of this devillish Usurer.

Truly, Gentlemen, it is wonderfull to conceive (yet are there some of you can tell if I lie) how this sicophant that helpt our youth to get, now learneth him to spend. What, saith he, my young master, what make you with this olde satten doublet? it is soilde; it is unfit for a gentleman's wearing: apparell your selfe as you shoulde bee, and ere fewe dayes passe, I will acquaint you with as brave a dame, a friend of mine, as ever you knew. Oh, how sweete a face hath she! and thus dilating it with rethoricall praises, to make the Gentleman more passionate, it falleth out that the mand fawlccon stoops to lure, and all things are fulfilled according to his Broker's direction. Promises are kept on both partes, and my youth is brought acquainted with Mistres Minxe. This harlot is an old beaten dogge, and a maintainer of the brothell house brotherhoode, a stale for young novises, and a limme of Sathan himselfe, whose behaviours and jestures



are such as the world cannot imagine better: if the Gentleman weepe, she wil waile: if he sorrow, she will sigh: if he be merrie, she will not be modest. To conclude, her lesson is so taught her as she can reckon without booke. Lorde! what riotousnesse passeth in apparell, what lavishnesse in banketting, what loosenesse in living, and in verie short space our youth, which was fligge, is now at leake; his purse is emptie, and his mistres begins to lowre; which he perceiving, and earnestlye bent to continue his credit with his curtisan, comes to his ungracious broker, whom with faire termes he desireth, and with humble suites more earnestlye beseecheth to further his credite in what hee may. Who, seeing which way the hare windeth, begins to blame him for his liberalitie, and yet only is the cause of his spending; and after a few privie nippes, bearing shew of good meaning, but yet indeed his way is to trie conclusions, he hasteth to the principall, his good master Merchant, whom he findeth altogether prompt and redy at a becke to send abroad his refuse commoditye for crackt angels. What conclusion is betweene them both may easily be imagined, but the end is this: the broker returns to my solitarie youth, and recountes unto him first, to make him feareful, how many places he hath ben at, when he hath not visited one; how many he hath desired, yet how few are redie to plesure: at last he breketh out and telleth him the whole, assuring him that he is to think wel of his master Scrape-penie, the usurer, who is willing, in hope of his wel dooing, to let him have once more of his incommodious commodity upon reasonable assurance. To be briefe, the bargain is quickly beaten out; the broker laieth the losse, the gentleman esteemeth not so his need be served, the Merchaunt laughs at his folly in his sleeve; and to conclude, the bonds are delivered, the cursed commoditie received. And at this second mart how speeds our younker, think you? Perhaps of 50 pounds in ware, he receiveth 30 pounds in ready money, and yet the money repayable at three months' end.



O, incredible and injurious dealings! O, more than Judai-call cousonage! Truly, gentlemen, this that I write is true: I my selfe knowe the paymaster; naie, more, I my selfe know certainly that by name I can reckon among you some that have ben bitten, who, left good portions by their parents, and faire lands by their auncestors, are desolate now, not having friends to releve them, or money to affray their charges. A miserable and wretched state is this, full of inconvenience, when such eie sores are not seene in a common weale, when such abuses are winked at, when such desolation is not perceived; and wonderfull it is that among so many goodly lawes, made for the administration of justice, ther be none found out for these covetous malefactors. Purchased arms now possess the place of ancient progenitors, and men made rich by young youth's misspendings doe feast in the halls of our riotous young spend thrifts.

It will be answered, it is the gentlemen's owne folly, and I graunt it; yet of their folly who should beare the blame? Truly the bier, who having experience to cousin, might also have conscience to forbear them: nay, among the rabblement of such as we find to have falne in their youth, how many experienced men find we at yeares of discretion, who having only the name of gentrie left them to promote them to honor, and finding no releefe any way, are inforced either in forren countries to end their lives miserably, or desperatly? Some more ungratious are a pray for the gallows, choosing rather to die with infamie then to live to beg in miserie. But to leave this to his place, and to return from whence we have digressed.

Our gentleman, having got new supplie, is pricked on to new sinne, and the minister of the devil, serving at his elbow, perswades him to new change; for varietie, saith he, is mervelously to be admitted of, especially in such causes: and withall bringes him a new gamester, a wittie worldling, who more cunningly can handle him then the first, and hath more

shifts of descant for his plain song, (but this by the way is to be noted that the broker hath his part of the gaines with the curtesan, and she cosins for them both) this minion so traineth our seduced youth in folly, as not only himselfe is at her command, but also his substance remaineth to her use. This high prised commoditie is imploied to the curtisan's bravery, and she which makes him brutish in behavior doth empty his replenished purse. Thus the eie of reson is closed up by sensualitie, and the gifts of nature are diminished by the disordinate usage of bestly venery. Supplies are sought for every way by this wicked broker to bring him to ruine, and to work his utter confusion. Thus, thus, alas! the father before his eies, and in his elder yeres, beholdeth as in a mirror the desolation of his owne house, and hearing of the profusenesse of his ungratious sonne calleth him home, rebuketh him of his error, and requesteth an account of his money misspended. Hee (taught and instructed sufficiently to coulour his follie by his ungodly mistres, and cursed misleader) at his returne to his father maketh shewe of all honestie, so that the olde man, lead by naturall affection, is almost perswaded that the truth is untruth: yet remembering the privie conveiaunce of his youthly yeares, and deeming them incident to his young sonne, he discourseth with him thus.

O, my sonne! if thou knewest thy father's care, and wouldest aunswere it with thy well dooing, I might have hope of the continuance of my progeny, and thou be a joy to my aged yeres. But, I feare me, the eyes of thy reason are blinded, so that neither thy father's teares may perswade thee, nor thine owne follies laide open before thine eyes reduce thee, but that my name shall cease in thee, and other covetous underminers shall injoye the fruites of my long labours. How tenderly, good boye, in thy mother's lyfe wast thou cherished! How deerely beloved! How well instructed! Did I ever entice thee to vice? Nay, rather enforced I thee

not to love vertue? And whence commeth it that all these good instructions are swallowed up by one sea of thy follie? In the Universities thy wit was praised, for that it was pregnant; thy preferment great, for that thou deservedst it; so that, before God, I did imagine that my honour shuld have beginning in thee alone, and be continued by thy offspring; but beeing by mee brought to the Innes of Court, a place of abode for our English gentrie, and the onely nurserie of true lerning, I finde thy nature quite altered, and where thou first shuldest have learnt law, thou art become lawlesse. Thy modest attire is become immodest braverie; thy shamefast seemelynes to shamelesse impudencie; thy desire of lerning to loitering love; and from a sworne souldier of the Muses, thou art become a master in the universitie of love; and where thou knowest not anie waie to get, yet fearest thou not outrageously to spend. Report, nay, true report, hath made me privie to many of thy escapes, which as a father though I cover, yet as a good father tenderly I will rebuke. Thy portion by yeare from me is standing fortie pounds, which of it selfe is sufficient both to maintaine you honestly and cleanly: besides this, you are growne in arrearages within this two yeares no lesse than 100 pound, which, if thou wilt looke into, is sufficient for three whole yeres to maintaine an honest familie. Now, how hast thou spent this? forsooth in apparell; and that is the aptest excuse, and lavishnesse in that is as discommendable as in anie other. If in apparell thou passe thy boundes, what make men of thee? A prodigall proude foole; and as many fashions as they see in thee, so manie frumpes will they afford thee, counting thee to carrye more bombast about thy belly, then wit in thy head. Naye, my sonne, muse not uppon the worlde, for that will but flatter thee, but weigh the judgement of God, and let that terrefie thee; and let not that which is the cause of pride nussell thee up as an instrument of God's wrathfull indignation. What account reapes a young

man by brave attire? Of the wise he is counted riotous; of the flatterer a man easily to be seduced; and where one will afford thee praise, a thousand will call the proud. The greatest reward of thy braverie is this,—See, yonder goes a gallant young gentleman: and count you this praise worth ten score pounds? Truly, sonne, it is better to be accounted wittie then wealthy, and righteous then rich: praise lasteth for a moment that is grounded on shewes, and fame remaineth after death that proceedeth of good substaunce. Choose whether thou wilt bee infamous with Erostratus, or renowned with Aristides: by one thou shalt beare the name of sacrilege, by the other the title of just: the first may flatter thee with similitude, the last will honour thee indeede, and more when thou art dead. Sonne, sonne, give eare to thy father's instructions, and grounde them in thy heart; so shalt thou be blessed among the elders, and be an eye sore unto thy enimies. A second griefe, nay more, a corasive to my heart (young man) is this: you are both prodigall in apparell and in life, and ungratious and ungodly curtisans (as I understand) are become the mistresses of your masterships: and thinkest thou this report could come to thy father's eare and not grieve him? Sonne, I had rather thou shouldest be accounted foolish then amorous; for the one may be borne withall, the other is most odious. Incontinencie (young man) is the root of all inconvenience: it dulleth the memorie, decayeth the bodie, and perisheth the bones: it maketh stedfast fickle, beautifull deformed, and vertuous vicious: it impayreth man's credit, it detracteth from his honour, and shortneth his daies. A harlot's house is the gate of hell, into the which whosoever entereth his vertues doe become vices, his agilitie is growne to slouthfulnesse, and from the child of grace he is made the bondslave of perdition. The wisest by lewde love are made foolish, the mightiest by lust are become effeminate, the stoutest monarches to miserable mecockes. I wot well (my child) that chaste love is necessarie, but I know (my sonne)



that lecherie is horrible: a harlot's wanton eie is the lure of the diuell, her faire speeches the snares of sin, and the more thou delightest in her companie, the more hepest thou the wrath of God against thy selfe. Let Lais looke never so demurely, yet Lais is Lais: measure not thy liking by lookes, for there be some holy diuells. To bee briefe, the end is this: he is best at ease that least meddeleth with anie of them. Demosthenes will not buie repentaunce so deere as with high summes to purchase transitorie pleasures; and I had rather thou shouldest learne of a philosopher then bee instructed by thine owne fancie. Marke this action: there is no vertue which is odious after it is attained to; but the pleasures of love are then most loathsome when they are determined, and therefore no vertues, and, to conclude, not to be sought after. It is idlenesse, my sonne, that seduceth thee, for the minde that is well occupied never sinneth. When thou enterpriseth anie thinges, measure thine owne fortune by other men's successe: as thou considerest of theyr ends, so imagine of thine owne. Thinke with thy selfe, the wisest have fallen by love, as Salomon, the richest as Anthonie, the proudest as Cleopatra, the strongest as Sampson; and by how manie degrees they did exceede thee, by so many circumstaunces prevent thy ruine. It is enough for sillie birdes to be lead by the call of the fowler, and for men it is most convenient to flye apparaunt goods, and sticke to that which is indeede. Though thine eie perswade thee the woman is beautifull, yet let thy experience teach thee she is a curtisan; and wilt thou esteeme of painted sepulchres; when thou knowest certaine and determined substaunces? Doe we buie ought for the fairenesse or goodnesse? Spangled hobbie horses are for children, but men must respecte things which be of value indeede. I imploie my money uppon thee, not to the use thou shouldest be lewde, but for that I woulde have thee learned. It greeveth mee to heare of thy companie keeping, for where thou offendst in the two formost,



thou art altogether misledde in this ; and truelye I cannot but mervayle at thee, that beeing borne reasonable to make election, thou art so untoward in picking out thy choice. Agree light and darkenesse? Or the Icknewmon with the Aspis? Doeth the weezell love the cockatrice? Or gentle borne such as bee ungratious? No, my sonne, broking bugges are not companions for continent courtiers ; for who so eyther accompanyeth them is eyther accounted a spende thrifte, or one that is Sir John Lackelande, eyther of their fraternitie, or else a verie foole.

Finde me out anie of them that in thy adversitie will helpe thee, or in thy misdemeanors advise thee: nay, such they are as will rather binde thee prentice with Sathan, than exhort thee to eschew sinne. They bee the caterpillers of a common weale, the sting of the adder, nay, the privie foes of all gentry ; and such they be that if they get, they care not how ungodly ; and if they cousen, they care not how commonly. So that three vices have now taken hold of thee: first prodigalitie, the enimie to continencie; next, lasciviousnesse, the enimie of sobrietie; and thirdly, ill company, the decayers of thy honestie. The meanes to avoyde these evils are manifest, but they must be followed: it is not sufficient to knowe a fault, but it is wisdom to amend it. Humble thy heart, my sonne, to the Highest, and the more thou considerest of him, the lesse wilt thou care for this flesh; for what is the body better by the gay rayment? truly, no more then the soule is by superfluous zeale, for as the one is foolish, so is the other franticke. Leave lust, least it lose thee: use chaste delights, for they will comfort thee: it is better driving a toye out of memorie by reading a good lesson, then by idlenesse to commit an error which is sawced with repentaunce. Of needlesse evils make no accompt: the lesse you accompany the worst, the more wil you be sought to by the best. Easie it is to say well, but the vertue is to doo well. O, my dear childe, as

thy frend I exhort thee, and as thy loving father I command thee to consider the tender care I have of thee, and to imploy all thy indevours now to my comfort: if thou hast runne awry, call thy selfe home, and waye within thy heart the reward both of vertue, and the discredite by vice; so the honour of the one will incite thee, the infamy of the other will deterre thee. For those debts that have over past thee, in hope of amendement I will see them satisfied, and if heereafter thou fall into the lyke lurch, I promise thee this, that as now I deale with thee as a father, so then will I accompt of thee as a reprobate. Thou seest fire and water before thee; chuse to thy liking: in dooing well, I will rejoyce in thee, in dealing otherwise, I will nothing account of thee.

The father, with teares having ended this exhortarie, is aunswered in humble sort of his dissembling sonne thus.

Whatsoever (good father) is passed is irrecoverable, but what is to come may be considered of: it is naturall in me to fall, and vertuous to recover my selfe. I confesse, good sir, I am guiltie of errour, and have faulted highlye; yet not so greatlye as you intimate. The world now a dayes is rather bent to aggravate then to cover escapes. Wherefore as the first step to amendement is repentance, so (deare father) I am sorrie for that is past, and most earnestly request you to continue your favour, and no doubt but your sonne shall behave himselfe heerafter to your comfort.

The father, delighted with his sonnes discreete and humble aunswere, conceiveth hope of amendment, and returneth him to the Innes of Court againe, and setting him on free foote, exhorteth him to follow vertue, and intently to long after learning. But he, whose heart was pliable to receive all impressions, no sooner is out of the view of his father's house but began to forget his olde promises, and renewes the remembrance of his mistresse, devising by the way how to delight her, and what sutes to provide that may satisfie her. To bee briefe, being returned to London, and quit of his

father's servants, (the newes of his arrivall being blazed abroad) his Broker in post hast comes and salutes him, his mistresse by tokens and sweete letters greetes him, hee maketh his Marchant joyfull in the receipt of the money, and mistresse Minxe merrie for the returne of her young copes-mate.

To be brieve, in post hast he posteth to her chamber, where, Lord! what frendly greetings passe, what amorous regards! how she blameth him of his delaye, and with fained teares watereth his youthly face! how she sweares that she is constant, and yet a curtesan! howe she vowes she is continent, and yet common! Truly, it were matter to make a Comedie on, to see both their actions, and to note their discourses. There needes not many or long sermons on this: master Broker's help in short space is sought for; for the money my youth's father gave him hath bought his mistresse a sute of the new fashion. The Broker, readie at a becke, without delay furnisheth him with money: it is lamentable to report every losse; and sith in another place I meane to set them downe, I will not motion them heere. In short space our Marchant beginneth to looke after more assurance; and where to fore he was content with obligation, he now hunteth after statutes. (This kind of bond, gentlemen, is well known among you: the usurers by this time have built mannor houses upon some of your lyvelihoods, and you have lost that for little, which will not be recovered with much.) The force whereof our youth considering not, so he have foyson of money, the world, to be short, at the last falleth out thus: both land, money, and all possibilities, either by father or friende, are incroched upon by this gentle master Scrape-peny, so that now our youth, finding neither suretie nor similitude, by his flattering Usurer is laid up close for escaping. Let him write to his huswife, mistresse Minxe, she disdaineth him: let him intreate the Broker, he refuseth him: let him make sute to the Usurer, he saith hee shall not cousen him. Thus this gentleman, that neyther by his father's counsell

woulde refuse, nor by his owne experience be perswaded to avoyde the eminent daunger that hanged over his head, is brought to confusion, and those friends that fawned on him before in prosperitie, now frowne at him in his adversitie: those that depended with flattering words in time of wealth on his finding, now altogether disdaine him that cannot finde himselfe.

Loe, gentlemen, what it is to winke at good counsell, and to preferre young attempts before old experience! See here the fruites of contempt, and lette these lessons serve you to looke into: had this gentleman regarded advice, had he considered of his estate, himselfe had bene at libertie, his friends in quiet. But (alas the while!) our heires now a dayes have running heads, which makes their parents abounde in teares: some are led with novelties in forreine nations: some with prodigalitie in their owne countrey: some with pride, the first fruites of all impietie: some by love, the ladie of loose-nesse. If one hunteth after vertue, how many hundreds doo daily practise vice? Let the experience of this young novice (my youthly countrey men) make you warie, and see but unto this one parcell of his lyfe, and give your judgement of his misfortune. His wit was sufficient to conceive vertue, yet knowing (with Medea) the best, he headlong came to the worst. Nature's gifts are to be used by direction: he had learning, but hee applied it ill: he hadde knowledge, but hee blinded it with selfe opinion. All graces whatsoever, all ornaments what so they be, either given us by our foreparent, or grafted in us by experience, are in themselves as nothing, unlesse they be ordered by the power of the most Highest. What care, conceive you, may be comparable to this young gentleman's father's sorrow, who seeth his house pluckte over his head, his sonne imprisoned, to his great discredite, and the Usurer the onely gainer, and yet the most vilest person.

Nowe, what becommeth of our youth, thinke you? His



father refuseth him, dispossessiong the ryghte heyre of what hee maye, and poore hee is left desolate and afflicted in prison. And in these dayes how many are infected with this desperate disease, gentlemen, judge you. I my selfe with teares have heard some privie complaints, and lamented my friends misfortunes, falne so sodainly. My good friends, that are heerafter to enter into this world, looke in this glasse: it will show you no counterfait, but the true image of a rebellious sonne, and the rewarde of contempt of parents. Account your selves happie to learne by others experience, and not to be partakers of the actuall sorrowe. Obey your parents, for they love you; trust not to straungers, for they will upbraide your of their benefite: it is better to have the stripes of a friend, then the kisses of a flatterer. Plato would have young men to looke in the glasse for two causes; the one, that if they founde themselves beautyfull in visage and of exquisite stature, they might indevor to make the vertues of their minde aunswerable to the liniaments of the bodie; the other, that if they found themselves of deformed shape, they should seeke to beautifie the same by the inward perfections of the minde. And for two causes, my good friends, woulde I wish you to consider of this man's fall, and read his misfortune; the one that not being yet nipped, you may prevent; the other, that being but yet a little galled, you woulde holde backe.

*Est virtus placidis abstinuisse bonis.*

As the loadstone draweth yron, so let good counsaile conquere your affections: as the Theamides of Aegypt driveth awaie yron, so let the feare of God dispell all worldly pleasures. If a simple man fall to decay, it may be borne withall: if a man of wisdome grow in arrearages, may we not blame his follie? It is better to bee envyed then pittied, for thou art pittied alwayes in misfortune, but envied at time of thy prosperitie. To bee briefe (gentlemen) overlooke this ad-



visedly, and you shall finde many things worthy the noting, and no few matters written for your commoditie. This miserable young man, overwhelmed thus on everie side with manifolde and sundry cares, beholding his most unfortunate state, in wofull termes, in the prison house, breketh into these complaints.

Alas! unhappie wretch that I am, that having a good father that did cherish me, a tried mother that tenderly nourished me, many friends to accompanie me, faire revenewes to inrich me, have heaped sorrowe on my owne head by my father's displeasure, refused of my friends for my misdemeanour, and dispossessed of my land by my prodigalitie. O, incestuous lust! that enterest the hart and consumest the bones, why followed I thee? And O, ungodly pleasure! why didst thou flatter me? O, wicked and ungracious man, that hast undone me, and woe be unto thee, (vile wretch) that in my miserie doest thus leave me! What shall become of me, poore wretch? faine now would I begge that bread, which vainlye I have spent: now too too late doo I see that fainednesse is no faith, and he that trusts to this world cleaves to a broken staffe. Alas! how should I attaine to libertie, or by what meanes may I escape my confusion? My father hath accepted of another sonne, and all by reason of my lewdnesse. O, that I had respected his unfained teares! O, that I had accepted of his good advice! O, that I had rejected my flattering friends! But I see no hope is lefte to me: my creditour is too cruell, yet hath he cousoned me; and faine would I be his slave, woulde he release me; but since no hope is lefte me of recoverie of my estate, I referre my cause to God, who as he will remit my offence, so will he redresse my miserie and griefe.

Whilest in these, or such like tearmes, the poore young man bewayles his heavie happe, sodainly enters his cousoning creditour; and in outwarde shew bewailyng his misfortune, but in very truth the onely originall cause of

his destruction, comforteth him in these, or such like termes.

Gentleman, the exigent and extremitie that you are now at, though it be most tedious unto you, it is most lamentable in my opinion. These young yeeres to taste of sorrowe so soone is straunge, considering all circumstaunces; but since the cause proceedes of your owne lewd misspending, mine be be the losse in part, but the greter must your affliction be. I, hoping of your well dooing, neither denied your pleasure nor profit, yet in liew and recompence of all, I finde just nothing: a few subscribed papers I have, and some money I have receyved, but nothing to my principall; and yet notwithstanding, so favourable wil I be unto you, as if you procure me any one suretie, I will release you. To leese my money I were loath, and to keepe you heere it were more loathsome. I wold doo all for the best, not hindering my selfe, so you would straine your selfe to satisfie me somewhat.

The gentleman, knowing in himselfe his inability, beginneth in truth to open his state, protesting that neither of himselfe, nor by any one at the present he is [able] to doo any thing; no, not so much as if he released him to pay his charges; such is his miserie, in that all his friends had given him over, whereupon most humbly he beseecheth him to way his cause, promising him any service what so ever may be, if so he wil please him to set him free. Mas. Usurer, smelling out the disposition of the youth, beginnes to bring him to his bowe after this sort.

The world at these dayes is such, (my friende) as there is small respect had of those which have nought, and great honour attributed unto them that will most neerly looke to themselves: which I perceiving, have given my selfe (as naturally men are inclined to seeke after glory) to the hoording up of riches, to the end that my posteritie might be raised up, and my father's name (which as yet is of no accompt) might by my meanes become worshippfull. To the

perfourmance of this, trulye, I have neither been idle nor evill occupied: my thoughts have beene wholly set of gettings, and who so nowe a dayes hath not the like meaning, his purpose will grow to small effect. And though of my selfe I doo what I may, yet (as it is necessary) I must have ministers, wherby that which I looke for may be brought to my hands: otherwise my stocke might lye without usaunce, to my utter undooing. Whereupon, if thou wilt followe my direction and be ruled by my counsell, I will release thee of prison, and set thee at libertie, restore thee to thy wonted credite, and countenaunce thee with my coyne, so that in shorte space thou maist have money in thy pursse and other necessities to set thee up againe. Thou seest that now thou art miserable, but I will make thee fortunate: thou now art almost foodlesse, by me thou shalt be satisfied with the best: thy friends now disdaine thee, the day shall come that they shall seeke to thee: now art thou without aparell, through me thou shalte bee costlye attired: naye, what pleasure soever thou shalt either imagine for thy preferment, or wish for to doo thee good, thou shalt both finde me readie to performe it, and friendly to continue it.

The gentleman, surprised with this sodaine joye, and unacquainted good speeches, (not dreading that the serpent laye hidden in the grasse) most willinglye assented, promising to the adventure of his lyfe (so his creditour woulde be his wordes master) to doo his indeavour to perfourme his will, as hee ought to doo. The Usurer, seeing the minde of his prisoner preciselye bent to doo his commaunde, openeth his heart unto him thus.

Gentleman, for that I have an opinion of your honestye, and truste in your secrecy, I will open unto you my minde, and according as I finde your aunswere, I will shape your deliveraunce. Such time as you were at libertie, you know you had acquaintaunce with manye gentlemen, and they not of the meanest, who at sometimes, as well as

yourselfe, were destitute of silver. Such as those you must finde out for me. I will delyver you presentlye; apparayle you in print, give you money in your pursse, and at such an Ordinarye shall you lye, where the greatest resorte is. Your behaviour and usage towardes all men must be verye honest; especiallye in all causes looke into the nature of men. If you spie out any one gentleman pensive, enter into discourse with him: if you maye perceive that either by parentage or possession hee is worthie credite, laye holde on him, feede him with money if he want, and (as though it proceeded of your own good nature) profer him to be bound for him: if he accept your offer, come to me; I will furnish him. Nowe, you may devide the commoditie or the money between you, and out of your part (considering me after the bignesse of the summe) take the rest for your owne fee; which, if you looke into, in a yeare will growe unto no small summe. This is the load-stone must lead you; and by all meanes you must fashion your selfe to feede humours. This is the honest meanes to lyve by: this is a way to libertie: by this you may pleasure your selfe, and conclude in doing this you maye mightilye in short space enrich me. When you have found out one fit to your vaine, remember this lesson, that what so-ever vauntage you get of him, either for me or for your self, care not how little paper and inke he can shewe of yours: keepe still your owne stake cleere. In these matters you must be verie circumspect, for there be now a daies such underminers start up, that scarce a man can imagine his owne profit, but they preach it a broad, and laye it open. Thus you see wherto you must trust: howe saye you now? will you be content to do this?

The young man aunswereth: Good sir, there is nothing that you have sayde that by mee shall anie wayes be forgotten. I am readie and willing to put in practise what you have taught, and no doubt you shall finde me so diligent that your selfe shal say, you were happie in putting me in trust.



In briefe, the conclusion is this: the Usurer, glad of this new gentleman broker, dischargeth him, sets him afloat. Now who so brave as our late prisoner, or who so frolicke? The olde sorrowes are forgotten, and new inventions to cousin possesse the receptacle of his reason. His olde acquaintance flocke about him, some rejoycing at his recovered libertie, some wondering at his sodaine braverie, yet few suspecting his pretended and hidden knaverie. Of them some he saluteth humblye, some ordinarilye: he was not so well instructed, but it is as well performed. Now who but our gentleman is a companion for the best, and a cousiner of the most: he staies not long before he be provided of a praie, whom he so ordereth as himselfe is partaker of the halfe, though the other be paymaster of the whole; and as those who are in the heate and extremitie of an ague desire drink to satisfie their drought, so this young gentleman that is brought into bondes by one cousining spend thrift, having once entered foote in the high waie of prodigalitie, continueth headlong his course to his owne confusion.

But by the way it is to be noted, that this gentleman which is brought into the laps by our late prisoner, hath his possession and portion allotted to him, so that our Usurer and his mate worke upon sure groundes. Two or three obligations and commodities received, our Usurer grows to new devises, and sets his schollers to practise them. Saith he, I must now have you learne to bring in this your friend to paie your debtes, and by this meanes you shall bring it about. You shall, when next time he shall demaund your helpe, tell him that of me there will be had no money, before your olde bondes be canceled: so that unlesse he deale with me by some meanes to acquit that, it is impossible to attaine unto anie farther supplie. You may alleadge unto him, howe in such like extremities you have stucke, and will sticke unto him, and desire him in so easie a request he wil not leave you destitute. By this meanes shall you be rid of your olde



debts, and be as free from inconvenience as ever you wer. No sooner hath our seducer learnt this lesson, but forth he trudgeth to find out this young master, if possible may be : if so be he is as yet stored, he doth either make him spend it or lend it, and upon his new request of supply openeth unto him all the circumstance which before he had learned, and so cunningly handleth him, that the gentleman, desirous of money, is easilye content.

Whereupon the matter is handeled thus betwixt the merchaunt and this gentleman broker, to prevent inconvenience : if the broker's bond be an hundreth pounds, the merchaunt will lend fiftie more, and maketh the young man to seale an absolute bond as his owne debt, so that the desperate debte of the decayer, cousoned by his meanes, is brought to be the true debt of this silly gentleman. Naie, when they have fatted both their fingers, they leeve not thus, but from money shoote at land ; for if the gentleman have 500 pound in stocke payable at 24 or 25 yeares, they will so worke as all that shall be their proper goods, which they will recover out of the executors hands, either by attachment or otherwise ; and besides that so cunningly will they deale, that although they have sufficient assuraunce in hand alreadye, yet wil they not leave till they get an other more sure string to their bowe, therby to compasse the poore gentleman's lands.

At his want they will deale thus. This gentleman and the broker must bee invited by the merchant, when amongst other table talke, M. Scrape-penie feeles my youth if his monie be gone, and offring speeches of willingnes to provide him alwaies at his need, sets on, by a becke, his cousoning mate to procure the gentleman to crave more mony, which he doth. The merchant cunningly coulering his craft, answereth him thus.

Gentleman, you see I am far out already, and upon your single bond I have disburst a round sum of money, no lesse than 500 poundes, which in a poore man's purse, as I am, is no small quantitie : nevertheles, if you will affoord me farther

assurance, I wil not stick in redie mony once more to lend you 30 pounds. The gentleman, never tofore used to receive redy mony at the first hands, begins to yeeld him harty thanks, and humbly to pray him to demand and he will performe; for, saith he, considering your honest dealing, I cannot think you may imagine any resonable assurance which I wil not seale to. Why then, quoth the merchant, the matter standeth thus: if so be you will seale me an estatute for my mony, no sooner shall you have done it, but you shal have the mony, all your bonds in, and a defesance to: this that I offer is reasonable, and to morrow, if you will, I will doe it. Agreed, quoth the gentleman, and so takes his leave. The next morrowe, according to promise, the gentleman sealeth the assurance, acknowledging an estatute before some one Justice of the bench, and comming to his merchant's house for his money, is delaied for that day of, and in fine his absolute answere is this, that without a suretie he promised him none. He takes witnesse of his friend, (as he tearmeth him) a prety peece of witnesse! When he seeth no remedie, he demaundeth his bondes, and he withholdeth them: he craves his deceafance, and cannot have it. Thus is the poore gentleman brought into a notable mischief, first in being cousoned of his mony; next deluded by his estatute without defeasance, (for if the defeasance be not delivered the same time or daie the statute is, it is nothing available); thirdly, by his bonds detaining, which may be recovered against him, and continue in full force; and the Usurer that playes all this rie will yet be counted an honest and well dealing man. But flatter them who list for me, I rather wish their soules health, then their good countenances, though I knowe they will storme at me for opening their secrets, yet truth shall countenaunce mee, since I seeke my countries commoditie.

Heere you see two houses destroied manifestly, the one of them from a gentleman made a cousoner, the other of them from a landed man, a silly poore wretch. And wonderfull it

is to see, considering the asperitie of the penal statutes set downe by her Majestie and her honourable Peeres in the Parliament, how pretie collusions these conning merchants can find to infringe them. One private practise they have in deliverie of the commoditie, to make the condition of the obligation thus:—The condition, &c., is this, that if the within bound T. C., his heires, executors, or assignes, doe well and truely pay, or cause to be payde to the above named M. S. the sum of 40 pounds of lawful mony of England, at his owne dwelling house, scituated and being in Colman Street, which he the said T. C. standeth indebted to him for, if so be that the said M. S. or S. his wife be in life, that then; otherwise &c. Now in this condition the casual mart bringeth it out of the compasse of the statute. Thus by collusions M. Scrape-penie gathers up his money.

Others worke by statute and recognisaunce, making their debter to discharge in their bookes of account the receipt of so much money, where indeede they had nothing but dead commoditie. Other worke by lives; as if such a one live thus long, you shall give mee, during his or her life, 10 pounds a yeare for 30 pounds, and be bound to the performaunce of that by statute. Other some deale in this sorte: they will picke out among the refuse commoditie some pretie quantitie of ware, which they will deliver out with some money: this sum may be 40 pound, of which he will have you receive 10 pound readie money, and 30 pounds in commoditie, and all this for a yeare: your bonde must be recognisaunce. Now, what thinke you by all computation your commoditie will arise unto? Truly I my selfe knew him that received the like, and may boldly avouch this—that of that thirtie pounds commoditie there could by no broker be more made then foure nobles: the commoditie was lute stringes; and was not this, thinke you, more then abhominable usurie? Naie, common losses, and the reasonablest is, for 36 pound for three months, accounted a good penie worth, if there be made in

readie mony 20 pounds; naye, passing good, if they make 25 poundes; and I have knowen of fortie, but fifteene pound and tenne shillings. These be general payments and receits incident to the most part of the young gentlemen that I knewe deale that wayes: and truely I my selfe knowe within my time no few number of gentlemen which are utterly undone by this meanes, and unlesse this evill be prevented, and gentlemen take not more heede, more will followe after. But if the punishment of these men were *in discretione judicis*, notwithstanding the lawe were coloured with all by them, yet the conscience of the judge woulde cut such ill members off. In former ages, these things being knowen, were lookt unto, and now, when most punishment is menaced, usurie is most practised. Well may we now see that the craftie have as many cautiles as the discreet cautions. If we had as severe lawes in England as once in Athens Solon set downe, wee shoulde then cast a rayne over the head strong unrulynesse of these caterpillers: there it was not lawfull, the father beeing living, that anye money shoulde bee lent unto the sonne; who, beeing under his father's government, was not to bee ordered according to his owne lyking: and there, whosoever did transgresse this lawe, it was ordayned that hee might have no recoverye, nor bee releevd anye waye by justice, for it was doubted that the sonne having no wayes to aunswere that he did owe, should eyther be inforced by practising conjurations in the Citie, or exercising privie thefts in his Father's house, to ridde and discharge himselfe of the burthen of his debte.

The Aegyptians and Athenians, seeing the error of covitious usurie to take footing in their provinces, by approved judgement concluded, that by no instrument, plea, execution, or other meanes in lawe a bodie might be detained; the originall beeing for corrupt gaines.

The Romanes, who not onely invented, but imitated those lawes which confounded error, by decree of Senate with the



Athenians, in the verye same tearmes as they didde, sette downe that no money should bee lent to young heyres uppon interest, neyther allowing the detinue pleadable, nor the usurie aunswerable, having a private eye into the unmeasurable and greedie intents of those covetous carles, who compasse the father's landes before the sonne come to it.

In the lawe of the Twelve Tables orders in this cause were prescribed, and directions set downe by the Tribunes: among whome a man of rare vertue, Lucius Gomatius, instituted and made a law, wherein he enacted that no usurie nor usurers shoulde bee allowed.

Lucius Lucullus, seeing this errour alreadye creapt thorough all Asia, and (lyke a wise governour) wylling to prevent, not onelye made a law to avoyde all occasion of unlawfull gaines, but also appoynted punishmentes to those that were subject to the errour.

Tiberius Cæsar, as curious as the rest for common good, didde, with as great circumspection as might bee, take awaye the cause, and displace the effecte of this mischiefe; not suffering that to take heade in his government, that was the capytall enemye of a well ordered state. Claudius Cæsar, not yeelding to his auncestours in honourable actions, renewed these lawes. Vespasian continued them, and Marcus Antonius Pius, with Alexander Severus, established them with publike instrumentes; who, to the fore-passed erroures, by farther insight joyned this, that by this unlawfull getting manye of the best and most auncient houses in all Italy were brought to utter ruyne and confusion.

The Indians, disdayning such servile attemptes, not onely mislikte of lending, but also forbad borrowing: neither is it lawfull for an Indian to proffer, nor agreeable for one of the nation to suffer injuries, disdayning among them both the use of obligations, and the abuse of pawning.

Hatefull was this errour in Licurgus Common weale of



Sparta, whereas not onely the name was odious, but also the thing it selfe was asperlye punished.

Agis, king of the same citie, seeing the practises of the covetous to work so wonderfully as they seemed, not onely punished the attempters of unlawfull profite, but also in the open market place hee burnt all the bondes and oblygations of the rich Bankers in the citie.

In Thebes it was by statute forbidden, that anye man should be put in office, that within tenne yeares before the election had practised any unlawfull chaffering.

The Germanes, in theyr taxations of antiquitie, whereas they bound the theefe to restore double the thing he stole, they ordeyned that the usurer shuld make recompence foure folde for his injurie. And in borrowing the felicitie of all these countries, wee are not so happie as to abridge those errors that they most mislykt of. But heere, perhappes, some curyous maintainer of unnecessarie members will conclude that the state cannot anie wayes be hindered by anie these actions, inferring that the dissolution of one familie is the setting up of another, which in as many vertues maye match, and with as greate value imploie it selfe in the state as the other that is decayed.

Heereunto I shape this aunswere—that if it be true that the nobilitie of the father worketh in the childe, I cannot see howe these upstartes maye anie waies employe themselves in honourable actions, when as neither their auncestours ever knewe more then their beads, or their fathers other then unlawfull gaines: and howe can it bee, that where the minde onely worketh in servile subjects, it should anie waies be elevated to attempt honourable exploits? But be it these sorte of men are necessarie both in themselves and for their countrie, which cannot be concluded, in that they be broken members, yet must they conclude by (the touchstone of truth) the Scriptures that their necessarinesse in this world makes them unnecessary for God; by whose presidents if they

should leuell their lawes, I am afraid the graft wold be so stiffe in the bending, that it would be rather thought more necessarie for the fewell, then worthy the correction. In the most happiest man that ever was, whether philosopher or otherwise, I find this, that one onely blemish in his actions hath made them ben noted for an error. Now, if these men shuld in their enterprises be gazde into, I feare me that as in the black jet is seene no white, in the deadlye poison is founde no preservative, in the sprouting ivie no fruite, on the unnecessarie thistle no grapes, so in these men the mischiefe woulde be so manifest, that the shew of virtue would be extinguished. So that I can necessarily conclude this—that both these sorte of men are unnecessarye for themselves, unmeete for their countrey, unfit for a family, yea, convenient for nothing, but to present the painter with the true image of covetousnes. For themselves, how can they be profitable in destroying their soules, and martering their bodies? in consuming themselves with thought in devising of newe attemptes to delude? If they compare but their hearts' sorrow with their excesse of gain, they shall finde this most certain, that the encombrances of the minde are so peysant, that they doo by oddes weigh downe their commoditie in the ballaunce. What is it to get good, and to loose happinesse? to injoye much riches and little rest? to have manye lordships, and much heart-breake? Alas! what are the goods of fortune, that they should entice, or the plesures of the flesh, that they should allure? If our stately pallaices were to continue permanent; if our worldly riches were to make our after yeares renowned; if every thousand of our ducates were to benefit us but with a hundred good precepts, I would beare with covetousnes with the best, and practise it with the most: but since we see that much hording cannot be without sinne, much getting without grieve, much increase of goods without decrease of vertues, I cannot but conclude with the philosophers, that the hoording up of riches maketh many

impressions of vices ; and that those that are no wayes profitable for themselves are not worthy the names of citizens in a state : whereas, when all things should be limited by vertue, how can usury be winkt at, when it is no way legitimate ?

Our lawes in this state, although they suffer a commoditie, yet confirme not they taking, concluding heerein a mer-vaylous pollicye to those have in sight, which is that leaving it evident that where neither lawe of God can limit them, nor disposing of right suffer them, nor prevention of errorrs withdrawe them from punishing this error and not letting it slip, they, as willyng to pul away by peece-meales as to confound altogether, like wise surgions eate out the dead flesh by sundrye plaisters, and no sodaine corosive, thereby wisely warning the wise to pull back by curtesie, and the indurate, by beholding their forberance, to feare the scourge when it shal come.

Yet some will here adde and inferre (though unnecessarily) that those whom I heere so asperlye reprehend are as religious as the best, haunt the church with the most, at their buriall be as bountifull as the goodliest ; and therefore it may not be thought, that seeing so many goods, they should follow the bad. To whom I aunswere—If they beare correction of sin by often haunting of sermons, yet continue their wickednesse when they know what it worketh, their actions are wicked, their lives dissolute, their endes desperate. For theyr bountie at their burialls, that is but their last action and their best attempt ; but if we looke into the considerations of their beneficence, I doubt not but we shall finde whereas their shooe wringeth them. If they are liberall to leave them a memorie when they are gone, alas ! they strive against the streame ; for this it will fall out : perhaps they will have a few poore women's praiers for their blacke gownes, but a thousand decayed gentlemen's curses for their high exactions. If they be bounteous in hope to recompense that which is past, alas ! it is as much as to cast water to stoppe a

gappe, or gather brambles to builde manor houses. If they be lookt into in this their penie doale, we shall finde a kinde of impulsion in all thinges. Truely, truely, I feare mee, if Mas. Usurer knewe he shoulde live, hee had rather have a fayre pawne for his foure nobles, then a thousand prayers of a poore woman; and the forfeiture of a lease of his xx poundes, then the funerall epitaph of the universities for his last willes liberalitie.

Since, therefore, impulsion forceth them to be bounteous, not free will liberall, we must accompt them thus—that both they are unworthie praise, being unwilling to be bountifull, and little to be esteemed of, though their pretence bee never so perfect. What praise deserveth he that will proffer medicines to a whole bodie, or the spur to a willing horse, or the raine to an unwildie colt, or honor to a perverse man? shall we conclude because the usurer is rich, he is righteous? because wealthie, wise? because full of gold, therefore godly? I feare me it will fall out that some of our scrape penies are worthie to be delivered to perdition as Savanarola of Rome, (of whom Marabus maketh mention) who not satisfied with excessive gain in his life time, at his death became a praie to divells. It grieveth me to consider of the unhappie state of some who, like fine cloth, are devoured with these moths; like white cambricke, are stained with this yron moulde; and silly birds are deceived with the call of this fowler. O, unhappy state! staine with unprofitable members, whose feete tread the wayes of errours, mindes imagine mischeife, heartes are indurate, confounding the fatherlesse, oppressing the widow, making all poore, and themselves onely rich.

A lamentable case it is to see how true simplicitie, the maintainer of peace, is almost altogether exiled out of our common weale; and that worldlye wit doeth wade so farre, as heavenlye wise are brought into admiration of their mischiefe. In other notable governments and common weales this one vice hath had a fall, and heere, where it should be most detested, it is most used. Great hath bene our wis-



domes in repression of conspiracies, great our policies in maintaining peace, circumspect our preventions to eschew mutinies; and yet the long time we have laboured in this, yet dayly more and more it groweth to head: and whereas the other vices have bene exterminated by good looking to, this (though altogether loathed) is most lookt after. And in this case I must appeale to you (right honourable) whose wisdomes is continually employed to the maintenaunce of our state, and crave you cast your eye aside, and but looke into the worlde a lyttle. Lette your Herauldes Bookes be spied into; consider the state that hath bene and now is, and I feare me, there will some teares fall, and more care be conceived. Alas! I know it well, that many auntient coates will be found there uncountenaunced; and it is to bee found out that some sleepe on their beds of downe in those mannor houses, which were builded for the staye of some of our best seigniors. Nay, is it not true that more are eaten out with usury then anye other abuse whatsoever? And although commissions are graciously graunted from her Majestie, as a most mercifull prince, and from your honours, as most sage, fatherly, and prudent tenderers of gentry grown into povertie, yet such is the contempt of some men, as they neither measure commaund, nor have respect to conscience. The reverend fathers and eyes of religion in the common weale, how exclaime they on this vice, and pronounce the wrathfull threatens of the Almighty against these ungracious gatherers! yet how slenderly they regard them, their manifest and notorious mischiefes beare record. So that it is to be feared, that when neither honourable commaund may controll them, nor divine admonition reclaime them, they are grown into a reprobate sense, and have forsaken the law of the Lord, and hunted after the whore, and are drunken with the lycour of her abominations.

*Principiis obsta, sero medecina paratur,  
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.*



Noble Lords, may it please you a little more to give me leave, that as I have manifested the mischief so (to my slender conceit) I may imagine a salve. The nobilitie, gentry, and other heires whatsoever, either by reason of their father's tenour are wardes unto her Majestie, or else by the tender provision of their parents they are lefte to the discretion of their kinsfolke. For those that by her Majesties prerogative, by the death of their fathers, fall into her protection, the most part of them are begged by gentlemen, and committed to their tuition: among whome, as there be some provident and carefull to consider of the childe's commoditie, so (I feare me) other some are selfe minded, and greedie of their owne gaine; which if so be it fall out, I feare me, the childe that is under this government will happely miscarrie, for if the maintenance come from the protector slenderly, the nature of the youth beeing noble will covet after supplie, and so through the covetousnes of the one growes the confusion of the other; and by this meanes growes the gentleman unto the Merchant's booke in arrerages, when his warden furnisheth him not according to his degree and calling. But it may be, that there bee purposes imagined by the governour, and practised by the Merchaunt, so that the one will not bee pertaker of the shame, yet will he not sticke to beare part of the gaine.

But to let further matters wittingly overslip, for that I finde it good to winke at somewhat, returne we to the other sortes of heires, left in the tuition of friendes: among whome there growe lyke inconveniences as in the former; for nowe a dayes kinsfolkes are as covetous as others, and as craftye as the best, whose private conveyances the young heires knowe, and severallye, when they be sought into, will open. But for the ordering of all these thinges, and the recovering of this state, it were convenient that the Warden of the wardes under her Majesties protection, should, at the receipt of the gentleman, be bound, according to the value, to

the honourable that have authoritie in that case, for the usage of the gentleman, and that certaine stipend might be set downe annuallye for his provision, rather with the most then least, so that then it will fall out that, having sufficient of his owne, he will not depend on the supplye of an other. The like animadversion, if it bee had in respect of the other, and the care of taking the bonds, and prefixing the portion set downe by the direction of certaine justices of peace in everie sheere, we should have lesse complaints to trouble your honours, and Merchaunts should want young ministers to ridde them of their refuse commoditie. I have glaunced into the matter, (my good Lord) which if wisdome considerately looke into, there will growe an exquisite platforme.

These causes, right honourable, are necessarie and needfull to be noted, and such they be, that, no doubt, they will be as beneficiall to the state as any other whatsoever; for by this meanes your honours shall be praised, the Wardens wel thought of, the gentlemen kept in good state, and the Merchant abridgde of his craftie dealings. I have heard this cause lamented of among the most part of that profession, who loth their title should be attributed to so outrageous dealers. If they will desire the name, let them use the nature, and let not the whole order be blemished by a few disordered dealers blame.

But to leave this to your honourable and grave consideration, and to returne to your curteous gentlemen, to whome this matter most pertaineth, and for whose onely cause this pain is taken, I most earnestly beseech you, looke into your owne states, and consider with your selves the misery and mischief that groweth by these follies. Consider the end of all these practises, which the usurers doe put in ure: forsooth, it is to make you beggers, where now your supplyes be plentifull, and to emptie your purses, where now they are replenished: consider of their mercy; either it is imprisonment, or else libertie with more shame: weygh of their ends, agree-

ing to their life. It was a pretie and wittie saying which was written—

*Avaro quid mali optes ni ut vivat diu.*

With a covetous man no more mischief, then that he may live long, for he dieth daily in care, and consumeth in thought. Refraine prodigalitie, so shall you have no need of them: bee continent, so shall you be sought to of them: leave them to their owne lusts, they are not of the Lord. Let your garments be comely, and not costly; for a comely continent man is more esteemed of than a costly spende thrifte accompted of. It is the vertues of your mindes, the perfections of your understandinge, your intellectuall contemplacions, that makes you accounted of among the wise, and beloved among the learned. In your professions be studious, for y<sup>t</sup> brings profit: an houre well spent, is better than a dayes pleasure: eschew those things that may decay your memory, and in every good action continue to the end: trust not to apparant goodes; beleve not credulously the faire spoken; be as provident to eschew trouble, as the envious is prudent to procure your discomfort: looke on nothing that may altar you from a man; thinke on nothing that may mislead you: if you promise, performe it, but in promising use discretion. These be the fruites of experyence, learnt by some in sorrowe, and lette them bee practised by you in securitie. Let not the garish shew of a present pleasure, the sillie shadowe of an earthlye delyght, a transitorie similitude of a momentanye glorye, make you followe that which wyll coste you manye sighes and sundrye sorrowes, (when you looke into your state) and see howe you are compassed of friendes, smilde upon by fortune, beautified by nature, pe[r]fected by art, when you perceive care hath not yet forrowed your forehead. Labour even then to continue friendes, to make peace with fortune, to maintaine nature, to studye arte, and beeing freed as yet from trouble, fence your

actions so strong, as they may never become troublesome. Aurelius in his Court seeing certaine Philosophers using unseemely jestures, wagging their heads, toying wyth theyr garments, and stamping with their feete, gathering by their exterior behaviour how unapt their actions were in respect of their precepts, expelled them the Court, as unmeete to be preferred to honours. Although not Marcus Aurelius, but wise *Saba*, now governing, think you that gracious Elizabeth cannot as well finde out a vain head under a waving feather, a dissolute minde under a codpeece dublet, a wanton thought under a straunge habite, as the Emperour under a lyght jesture. Yes, truly (Gentlemen): no doubt but that eie, that winketh at most things, seeth many, and that wonderfull capacitie, that comprehendeth so much discipline, cannot overslip the mislyke of masking braverie. If one errorr were as much banished England as it was in Rome, neither should idlenesse offer the covetous opportunitie, neither the idle be cousened by the covetous. It is idlenesse that maketh amorous, it is idlenesse that maketh fascionative, it is idlenesse that breedes excesse, it is idlenesse that destroyeth all humane happinesse. The eye fixed on heavenly contemplations gazeth not on earthlie beautie; the thought occupied on remembrance of moral preceptes never vouchsafes the misdeemings of the fantasie; the bodie subdued by assiduous travaile is never altered by the motions of the flesh; the hope grounded on immortality hath not reference to an houres pleasure. So that man is never altered in himself, enemie of himselfe, procurer of his parents troubles, but even then chiefly when idlenes is predominant, folly preferred, and fashions to feed, fantasies allowed of. The meanes, then, to avoyd the Usurer's booke, is to be continent: the way to be continent is not to be idle: the reward of not beeing idle, is the daily increase of more knowledge; and the increase of more knowledge maketh a man happie. The sting of the aspe confoundeth in slumbers; the venome of idlenesse



waiteth carelesse opportunities. Truly, gentlemen, the first step to avoyd expence, is to grow in contempt of braverie, which if our noble younge youthes wold practise for a while, it would so fall out that, not onely vaine fantasies should cease, fonde fashions finde no favourers, and the Usurer, having his odde refuse commodities dead in his hand, would either affoorde better peniworths, or seeke for forreigne traffique.

But to leave you Gentlemen to your good counsailes, and returne to you, good master Usurers, whose eares glowe at the rehearsall of these enormities, I must pray you give mee leave to make up a conclusion, and to finish these fewe lines with an admonition for your cause; and though the corrections I use be bitter, account of them the better, for why, they be more cordiall. A greedie desire of gayne is the disease that infecteth you: some terme it thriftinesse, some neernesse, but in plaine tearmes, it is usurie; and that is nought els but a greedie desire of other men's goods, and this by the commandement is forbidden to be followed, and therefore irreligious are they that use it. The man that coveteth gold conceiveth not goodnesse; his appetite is of the earth, and those that are earthly minded savor not the things that are of God. What though you cloath your selves in simplicitie of doves, and your inwarde habite be worse than the voracitie of wolves, he that made you knoweth you, and he whom you offend can (and will) punish you. You wil say you were naturally borne (as Tully witnesseth) to take care for your selves, and to provide *victum et vestitum*, meate and clothing: and I graunt it; but where find you either Ethnike, prophane, or sacred sentence, to confirme your extreame hoording up of golde, yea then most earnestly when you are most rich. The laboursome ant gathereth not in excesse, but sufficient provision for the winter, yet without reason; and you which are reasonably borne, hoorde up more then orderly (at first sight) you well knowe how to

imploy. You long after Nabals vineyard with Jesabel, but the dogs shall devour you in the gate: you heape house upon house, land upon land, *Quasi nunquam sit peritulum sæculum*, as though this world would last ever, but sodainely shal the wrath and curse of the Lord fall upon you, and (without speedie repentaunce) he will consume you in a moment. O turne speedely unto the Lord, and put not off from daie to daie, least his wrath be hot against you, and he make you pertakers of the plagues of Chore and Abiram. Remember your olde escapes that have past you, consider of their falls that are decayed by you, and your selves, if you have anie contrition and compunction of heart, wil lament the generall misfortune with me. Did you arise of nothing? Were you calde from base degree to high estate? From poore servants wer you made rich masters? Why, your goods make answere, saying, you have more then you can well spend, and I deeme the greater your talent is, the more you have to answere for. But weigh in your selves howe this great masse of money grew unto you: you must count that this Farme came to your handes by the forfayture of such a Lease; this money became yours by the vertue of such an obligation; you have scrapte up this ready coyne by making *centum pro cento*: nay, you have undone these manye poore gentlemen onely by enriching your selfe. Too true it is, (alas! and wisdom privately bewaileth it, to looke into your crueltie and gentlemen's folly) that many houses are decayed by your meanes, and you are lords of that, which should bé the portion of more profitable subjects, whose miserie driveth them to trie conclusions in all places, and both to forsake their countrey, I pray God, not to alter their conscience.

Nay, in these extremities that they are driven into, which of you either releeveth or comforteth them in their sorrowes? So farre are you (you worldlings) from lessening their miseries, as that (Perillus like) you invent new tortures to drive them from your doores, calling them vacabonds, and bride

well birdes, who, in very truth, were your best masters and setters up. But your selves, with Perillus, shall tast of the engines you have provided for others, and the Lorde shall pittie the fatherlesse, and comfort the afflicted, when that dreadfull daye shall come in which the heavens shall be opened, and the sonne of man shall come to judgement. How will the case then stand with you? shall your welth then acquite you? No, no; the Judge is not partiall: he is just in all his dooings, and true in all his sayings. In that day the horreur of your conscience shall condemne you. Sathan, whom you have served, shall accuse you, the poore afflicted members of Christ shall beare witnesse agaynst you, so that in this horror and confusion you shall desire the mountaines to fall upon you, and the hils to cover you from the fearfull indignation of the Lord of hostes, and the dreadfull condemnation of the Lambe Jesus. When it shal be found out that you wer rich, yet releevd none; that you were of wealth, yet comforted none; that you rather replenished the prisons, then released the prisoner; that your life be found sawced with crueltie, and no one action savoring of mercie, the Lord shal place you among the goates, and pronounce his *Ve!* against you: he shall thunder out this sentence, Goe, you cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the divell and his angeles.

This is the reward of wickednesse, this is the punishment of crueltie: looke upon this, therefore, (you worldly minded men) and consider of these sayings: harden not your hearts, but be you converted; releeve the poore, be harboursome, restore to the owner that you have wrested from him, and turne, turne, turne unto the Lord, (I beseech you) least you perish in your own abominations. And to conclude, accompt of me as your wel wisher, who for publike commoditie have opened your inconveniencies, and for brotherly amitie counsailed you to call your selves home; and, I beseech you, as speedely reclaime you from your errors, as I

doo brotherly admonish you of your escapes. How happie were I, that, haveing lesse cause, might have lesse matter to write on! and haplesse are you, if not won with these warnings, you give more occasion to be written on. Now stay you where you are, and alter your natures, and where you were accustomed to doo ill, now acquaint your selves to follow goodnes; and then it will thus fal out, that I which exclaimed upon you for your vices, will then honour you for your vertues; and where in common assemblies your name growes odious in publike audience, you maye be praised for your good life. The Lord send our gentlemen more wit, our usurers

more conscience, and ungodlinesse a fall: so

nobilitie shall not decay, but the

sinner shall be reclaimed, and

wickednes confounded.

FINIS.



THE  
DELECTABLE HISTORY  
OF  
FORBONIUS AND PRISCERIA.



## The delectable Historie of Forbonius and Prisceria.

In Memphis, (the chieftest citie of Aegypt) a place most renowned by reason of the opulencie of the princes that have governed that Monarchie, at such time as Sisimithres was head Priest of the same, and Hidaspes governour of the Province, a noble Gentleman called Forbonius (highly accounted of for his unreprouable prowess, and among the best sort allowed of for his unspeakable vertues) made his abode, whose tender yeares not yet subject to the experience of more riper judgement, (as the winding ivie about the stately oke) entangled it selfe with many amorous objects, now allowing this choice, now approving that person, straight admitting a third. But the Fates having registred his last opinion in everlasting and permanent destinie, made his manifolde aspectes (as yet not stayed) to light upon one seemely impression, and to allow of but one onely paragon: yet so sealed they his opinion, as (if it be true that the gods ever were lascivious) I thinke the chieftest commaunder of the Heavens might vouchsafe of such dalliance, and be onely amorous in this, that knowing heavenly perfections to be resident in earthly substance, he would either borrow fire of Venus, to make the creature pliable, or carrie fire into the heavens from whence Prometheus first did steale lightning. Favorable was the climate, that allowing universally to all the creatures it compassed onely blacknesse, vouchsafed Prisceria (Forbonius mistres) such sweet favor, who borne of noble parents within the citie, (as of Solduvius, vizerioe of that Province adjoyning to the citie, and Valduvia, daughter and heire of

Theagines of Greece, the compartener of sorrowe with Caricleala, the straunge borne childe of the Aegyptian king) not onely match[ed] al titles of honour with exquisitenesse of proportion, but also so coupled the perfections of the minde with the proportion of the bodie, as rather nature might disdaine her industrie, not art repent her of the dowrie she had granted her. This sweet fixed comet coasted Forbonius affections, who like the careful Marriner, having (amidst the frostie night) sought for his loade starre, and at breake of morning (his eies almost dazled with looking) found it out; so our noble young gentleman, having past over many personages with a slight over looke, at last finding out his mistres allotted him by fate, yeelded willinglye unto importunitie of the Destinies, and wonne altogether to bee subject, beeing captived with fancie, hee applyed himselfe wholye to the accomplishment of his desires, and the attainment of his Mistresse favour. And for that the Goddesse of love is plyable to all benignitie, as not suffering a true servitour to bee long unrewarded, it so fortunated that she prosperously furthered our noble Aegyptian in his purpose, preferring him by opportunitie to the sight of his desired pleasures: for the propinquitie of their abode was such, as that Prisceria's chamber windowe had a prospect into Forbonius garden, by which meanes, the gentleman in his meditations might beholde his Mistres, and Prisceria (beeing by the equitie of the destinies prefigured to straunge misfortune) might have occasion to looke, and seeing, might love. But as this convenience was favourable one waie, so was the frowarde disposition of the parents untoward on the other parte; for Solduvius, whether lead thereto by appointment, or driven to the exigent by some former mallice borne by the progenitors of Forbonius, had neither a lyking to the youth, nor a longing to have his daughter marryed; eyther lead by covetousnesse, for that he woulde not stresse his coffers, or by envie, for that he contemned Forbonius. Yet



what is concluded secretly amidst the heavens cannot be circumvented with man's circumspection; for Forbonius, as one which depended onely on the favour of Prisceria, though fortune had bereft him of occasion to injoy, yet would not he be severed from the benefite to behold her whom he loved; who, warmed with the same fire, in increasing his flame kindled her owne fancie, and being as willing as the other to procure remedie to her passion, with manye chaunge of colours, and sundrye sweete aspects, opened that to her servant, which he wished for in his Mistres: who, (with like sorrowes requiting everie circumstance) as one willing and borne to attempt, at such time as Prisceria solitarily solaced her selfe at her windowe, in mournfull melodye (making his lute tunable to the straine of his voice) he recorded this sonnet.

The Turtle, pleased with his she compeare,  
 With sweet aspects, and many a turning lure,  
 Describes the zeale in tearmes should well appeare,  
 If nature were so gracious to assure  
 The silly bird with speech as well as I,  
 Who, stopt of speech, by turnes my woes descrie.

And though perhaps my tearmes by distance be  
 Seajoynd from thee, I wis my mournfull mone  
 Doth pearce thine eares, and Eccho tells for me,  
 In sowre reports: would she and I were one,  
 For whom I live, and whom I onely love,  
 Whose sweet aspects my dying fancies move.

And if the aire, by yeelding calme consent,  
 Make sweet Prisceria privie to my suite,  
 Vouchsafe, deere sweet, that beautie may relent,  
 And graunt him grace, whom distance maketh mute:  
 So either hope shall make me climbe the skie,  
 Or rude repulse enforce my fancies flie.

Prisceria, not altogether privie to the report, yet concluding all purposes to hir owne fantasie, conceyving, by his manifolde sighes, aspectes, and motions, whereunto he applyed his actions, with a solempne sighe, as wishing him present, and a seemely bent, as requiting his curtesie, betooke hir selfe to hir pillowe, where comparing everye accident together, both of the zeale shee bare to Forbonius, and of the profer he proffered to her, she brake out into these speeches.

Alasse! (unhappie Prisceria) what untoward destinie hath befallen thee, that in thy flowring yeares and prime of beautie thou art become a thrall to uncertaine pleasure, neyther knowing from whence the errour first sprong, nor by what treacles it may at last bee expelled. If it bee that nature, envying my perfections, hath allotted mee this purgatorie, that having at free becke all the benefites of Fortune, yet I should with inwarde bondes bee inchained with the holdefast of fancie, alasse! that in prefixing the torment, shee hath not proffered a remedye, or in bestowing an ulcer, hath not vouchsafed a corrasive. Howe straungely am I martyred, sillye maide that I am! that by one onelye looke have conceyved such an impression, as neyther arte can alter with medicine, nor time eate out with continuauce.

Woe is mee that I love! yet fortunate am I that I hate not, for by the one I am deprived of lybertie, by the other, I shall overpasse the sorrow by surenesse. Yet are thy thoughts more favorable to thee, Prisceria, then the successe in thy love will be fortunate. Thou lovest Forbonius; and why? for his vertue: yet thy father hateth him upon olde grudges, with whom, when rancour prevayleth, what may be more lookt for then contempt and denyall? But Forbonius seeketh Prisceria's favor, not Solduvius friendship; but Prisceria cannot enjoy Forbonius without Solduvius favor. But Forbonius will by happie marriage conclude all mallice, but thy father, having an envious mind, will have a suspitious eare. Alas! why imagine I wonders in my fancy, hoping that those

destenies (which inthralld my affection) wil subject my father's resolutions; since neither reason alloweth me any probabilitie to worke upon, neither hath Forbonius any motion, as I see, to compasse ought. Well, to the satisfaction of my friend, and to the contentment of my sorrowing hart, my freend shall know my zeale, and I will continue my affection, which being begun with so wonderfull causes, must needes finish with a miraculous effect.

With these conclusions she fell a sleepe, leaving me to returne to Forbonius, who, being tormented with the same furie, and troubled with equall fancie, seeing his light to be eclipsed, I meane his Mistresse vanished, began heavily to complaine himselfe in these or such lyke termes.

Alas! you destinies, whose courses are inevitable, how fortuneth it that, in bestowing casualties in man's life, you prescribe not meanes to prevent misfortunes? and, onely beginning to fester the heart, prefixe no presidents whereby the humours may be expelled. If all things are to be referred unto an ende, what may I wel imagine of my estate? who, intercepted by all occasions, must either finish my misfortunes miserably, or desperately. O, love! justly maist thou be counted licentious, whereas thou neither proscribe limites to thy selfe to inthrall, nor meanes to thy subjects to attain libertie. But why exclaime I on him, that hath blest me with a benefit? as though the fate that made Forbonius happie in loving cannot establish his successe, as that it shall not be measured by misfortune. I glorie in the benefit of my martirdome, since a certain inward hope assureth me that divine beautie cannot be sequeste[r]d from just pittie, nor a tried service in love requited with a disdainfull hate. But, foolish man that I am! how maye it be, that in seeking beautie I labour not to attaine it? and desiring to enjoy a benefit, I attempt not to make triall of my Mistresse bountie? Why, by last night's becke she vouchsafed some shew of acceptaunce, and that may as well be of reproofe as lyking.

O, Forbonius, it is a silly hope that is conceived by signes: either attempt further, or perswade thy selfe of no favour. Her father (silly wretch) envieth thee, and thinkest thou to compasse his daughter? Alas! faint hope is this, when as those that should build up doo destroy; when such as shoulde perswade doo dissuade; when as he that dooth commaunde most earnestly dooth forbid. But love hath no respect of consanguinitie, but having onely relation to him which he favoureth, delighteth onely in the possession of his choyce: yet is not Forbonius sure she loveth. Well, I see he that will be fortunate must hazard, and that man that will be gracious in his Mistresse eye, must by outward attempts and unaccustomed purposes seeke to confirme his happinesse.

Whereupon (upon sundry conclusions) he inferred thus; that the next day, by certaine rare attempts, hee would either finish that he had so long sought for, or perish in the perfourmance of his enterprise: and the day serving to attempt that which he imagined by night, he bethought himselfe of the Gymnosophists of the countrey, among whom remembring one of singular experience and notable lerning, he resorted unto him, opening first, how he was intralld by fancie, how precluded by all occasions, especially by the father's disdain; next, how some opportunitie served him; lastly, how the agony tormented him; desiring the Philosopher, whose wisdom could see into all causes, to search out the fatall exigent of his love. Apollonius, (for so the Gymnosophist was called) having calculated the gentleman's nativitie, and seeing some planets retrogate, covering the asperitie of the destenies with the hidden secrecie of an artist, discoursed thus.

O, Forbonius! if, as Socrates did his golde, thou drown thy affections, it would follow that with him thou shuldest enjoy free libertie of thy selfe, and not suffer thy affects to rule thy reason. Art thou bewitched by Circes? of a humane shape hast thou gotten a beastly forme? of a man borne to



reasonable actions, wilt thou now swallow an unreasonable misfortune? If many cares be the decayers of the minde, if many sorrowes the consumers of the body, better were it by day to studie the lyberall sciences, then at such time as we shoulde imploye our selves to honourable attempts, to become unhonourably licentious. Alas, Forbonius! considering what a lover is, what a lover suffereth, what a lover seeketh, I finde the person idle minded, I finde his patience an insupportable sorrow, I finde himselfe not himselfe, in that he is unreasonable. The daily actions of a lover are discommendable, the night exclamations so odious, as that they in this convert nature, who shadowing the world with darknes, limitting each creature his rest, yet they even in that time labor in out-cries in which they shuld take convenient rest. My good friend, the gretest wisdome is to measure every attempt with his casualties, and if ought happen that may seeme impossible, to cast off the rayne, and suffer it to passe in that forme it was concluded in.

Thou lovest (Forbonius): better were it thou didst loath; for by loathing thou canst but be compted unnaturall, but by loving thou mayst fortune to be unfortunate. If all thinges be ordered by the higher powers, it is vayne, you must conclude, to infringe what is concluded on: if the destinies have appoynted that Forbonius shall not be happie in injoying Prisceria, Forbonius is not reasonable in suing for Prisceria. Unhappie Paris in Helen, though fortunate in injoying her beautie: but when love begins with a fading benefit, it endeth with an everlasting sorrow. The conclusion of a wise man must be, to yeelde to the necessitie of Fate, and to continue contented with that which cannot be altered by succession. Tell me, by the immortall Gods, my good friend, I beseech thee, what happines conceivest thou possible to follow, either in enjoying thy lady, or finishing thy love? Alas! the greatest sweete is a continuall sower, and after many unfortunate repulses, a sodain misfortune makes an ende of many a



yeares courting. I speake all this to this ende, (my Forbonius) because I would prevent that by counsell in thee, which otherwise (if thou follow thine owne lure) will be a confusion to thy selfe. Thou comest to me for counsell to compasse love, and I would confirme thee, that thou shouldest avoyd the occasions of following love. Thou wouldest by my meanes strayne arte to subdue nature, yet I labour both to direct by arte, and to suppress by nature. Truly, (my good friend) looking but to the hidden secretes of nature, I finde thee subject to manye misfortunes, and no way to be remedied but by one only vertue. Thou shalt (after long toyles) compasse that thou hopest for, yet when the greatest plesures begin to take the originall, even then shall they finde their exigent. Since, therefore, the revolutions of the hevens conclude that by onely continent forbearaunce thou shalt be disburdened of many misfortunes, I beseech thee, lette this transitorie pleasure be accompted of as it is, and finish up thy love with my counsell: so shalt thou be fortunate in preventing destinie, and continue in happines, wher too much love may make thee unluckie.

Forbonius, lead by the inconstant opinion of his young yeares, not waying the grave and fatherly counsell of Apollonius, aunswered him thus.

O, father! when the wound is given, it is ill counsayling how to avoyd the stripe, and when the heart is captivated, there can be but small recovery by counsell: how wer it possible for me to restrain that in my selfe, which the Gods could not limit in their deities? Easie it is for the whole phisition to counsell the sick patient, but when the extremitie wringeth excessively, none bideth the martirdome but the afflicted. O, Apollonius! my minde measureth not the iniquitie of fate, neyther doo I seeke limits for that, which by no direction can be exterminated from out my heart. So that, good father, rather respect my present sute, then my future discommoditie, and by your counsell make ende to

my sorrowes: whereby it will thus come to passe, that enjoying the pleasure I long wish for, I may more boldlye beare the assault of froward fortune when it commeth. If it be onely death that my enemie Fate threteneth me with, let me enjoye this benefit: as for Fortune, I will be friende to her enemie, the which is the grave, and acquaynting my soule but with the onely idea of my Mistresse, thinke my selfe as happie as they that have walkt the Elisian fieldes a long space to their content.

Appollonius, willing to doo him good, yet sorrie he could not prevaile with his counsaile, at length began thus.

Since, my Forbonius, thou wilt be ruled by no counsaile, thou must be partaker of thine owne sorrowe. As for thy request, I will so satisfie thee, as not onely thou shalt at thy pleasure conceive thy Mistresse minde, but also open unto her the secrettes of thy heart, by which meanes thou shalt heerein have accomplishment of thy wish, though in so dooing thou shewe but lyttle wisdom. Whereupon, resorting to his studdie, he brought forth a mirrour of notable operation, a practicke in prospective, which delivering to Forbonius, he commended it thus.

O, my friend! I deliver thee that heere to feede thy humour which was composed to comprehend arte. In this myrrour thou maist, after thou hast written thy minde, taking the sunne beame, send the reflection to thy Mistresse eye, wherby she may as legeably read thy letters, as if they were in her handes, and by thy instructions made privie to the secrets of thy glasse, retourne thine aunswere in that very forme in which thou sendest. For the rest, I leave it to your discretions and good fortune, wishing all things to fall out as prosperouslye in your love as you would, and as I wish.

Our noble youth, (*in amours*) having furnished himselfe of that he sought for, repayed unto his studie, where devising in what tearmes he might sollicite his Mistres, at last he cyphered out his sorrowes in this sequell.

That fancie that hath made me thrall to thy beautie, (sweete Prisceria) commendeth my submission to thy good grace, beseeching thee to be as favourable in ministring a remedie, as thy beautie was readie to procure my thraldome. I make no resist in this my loving torment, but onely yeeld my self subject to the impression. Maye it therefore please thee (sweete Prisceria) to be as beneficial in this, as the Gods are in their bounty, who, for every faithfull intreatie, returne a gratefull satisfaction. And heerein maist thou see my faith to be stedfast, since arte it selfe serveth opportunities, and ministreth me both a meanes to open my hidden sorrowes, and thee a messenger to bewray thy silent secrets. I beseech thee (by the sweete statues that are builded for the Goddesses that is honoured in Paphos) to be as just in returning favour as I am forward in bewraying my fancie: so shalt thou have the possession of him that is by destinies appoynted thy assured beads-man, and I enjoy those plesures in which I may be only fortunate. Till then I must write my self as I am, thy most unhappiest lover that liveth.

FORBONIUS.

This, cyphered out in faire charecters, and disposed in such termes as his fancie then prefixed him, he tooke his way into his garden, waiting some necessarye opportunitie to put his purposed attempts in practise, and to bewray his woes to Prisceria; who, wounded with the remembraunce of Forbonius perfections, and seeing no waye but his presence a meane to expell sorrowe, betooke her selfe to her accustomed prospecte, and with longing lookes she levelled at his love, which was alreadye stricken with her beautie.

The gentleman, fitted by these convenient occasions, beganne his philosophicall demonstration, and taking his aspecte as necessariely as hee might, hee presented Prisceria with his pensive submission; who, confirmed by so convenient opportunitie, betaking her selfe with all speede possible to her

studie, and by a becke charging him with no lesse dispatch to give attendaunce, she gave aunswere to his amorous intreaties with this gracious affabilitie.

The climate, Forbonius, where under I was borne, (beleeve me) either hath prefigured me the destinie to be enamoured by thee, or thee the subject that shoulde besot me: and truly heerein the working[s] of the Gods are secret, who imploy such thoughts in me, as now by thy letters I finde wrought in thee, making a unitie in both those hearts, who, by reason of parents envies, are like to finde fatall conclusions. And whereas by necessitie of fate I finde my selfe wholly captivated to thy pleasures, I doubt not but that God, whome wee honour for his brightnesse, and who by his lightening ministreth to our misfortunes, will be favourable in our proceedings. For me, if thy constancie be such as my true zeale is, I beseech thee, by the same Goddesse, to succour me, by whome I founde my selfe first inthrall'd and made subject to thee: meane while, I will write as thy selfe, and rest as I am, the most unhappiest lover that lyveth.

PRISCERIA.

These conclusions being ministered with the same aspectes they were profered, the two poore couple had no other meanes to noate the effecte of their private joyes, but onely by silent smiles, gracious regardes, and trickelyng teares, and such lyke amorous actions; each one wishing the other, either happie in possessing their delyght, or fortunate, if by death they were releev'd of their sorrowe: and being intercepted by the closure of the evening, they betooke themselves both of them to their restlesse pillowes, concluding upon many purposes how to finish their languishing and tormenting martirdome.

Forbonius, as one born to attempt, concluded with himselfe (considering how favourably all occasions fawned upon



him) to attempt the stealing awaie of Prisceria; who, poore soule, in carefull dreames imagining of her dayes fancies, was forestaled of all favour by the unhappie approach of her father, who furnished with all worldlye policies to prevent what he mislyked, and compasse that he suspected, perceiving by his daughter's solemne aspects some secret sorrow that troubled her, having remembred that axiome of the philosophers, that dreames are the prefigurations of dayes sorrowe, watched his time so neerely, that even at that verie instant he entered the chamber of his daughter, when, drowned in her sweet delightfull dreames, she began at his entrie to cry out thus, O, fortunate Forbonius! which her father marking verie precisely, and concluding whereupon the sigh tooke his holde fast, awaking his daughter on a sodaine, verie cunningly compassed her thus.

O, my Prisceria! let it not seeme straunge unto thee, to beholde thine aged father's unaccustomable accesse, since he is now perplexed with unacquainted feares. Alasse, my daughter! thy father, seeing thee beautifull, is not carelesse of thy comfort, neither can he that laboured to bring thee to lyght suffer thee to passe thy dayes in loathsome mislyke. At this instaunt when I entered thy chamber, in thy dreame (as me seemed) thy soule betokening (as it shuld seeme) some daies sorow or plesure, exclaimed thus, O, fortunate Forbonius! Thou knowest how hatefull the person thou diddest name is to thy father, who if he be fortunate in thy dowrie I love him: I shal esteeme him unfortunate in the favour thou wilt assure him, who, beeing a collop of my flesh, wilt not allowe of that which is loathsome to thy father. O, Prisceria! Solduvius seeth, and thy secrete dreames bewraie, that the fortunacie of Forbonius is eyther unfortunate for thy selfe, or not allowable by thy father's opinion. Thy chaunge of constitution, thy hidden sorrowe, my sweet child, made me suspitious; but now the verie true messenger of thy minde confirming me, I must without cir-



cumstance conclude that Prisceria loveth her father'semie, that Prisceria desireth Forbonius favour, and detesteth her father's choice; which if it be so, O, my daughter! I feare me thy love will not be so favourable as my disdaine bitter. Wherefore, if thou art intangled, since thou knowest my opinion, forbear, or if no wisdom will conclude thee within limites, my displeasure shall exclude thee from out all benefit of my favour. Choose, now, Prisceria, whether with calme perswasions thou wilt yeeld to my bent, or by unaccustomed displeasure bee partaker of thy father's wrath.

Upon these conclusions, Prisceria, all abashed, shaking of the drowsinesse of her dreaming, made aunswere to Solduvius in these tearmes.

These straunge suppositions, my good father, argue the slender opinion of your self, who, by the uncertaintest signs that may be, confirme your opinion as you please. In my dreames you said I called Forbonius fortunate; and may it not bee, that as my tongue uttered that it thought not, your minde imagineth that which is not, counting everye lyght shadowe a substaunce, and every little similitude of truth an undoubted demonstration? Did I call thine enimie fortunate? Truly, father, I feare me I might justly conclude it, for he, poore gentleman, little dreameth on displeasures, when at such time as rest should occupie your sences, you most travaile in your rancour: by certaine tokens, as you saie, you conclude that I am affectionate, and by this silly conclusion of a dreame you inferre an undoubted trueth, that I am enamoured with Forbonius. And if perhaps the necessitie of the fates be such, Prisceria shall finde her selfe happie in loving Forbonius, by whose meanes her father may cease rancour, and take rest, and his daughter, satisfied with that she seeketh for, be no farther troubled with dreaming fantasies.

Solduvius, perceiving by these speeches the certaintie of his daughter's affection, as one altogether enraged, calling up

his wife, and raising his servants, left the sillye maide all amased at his sodaine departure: whereas the olde man exclaiming uppon the disobedience of his daughter, and thundering out many revenges against poore Prisceria, caused his horses to be saddled, and perforce (contrarie to her expectation) made her bee convayed to Farnusium, a mannor house of his owne, a place, for the solytarinesse, more fit for a Tymon, then convenient for a beautifull ladie, the onely companie there being shepheards, who upon the Vast mountaines recorded the praise of the countrie favourer, Pan, and the rurall amitie betweene them and their countrie lasses. Thus from stately Court, from the regards of her sweet friend, from the plesures that follow the citie, her companions were rurall maidens, her retinue frolicke shepheardes; whose slight capacitie not yeelding anie comfort to allaie the gentlewoman's sorrowings, made her (to her more hart grieffe) continue her pensivenesse, and sup up her conceived sorrow in silence. But to repeat the moane on the other side that amorous Forbonius made, when by certain report he had notice of his Mistres departure, were wonderfull; who beeing in himselfe altogether confounded, not knowing where to finde her out which was the onely mistres of his fantasie, Lord! with how many sighes breathed he forth his sorrowe, and compassed on everie side with despairing joyes, in the verie same garden where tofore hee repeated his pleasures, hee in these waylefull tearmes recounted his miseries.

Alas, unfortunate Aegyptian! whose faithful affections are so immutable, as thy naturall colour is unstainable. How injurious are the destinies, that, graunting thee life, they dayly hasten thy destruction; that, vouchsafing thee plesure, they suffer it not to be permanent; that, admitting thee the benefit of beauties good grace, they deprive thee of the possession and blessing of that thou desirest. Alasse, what shall befall mee, when the glorie[s] of my eyes are dimmed? when the pleasures of my heart are determined? when she whom I love nearest is

farther off from my presence? when the injurious repulses of the father makes every attempt of Forbonius unfortunate? Wo is me! what way may I imagin to make an end of my miserie? Should I with despairing rashnesse finish up the catastrophe of my troubles? Should I, beeing bereft of her by whom I live, dispossesse my selfe of that she most doth like? Should I, in making my selfe onelye fortunate by the alaie of my sorrows, leave Prisceria to her daily mournings, both to lament my deceasure, and her froward destinie? No, Forbonius, it is but vaine quiet that is to her discontentment, who, beeing equally intralled with thy selfe, will as willingly be pertaker of thy torment as thy self. But why waile I thus in feminine sorow, when my happinesse is to be accomplished by manly attempt? Solduvius rigour hath caused Prisceria's absence, yet cannot the father's displeasure determine the daughter's love: she liveth to thy wish, Forbonius; she loveth to thy weale, Forbonius; she wilbe constant til death, Forbonius: why shouldest thou, then, leave her unsought for, Forbonius? Attempt, vain man, to seke out thine assured; let not the distance of place disanull thy good hap? Solduvius banishment is concluded within the limites of Aegypt, and since it is so, either Forbonius will attaine her he desireth, or revenge the unjust rigour of an injurious father.

Upon this resolution, as a man quite dispossessed of himselfe, he hasted to Apollonius, recounting unto him how all things had fortun'd, beseeching him (not without foison of teares) to seeke out by art where Prisceria was conversant, and to direct him by counsell, who altogether was confounded with dispaire. Apollonius, by exteriour signes conceiving the interiour heartes-griefe, and seeing the poore young gentleman martyred so miraculously, comparing times and revolutions, attained to the knowledge of her abroad, and concluding in himselfe to comfort him which almost dispaired, hee spake thus to Forbonius.

My good friend, whence groweth it that neyther the nobilitie of thy auncestors, nor thy forepassed attempts, neither the benefit of thy Mistres favour, can confirme thee, but that thou wilt be carefull for that which thou hast alreadie almost compassed. Pluck up your heart, my sweete Forbonius, for thy Prisceria is not farre from thee. Farnusium, a mannor house of her father's, seated east out of this citie, whereas she is so circumspectly lookt into, that [not] by anie meanes, unlesse by secret and convenient pollicie, thou canst come to the accomplishment of thy desire. Thou must therefore, attyred altogether like a shepheard, depart this citie, and by some convenient meanes procure the keeping of some one farmer's sheepe which is resident among those mountaines, by whose meanes thou shalt fall in acquaintance with the garden[er] of thy Mistres, called Sotto, and, having convenient occasion to satisfie thy affection, possesse thy selfe of that thou hast long desired.

Forbonius, concluding his replie with hartie thanks, suddenly departed, and remembring himselfe of one Corbo, a tenant of his, which had his mansion house verie conveniently seated hard by the mannor house of Solduvius, he hastily shaped his journey unto him, and making him privie to that he desired, and swearing him to be constant and continue secret, he betooke himselfe to the keeping of his tenant's sheepe; and not forgetting to drive his flocke neere unto the lawnd wher as Solduvius servants grased their sheepe, he so demeaned himselfe, that not onely he attayned the favor of Sotto which he sought for, but also for his curteous affabilitie was accounted of among the whole troupe of heardsmen for the best singer and the tunablest musition, his Aeglogs were so delectable, and the delivery of them so delicate. Wherupon by good fortune it so fel out that Forbonius, under the coulourable name of Arvalio, was desired by Sotto to resort unto the mannor house, who informed him of all that hapned, telling him of the careful demeanour of his sorrowing young



Mistres, who, pleased with nothing but with solitarie musicke, pined her selfe awaie with melancholy; and not without cause, (said he) for my old master hath forbidden me the admitting of any one to her presence, not suffering her to passe the limits of my warie eie, nor allowing her to walke without the castel walles for her recreation. For my sake, therefore, chaunt her some melodie, and resort with me to a convenient harbour within our garden, whereas she, walking for her recreation, may perhaps take some delight in thy sorrowfull mournings, in that they most fit her fantasie. Forbonius, as willing to wend as he desirous to perswade, accompanied SottotoFarnusium, wher having a place appointed him to apply his Aeglogs, and the Goddesse before him whom he should devine upon, hee under these secrets described his passions.

Amidst these Mountaines on a time did dwell  
 A lovely Shepheard, who did beare the bell  
 For sweete reports and many loving layes;  
 Whom, while he fed his flocke in desert wayes,  
 A netheard's daughter, deckt with lovely white,  
 Behelde and lovde, the lasse Corinna hight.  
 Him sought she oft, with many a sweete regard,  
 With sundrie tokens she her sutes preferd,  
 Her care to keepe his feeding flocke from stray,  
 Whilst carelesse he amidst the lawnes did play.  
 Her sweete regards she spent upon his face;  
 Her countrie cates she sent to gaine his grace;  
 Her garlands gaie to decke his temples faire;  
 Her doubled sighs bestowd on gliding aire;  
 Her pleasant kisse where she might steale a touch,  
 Corinna's zeale to Corulus was such.  
 He, wanton shepheard, glorying in her sute,  
 These signes of zeale to folly did impute:  
 Not waying of her many loving sightes,  
 Her watrie eyes, her secret moane by nights;



Her carelesse comfort in her fruitfull ewes;  
Her monefull Aeglogs, full of carefull shewes;  
But scorning that, (which might that Godhead move,  
Who in a shepheard's forme, for Jove's behove,  
Did charme the watchman of the heifer faire,  
For whose behoofe the thunder[er] left the aire)  
He left the place where she did love to bide,  
And drave his flocke another way beside:  
Whose dire disdaine, (the God that kindles love,  
And makes impressions straungly from above,  
Misliking) strake with fancie at that stower.  
The silly shepheard, wounded by his power,  
Now sought for that which he tofore did shun,  
And now the heate of fancie first begun  
To straine a yeelding in his restlesse minde.  
Such are the wounds that passe from fancie blinde,  
That Corulus will now Corinna woe,  
Though earst he loath'd and scorned so to dooe.  
Now she that sought with many a sweete aspect,  
Is sude to now by him that did neglect.  
Now bountifull is sweete Corinna's grace,  
Now like the sunne in welkin shines her face;  
Her eyes, like Gemini, attend on Jove;  
Her stately front was figured from above;  
Her daintie nose, of ivorie faire and sheene,  
Bepurfurate with ruddie roses beene;  
Her cherie lip doth daunt the morning hiew,  
From whence a breath so pleasant did inew,  
As that which laide faire Psiches in the vayle,  
Whome Cupide woode and woe to his avayle.  
Within the compasse of which hollowe sweete,  
Those orient ranks of silver pearles doe meete,  
Prefixing lyke perfection to the eie,  
As silver colde amidst the summer's skie:

For whence such wordes in wisdome couched be,  
As Gods from thence fetch their philosophie.  
Her dimpled chin, of alablaster white,  
Her stately necke, where nature did acquite  
Her selfe so well, as that at sodaine sight  
She wisht the worke were spent upon herselfe,  
Her cunning thus was showde upon the shelve,  
For in this pile was fancie painted faire.  
In either hand an asure pipe she bare ;  
By one repeating many a sweete consent,  
By other comfort to the heart she sent.  
From which a seemely passage there doth show  
To strangers pleasures that are plast alow,  
Like to the forrowe Phæton did leve  
Amidst the welkin, when he did receive  
His father's charge, and set the world on fire.  
In this faire path oft paced sweete desire,  
At everie turne beholding with delight  
That marble mount that did affect the sight.  
Of virgin's waxe the sweet impression was,  
The cunning compasse thereof did surpasse,  
For art, concluding all perfections there,  
Wrote this report, All graces bideth here.  
Which Cupide spying, built his mansion so,  
As scorning those sweete graces to bestoe  
On mortall man, with bowe ibent doth waite,  
Least Jove should steale impressions by deceit :  
And, wondring at the crisped coment faire,  
In thought concludes it meeter for the aire  
Then mortall mould : next which the stately thies,  
Like two faire compast marble pillers rise,  
Whose white dooth staine the daintie driven snow :  
Next which the knees with lustie bent below,  
Conjoynd with nerves and cords of amber sweete,  
This stately pyle with gladsome honour greete,

Such stately knees, as when they bend a lite,  
All knees doo bend and boow with strange delyght.  
Her calves with stronger compasse doo succeed,  
In which the asure streames a wonder breede :  
Both art and nature therein laboured have,  
To paint perfection in her coulours brave.  
Next which, the pretie ground worke of the pile  
Doth shew it selfe, and wonder doth beguile,  
The joyntes whereof combind of amber sweete,  
With corall cords, yeeld bent to seemely feete :  
From which, whose list to lift his gasing eye,  
Shall greater cause of wonder soone espie.  
When on the backe he bends his wavering looke,  
In which the worke and taske Diana tooke,  
When with Arachne for the prise she strave,  
Both art and nature there excelled have :  
Where from Pigmalion's image seemely white,  
Where close conveiaunce passing Gordian's plight,  
Where lovely nectar, drinke for all the Gods,  
Where everie grace is stained there by ods,  
Will, not content with gasing, looke for more,  
And spie those armes that stand his sight before,  
Which for their mould the Aegyptian wonders passe,  
Which for their beautie staine the christall glasse,  
Which in their motion maister natures sweete ;  
Where blushing streames present a secrets meete,  
Will, now amazde, conclude at last of this,  
That in the hands all grace concluded is ;  
Where Nature limits ever fatall time,  
Where Fortune figures pleasure in her prime,  
Whence spred those fingers tipt with ivorie,  
Whose touch Medusa's turne may well supplie,  
Where to conclude as now the shepheard deemes,  
All grace, all beautie, all perfections seemes.

Thus Corulus with many secret thoughts  
 Divines on her whom erst he set at naughts,  
 And first by scorch of inward shrowded fire,  
 He seekes for her his fancie did require;  
 Who, fraught with woes, in secret shrowdes renude  
 Her silent griefe, unsure of that insude.  
 Her Corulus with warie search at last  
 At sodaine found: and as a man agast  
 At that he saw, drew backe with feare, and than,  
 Remembring of his woes, his sute began.  
 O, sweete Corinna, blessed be the soyle  
 That yeelds thee rest amidst thy dayly toyle,  
 And happie ground whereon thou satest so:  
 Blest be thy flocke, which in these lawnes doo go,  
 And happie I, but having leave to looke.  
 Which said, with feare he pawsd, and bloud forsooke  
 His palie face, till she that wrought the fire  
 Restorde the red, and kindled sweete desire.  
 And with a bashfull looke beholding him,  
 Which many months her pleasant foe had bin,  
 She cast her armes about his drooping necke,  
 And with her daintie fingers dawde him up;  
 And kissing of his palie coloured face,  
 (Like as the Gods) by touch did soon displace  
 The sowre that alterd the poore shepheard's sweete,  
 When thus she gan her Corulus to greete.  
 O, lovely shepheard, happie be the hower  
 In which (I know not by what secret power)  
 The Gods have sent thee hether to thy frend! }  
 Alas, what griefe should Corulus offend? }  
 Whom fairest Nimph might well a liking lend. }  
 Thy grasing ewes, with udders full of milke,  
 With fruitfull fleece, and wooll as softe as silke,  
 Take glory in the fatnesse of this soyle,  
 And prayse theyr mastres care and busie toyle,

And now accuse thee of thy drooping mone.  
'Tis but enough for me to wayle alone,  
For why Corinna onely haplesse is.  
Poore Corulus, at last revivde by this,  
Gan sighing, silence now to interrupt,  
And banish feare, which did his hope corrupt.  
And thus he said. O, Nymph of beauties traine,  
The onely cause and easer of my paine,  
'Tis not the want of any worldly joy,  
Nor fruitlesse breed of lambes procures my noy,  
Ne sigh I thus for any such mishap;  
For these vaine goods I lull in fortune's lap.  
But other greefes and greater cause of care,  
As now Corinna my tormenters are.  
Thy beautie, Goddess, is the onely good;  
Thy beautie makes mine eyes to streame a flood;  
Thy beautie breakes my woonted pleasant sleepe;  
Thy beautie causeth Corulus to weepe:  
For other joyes they now but shadowes be,  
No joye but sweete Corinna's love for me.  
Whereon I now beseech thee, by that white  
Which staines the lilly, and affects my sight,  
By those faire locks whereas the graces rest,  
By those sweete eyes whereas all pleasures nest,  
Doo yeelde me love, or leave me for to die.  
Corinna, studious for to yeeld reply,  
With many teares bedewd the shepheard's face,  
And thus at last she spake: O, happie place  
The which the Gods appoynted for my good!  
What blessed Nymph within this sacred wood  
Hath pleaded poore Corinna's lawfull cause?  
Or be they dreames that now my fancie drawes?  
O, Corulus, ne needst thou sue to me,  
Nor spend the teares for to accepted be,



Since long ere this I would have bent to bow,  
 If modest feare could well have taught me how.  
 In happie bonds of Himen I am thine :  
 Ne plead thou grace to her that dooth incline.  
 Thus with a kisse she sealed up the deed,  
 When as the shepheard, glad of happie speed,  
 Embracing her he had desired long,  
 Gan call for grace to her he so did wrong.  
 Confirmed thus with mutuall glad consent,  
 They finisht up the marriage that they ment.  
 Great was the day, and every field compeere  
 Delighted in the pleasure of his deere.  
 Poore I alone in sad lamenting layes,  
 Deprived of the pleasure of my dayes,  
 In carefull tunes in brieve concluding thus :—  
 O, happie times, and planets gracious,  
 When in a mirrour beautie did behold  
 The hidden woes my muse could wel unfold,  
 And with a liking looke shape some replie.  
 But woe is me ! since father's crueltie  
 In changed formes hath altred termes of sute,  
 And altering place hath made my Goddess mute.  
 Who, honouring Pan, may hap the person see,  
 Whom habit strange perswades it should be me.

This delectable Aeglogue finished by the amorous Forbonius, gave occasions to Prisceria to satisfie the thoughts that then troubled her fantasie. For, confounded in her selfe, not knowing what to conclude of that the shepheard Arvalio had reported, yet welnigh perswaded that the reporter was he she liked off, with a seemely grace, not minding to incurre the lightest suspition, turning toward Forbonius, whose hand was on his half-penie, shee sayd thus.

Gentle Shepheard, that Nimph thou lovest shuld alter from womanhood, that considering thy true zeale and exqui-

site proportions, would not requite thy loyaltie with the benefit of her love. Truly, Madame, (aunswered the imagined Arvalio) and I thinke my selfe gracious in this, that for her whom I love I am enjoyned this torment. Whereupon turning himselfe a side, and drying up the teares which should bewray his fancie, he was at last knowen by Prisceria, who, altogether amazed at the presence of Forbonius, forgetting welnie the infortunacie she was intangeled in, cast her armes about his necke, yet colouring with a seemly disdain to shadow her opinion, and blindfold subtill Sotto, shee sayde thus. Truly, Shepheard, if I may prevaile with thy mistres, thou shalt not be unrewarded for this curtesie. And, Madame, (said Forbonius) might I counsell your Ladiship, you should not sorrow for that maye be compassed at your pleasure.

This said, Sotto, taking Arvalio by the hand, tooke his leave of his young Mistresse thus: My young ladie, I, as studious of your pleasure as maye be, have brought you this young shepheard to laugh at, and if his musick like you, you shall have every day at the least a lay or two. And heerin shalt thou doo me no small pleasure, said Prisceria. And so, with a seemly regard shaping a loth departure, the two shepheards resorted to their flocks, Arvalio, altogether amazed at his Mistres beautie, and Sotto very jocond he had fitted his young ladies fancy so well: wherupon the old shepheard, turning to our solitarie and distressed Arvalio, said thus. What maks thee thus sollom, my youthly compeere? Cease to greeve thy selfe about those thinges that may be compassed: if thou love, time shal eate out that which treacle cannot, and thou shalt either be fortunate in possessing hir thou desirest, or in overpassing thy passions with good government, leave love to those that like her. Arvalio, not to seeke of curteous humanitie, gave him this aunswere. O, Sotto, it is not the love that greeveth me, but the meanes to compasse love: I labour not to attain love, but to possesse the profits of my long service in love. As for time, it may

worke wonders in them that are repulsed; but when Cupid is gracious, and occasions unfortunate, thinke you that this is not a bitter sowre? Yea, but answered Sotto, and if it be so, Arvalio, plucke up thy sprights, and doubt thou not, but if thou proove dilygent in pleasing my young Mistresse, I meane not to be idle, if I may know whom thou likest of. As for that, doubt not, said our disguised Forbonius; for since I know by thy onely meanes my love is to be compassed, I wil not stick in so slight a pleasure to profit, when as by thy meanes I may onely succor my selfe. In such lyke termes passing over their werisome walke, at last they betooke themselves each of them to the folding of their sheep, for it was welnie night, and the sunne was steeped in the ocean: wher upon Arvalio, the shepheard, becomming now Forbonius indeede, hasted him home unto his tenaunt's house, making him both privie of his happie fortune, and concluding with himselfe howe to performe that he wished for: and for that long travayle requireth some quiet, he betooke himselfe to rest, where recompensing al his night's wakings with a quiet sleep, at dawne of day he returned to his counterfeit habite unto the field, and unfolding his flocke, he drave them into those pastures that wer adjoyning to Sotto's walk; who no sooner spied Arvalio, but saluting him very curteously, he earnestly intreated him (setting all excuses apart) to go to Farnusium, and in the best sort that hee might to solace the unfortunate Prisceria; who onely wayting that occasion, commending his flocke to the over-sight of the old man, and accompanied with Saracca, the daughter of olde Sotto, he was presented to his desired within the castle, who, by the absence of Sotto, finding all occasions to serve her turne, having sent sillye Sarraca about some sleevelesse arrant, she, taking the occasion profered, said thus to Forbonius. Blest be that sweete conceipt of thine, (O my friend) which to the unfortunate rigour of my father hath adapted so convenient an end! Now maist thou with as great plea-

suers enjoye thy desired, as with deepe perplexities thou hast sorrowed in her absence. Now neither distaunce can sever us from imbracing, nor the watchfull eye of my father intercept thee of thy wish. See heere thy Prisceria, who, though the Fates worke never so contrarie, will live to Forbonius, and onely love Forbonius.

This said, with many kisses comforting him which was almost overcome with pleasaunt imaginations, she was returned this aunswere by her most assured favourer.

O, Prisceria! if overpressed with manye suspitious thoughts, if made pertaker of the infernall tortures in Phlegeton, if subject to the punishment of the daughters of Danaus, or affixed to the torture that martereth Titius, I should be confirmed by this onely benefit in opinion, and made constant in all misfortunes; yea, even to overcome the insupportable travailes of the Sisters, and be enabled with constancie to subdue all torments what so ever, by remembraunce onely of one gracious regard. It is neither thy father's rancor, sweet Prisceria, nor distance of place, nor any one occasion what soever, can either sequester me of my hope, nor thee of the possession of thy wishes. Cast off, therefore, all doubt of after dole, and assure your self, that as this plesure hath his originall this present instant, so by my meanes ere long it shalbe continued for everlasting memory. Passing the time in such like pleasures, and ministering a remedie unto each other's torments, I cannot tell whether by the iniquitie of destinie, or otherwise, Solduvius, learning out Forbonius departure, and suspicious of his forward attempts, at that very instant arrived at Farnusium, when the two amorous couple, little doubting his sodaine approch, were coasted with this sower, in midst of all their sweete, that the enemy of their pleasures even then entred the castle, when as it seemed the fates had prefixed them that conveniencie and opportunitie to allaye their long sorrowing. The brute of whose advent, brought to the eares of Prisceria, Lorde! how



she was confounded in her self, how dismaid was Forbonius at that instant, how at that very time were they both astonished, when most circumspection should be had; so that scarce they had then dried up their teares, when as Solduvius entring the chamber, quicklye discovered the whole counterfaite, (for jealous eyes inflamed with rancour pretermit nothing): whereupon the olde man at first, nothing at all deluded by the straunge habite, spying out their proceedings, laying violent hands on Forbonius, caused him forcibly to be conveyed to the strongest tower in the castle, and, tounring himselfe to Prisceria, he began thus.

O, thou wicked and ungracious mayd! degenerating from the nobilitie of thy auncestours, and led by unseemly affections, not directed by the likings of thy tender parents, in what tearmes shuld I accuse thee, or bewray my sorrowes? Woe is me, that am inforced to be an eie witnesse of mine owne sorow, and to behold that with mine eyes that I hate in my heart. Is this the reward of breeding children? Is this the benefite that is reapt by issue? Are these the pleasures that befall parentes? O, Solduvius! happie hadst thou bene, if either Prisceria had beene unborne, or thou unmarried: by the one thou shouldest have escaped this present miserie, by the other, prevented the untoward sorrow that now confoundeth thee. Is thy love to be fixed there where I hate? or shuldest thou be amorous of him who is odious to thy father? O, vile wretch, borne among the Hircan tygres, which, respecting not thy father's felicitie, overburthenest his olde yeares with unlooked for calamitie. But, if ever just Gods pittied a lawfull complaint, I doubt not but they, that minister justice to all men, wil wreak the injuries thou hast done to me.

Thus sayd, he sate down altogether confounded with melancholie. When as Prisceria, finding occasion to speake for her selfe, began thus.

Who seeketh, O father! to prevent the destinies, laboreth



in vaine, and who indeavoureth to alter nature, as he striveth against the streame, so must he perish in his owne overweening. The Gods have concluded our love, and will you, being a creature, seeke to infringe it? Alasse, my father, why should my pleasure be your discomfort? or that by which I live prove that which most you hate? Doe not you heerein breake nature, who laie violent hands on your owne flesh, and seeke to alter that by rigor that was ordained by divine instinct? O, lette your rancor overslip, (my good father) and if ever humble sute prevailed with an honourable minde, cease to hate him whom I love, and couple us both together whom the Gods having joyned in an assured league of friendship, it cannot be but injustice to alter their proceedings.

Solduvius, not able to digest the furie of his passion, nor willing to weigh of the submissive request of his daughter, interrupted her thus:—And is it not sufficient for thee (vaine wench as thou art) to passe the limites of nature, but to continue thy error too? Thinkest thou to compasse me with teares, who without sighes cannot call to memorie thy escape? No, Prisceria; both thou shalt see, and that varlet shall knowe, that my displeasure wil not be finished but with blood, nor my anger satisfied till I have confounded him who hath discomforted me. Wherupon flinging out of the chamber in a great rage, and fastening both boltes and lockes, he with his traine resorted to the imprisoned poore shepheard, his capitall enimie Forbonius, whom after he had taunted with these unjust tearmes, he proceeded further to this unjust revenge. Thou cursed and abhominable caitife, is it not sufficient by the injuries of thy father Clunamos to move my patience, but that thou in person must violate my daughter? Thinkest thou that the Gods detest not these injuryes, when as with wicked attempts thou bewitchest the daughter, and massacrest the father? Naie, nether in justice will they pretermit the offence, nor will nature suffer me to beare with thine errour: prepare thy selfe, therefore, to

make him recompence with thy bloud, whom thou hast troubled with thy attempt.

Forbonius, confounded with sorrowe, and amazed at this austere judgement, yet remembring the nobilitie that was alwayes accounted in him, aunswered him thus.

Although enraged rancour hath made thee passe the limits of honour, (O, Solduvius) yet passe not so farre in thy resolutions as to staine the dignitie of thy person with the martyrdom of a guiltlesse gentleman. If I did hate thy daughter, that lyttle envye that grewe by my father's displeasure might by reason grow to deepe and rooted mallice; but when I love Prisceria, why shoulde I bee contempned of Solduvius? It should seeme that love was not accompted lothsome among the Gods, when as prefixing a punishment to all escapes, they prescribe an honour to this, chiefly concluding it to be a vertue: whereuppon thou must conclude, that eyther thou contemnest the decrees of the Gods, or measurest all thinges by thine owne malice. Thou threatnest me with death, (vaine man) and I weigh not the dissolution of my bodie; for this I assure thee, as long as I may live I will honour Prisceria, and beeing dead, my ghost shall persecute thee with revenge, and prosecute my affections towarde my best beloved. So Prisceria lyve, Forbonius careth not to dye, the onely memorie of whome shall make mee constaunt in misfortunes, and willing to withstande the brunt of thy crueltie: whereupon my conclusion is, that if Solduvius for faithful assurance wil become a friendlye allowe of Forbonius, he, which by reason of the mallice of his father had once cause to hate him, will now honour him, and that strife which separated two so noble families, shal now be finished in our happy marryage: If this like not, proceede as thou pleasest. In granting mee favour, thou shalt finde honour, in bereaving mee of lyfe, thou shalt finish all my misfortunes.

The discourse of Forbonius thus ended, Solduvius began thus, after that he had somewhat digested his cholar.

Although, Forbonius, the injurys thou hast offered me, together with former displeasures, be sufficient to continue my resolution, yet weyghing with my selfe that it is vaine to alter that which is prefixed by destinye, wonne by reason, which directeth all men, and by the tender love I beare my daughter, which shoulde prevayle with a father, I yeelde thee thy love to injoye in chast wedlocke; and wheres thou lookedst I shoulde bee thy tormentour, loe, I am nowe contented to be thy unlooked for father. Whereuppon taking Forbonius by the hande, and conveying him to Prisceria's chamber, hee confirmed the gentleman in his former purpose, and his daughter of his assured favour, using these kind of tearmes to discover his intention: My daughter, that father that even now hainously mislikt of thy lover, now gloryeth in thy lyking, and he which whilome hated Forbonius, now vouchsafeth him his son in lawe: whereupon comfort your selves with mutuall solace, and to morrow we will to the citie to finish up the ceremonies. The two lovers, compassed with incredible pleasures, and not able to suppress the affections that possessed them but by breaking out into speech, they both humbled themselves to aged Solduvius, returning him by the mouth of Forbonius these thanks. O, noble gentleman! it may not be expressed by tongue what I imagine in heart, who by your meanes, of the most unfortunatest man that liveth am become the only happie man of the world. Notwithstanding this, in lew of all favour, I wil returne you, that both by that meanes all private quarralls shall cease betweene our two families, and you registred in our Aegyptian records for the onely peace-maker of Memphis. In these sweete speeches over passing the daie and night: the next morrow the whole traine posted to Memphis, whereas by the high Priest of the Sun they were solempnly espoused, and after many sorowes were recompensed with nuptiall pleasure.

Now, ladies and gentlewomen, I must leave this to your consideration, whether the lovers for their constancie are

more to be commended, or the olde man for his patience more to be wondered at. I leave you to fit that conclusion till you have read what is written, promising you that if my rude discourse have wrought you anye pleasure, I will both labor heerafter to serve all occasions, and so fixe my studies as they shall not farre differ from your fantasies: and thus craving you to winke at an errour, and commend as the cause requireth, I take my leave, willing to be made privie if I have anye wayes travayled to your contentment.

FINIS.





TRUTH'S COMPLAINT

OVER

ENGLAND.



## Truth's complaint over England.

My mournfull Muse, Melpomine, drawe neere,  
Thou saddest ladie of the sisters three,  
And let her plaints in paper now appeere,  
Whose teares lyke ocean billowes seeme to bee:  
And should I note the plaintiffes name to thee?  
Men call her Truth, once had in great request,  
But banisht now of late for craft's behest.

Amidst the rest that set their pen to booke,  
She pickt me out to tell this wofull tale,  
A simple Poet, on whose workes to looke  
The finest heads would thinke it verie stale:  
Yet though unworthie to my friends availe,  
I take the toile, and praie my Muse's aide  
To blazon out the tale of Truth dismaide.

Such time as Phœbus from the couloured skie  
Did headlong drive his horses t'ord the West,  
To suffer horned Luna for to prie  
Amidst the duskie darke, new raisde from rest,  
As I in fragrant fields with woes opprest,  
Gan walke, to drive out melancholy grieve,  
Which in my heart at that time had the cheefe,

It was my hap, fast by a river's side,  
To heare a rufull voice lamenting thus.  
You lulling streames, even as your waves divide,

So breakes my heart with passions perillous,  
Which faine I would unto the world discusse,  
Were anie heere for to recount my moane,  
Whose wofull heart for inward grieve doth grone.

Which sayd, she cast her dewed eyes askance,  
And spying me, gan rowse her heavie head,  
And praide me pen her sad and heavie chance;  
And she recounted it that present sted.  
I did agree, and graunting Truth me fed  
With these reportes, which I set downe in vearse,  
Which greeve my Muse for sorowes to rehearse.

Whilome (deere friend) it was my chaunce to dwell  
Within an Iland compast with the wave,  
A safe defence a forren foe to quell,  
Once Albion cald, next Britaine Brutus gave,  
Now England hight, a plot of beautie brave,  
Which onely soyle should seeme the seate to bee  
Of Paradise, if it from sinne were free.

Within this place, within this sacred plot,  
I first did frame my first contented bower;  
There found I peace and plentie for to float;  
There justice rulde, and shinde in everie stowre;  
There was I lov'de and sought too everie howre:  
Their Prince, content with plainnesse, loved Truth,  
And pride by abstinence was kept from youth.

Then flew not fashions everie daie from Fraunce;  
Then sought not nobles novells from a farre;  
Then land was kept, not hazarded by chaunce;  
Then quiet minde preservd the soile from jarre;  
Cloth kept out colde, the poore releevd were.  
This was the state, this was the luckie stowre,  
While Truth in England kept her stately bowre.

Justice did never looke with partiall eyes,  
Demosthenes was never dum for golde;  
The Princes eares were ope to pesant's cries,  
And false suspect was charely kept in holde;  
Religion flourisht, livings were not solde  
For lucre then, but given by desart,  
And each receiv'd, and preacht with zealous hart.

Then learning was the loadstone of the land;  
Then husbandman was free from shiftes of lawe;  
Then faithfull promise stooode in steed of band;  
The drones from busie bee no mel could drawe;  
Then love, not feare, did keepe the state in awe;  
Then, then did flourish that renowned time,  
When earth and ashes thrust not to clime.

For as the horse well mand abides the bit,  
And learnes his stop by raine in rider's hand,  
Where mountaine colt, that was not saddled yet,  
Runnes headlong on amidst the fallowed land,  
Whose fierce resist scarce bends with anie band:  
So men, reclaimde by vertue, tread aright,  
Where, led by follies, mischiefes on them light.

Use masters all, use nurtereth mortall wayes;  
Use, use of good, continues happie state;  
Use, use of mee, made England then have praise:  
But since abuse hath banisht me of late,  
Alasse the while! there runnes another rate,  
Which while by sad insight I looke into,  
I see the want of those that have to doe.

And yet I see not Sodome: some are good,  
Whose inward bowels dayly melt in mone,  
To see how Britane, now in raging wood,



Hard hearted, flintie minded, all in one,  
Bent to abuse, and leaving me alone,  
Alonely lead, with carelesse shew of peace,  
Whereas secure regard doth sinne increase.

Some, some there be whom zeale hath swallowed up,  
First, blessed Prince, of whom I finde releefe,  
Some noble peeres, that tast [of] errors cup,  
Some godly prelates in the Church are cheefe,  
Some lawiers, lead by zeale, lament my greefe.  
Some merchants follow God, not swallow golde,  
Some countrie swains love truth you may be bolde.

Yet as great store of darnell marres the seed  
Which else would spring within a fertile field,  
And as the fruitfull bud is choakt by weede,  
Which otherwise a gladsome grape would yeeld,  
Some sometimes wicked men doe overweeld,  
And keepe in covert those who would direct  
The common state, which error doth infect.

Yet Truth must never alter from his name :  
Good Prince, sayd I, ye good : what of her selfe ?  
And that is good, for Princes that doe frame  
Themselves to private good, doo subjects good ;  
Yet that's not that same goodnesse I would name :  
Good Prince, good people, that's the good I crave,  
Of Princes goods that goodnesse would I have.

For as the great commaunder of the tides,  
God Neptune, can allay the swelling seas,  
And make the billowes mount on either sides,  
When wandering keeles his cholar would displease,  
So Princes may stirre up and soone appease  
The commons heart to doe, and to destroy  
That which is good, or this, which threatens anoy.

For common state can never sway amisse,  
When Princes lives doo leuell all a right;  
Be it for Prince that England happie is,  
Yet haplesse England if the fortune light,  
That with the Prince the subjects seeke not right.  
Unhappie state, unluckie times they bee,  
When Princes lives and subjects disagree.

I know not I whence come these wayward woes,  
Whose sodaine shoves portend this sodain change,  
Yet dooth misdoubt such sodaine feares disclose,  
As Truth this present doubts the sequell strange:  
When stable head lets staillesse members range,  
I feare me, as the buildings trust to sand,  
So every blast will stroy with turne of hand.

When as in Court by proud contempt I see  
A fashion feedes the fancies now a dayes;  
When as in Court promotions passed be  
By selfe opinion, oft the wise man sayes,  
The turnes are strange, and favour soone decayes;  
And those whom fortune windeth now a floate,  
By change of favour soone may change their coate.

When as election dooth but passe by sence,  
Then must I deeme the world is fed by shoves;  
When garish beautie causeth vaine expence,  
It seemes the man should see, but little knowes,  
Repentaunce is the fruite by loving growes:  
So when in Court nought but such pleasures be,  
Repentaunce must ensue, we well may see.

But leaving Court, where though the bramble groes,  
Yet zealous care there sets her selfe, I see,  
I doo in Court but now complaine of those

Who practise that that fits not their degree,  
Whose vaines by powre full oft corrected be :  
But now such colours cloake each bad pretence,  
That shoves doo hold the wise in some suspence.

But I, poore I, though greevd at courtlike scapes,  
Lamenting there the lavish vaine expence,  
Have farther cause abroad to note escapes,  
Where craft doth keepe true meaning in suspence,  
And wily worldlings cover their pretence  
With holy shapes, and in a holy coate  
Dooth flattery praise those men that swim a floate.

In nobles traines who sees not strange misdeemes,  
Where each dooth gape and catch at private gaine[s],  
And fleece the Lord, who, though he blindfold seemes,  
By oft attempts dooth barre them of their vaines;  
The painfull wretch who toiles with often paines,  
He hath faire words, when flattrie sucks the sweete :  
Thus shoves take place, and Troth's trod under feete.

In England, giftes can compasse each reproofe ;  
The bad for gold may soone be counted good ;  
The wicked gainer, for the state's behoofe ;  
The blindest buzzard to give heavenly food ;  
The faintest heart in warlikst place hath stood ;  
And who gives most hath now most store of farmes,  
Rackt rents the Lord with golden fuell warmes.

And Justice sore I feare by powre is led.  
The poore may crie, and gladly creepe to crosse,  
The rich with wealth, though wealthie, now are fed ;  
The simple man now onely beares the losse ;  
The lawier he the golden crownes doth tosse,  
And now hath fees at will with cap and knee,  
And each man cries, good sir, come plead for me.

O, sweete the time, when neither folly might  
Mislead your hopes, nor alter olde decrees !  
O, happie Truth, when as with sweete delight  
She laboured still for conscience, not for fees !  
O, blessed time, when zeale with bended knees  
Gan blesse the heavens, that bent their powres divine,  
The English hearts to wisdom to encline !

But now refus'd, disdain'd, and set at naught,  
Inforst to seeke for rest in place unknowne,  
I wayle, poore wretch, that no redresse is sought :  
But well I wot my griefes are not mine owne,  
Some beare a part and helpe to waile my mone,  
But all in vaine : such colours now are made,  
That those would mend the misse doo daunce in shade.

This said, bewetting all the place with teares,  
And from her eyes expelling flouds of mone,  
Her lovely lockes bespred about her eares,  
She wavde her wings as willing to be gone :  
And after pause she soard away anone,  
And thus she said : You Ilanders, adieu ;  
You banisht me, before I fled from you.

*Lenvoy.* Beleeve me, Countrimen, this thing is true.





## NOTES.

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### REPLY TO GOSSON.

Page 1.] As elsewhere noticed, there is no title-page to the original.

Page 3, line 10. The right M.] Here, and at page 9, line 8, "M." apparently stands for Master.

Page 3, line 13. There came.] In the original there is no division of paragraphs, which are introduced for the sake of rendering the tract more intelligible.

Page 4, line 9. Deceiued.] In the original, "deciued."

Page 4, line 12. Virgil's Gnatt, and Ouid's Fley.] It is scarcely necessary to add, that this refers to the minor poems, "Culex" and "Ibis," attributed to these two Latin poets. Among the "Complaints," or minor poems of Spenser, printed in 1591, there is a translation of Virgil's Gnat.

Page 5, line 5. Dauus.] In the original, "Danus." Some obvious typographical blunders like this have been corrected, but of too little importance to be worth noticing.

Page 5, line 9. *Cirpo*.] So in the original—error for *scirpo*. This proverb, signifying, to seek a difficulty where there is none, or, a knot in a bulrush, occurs first in Lucilius—*Nodum in scirpo insane facere vulgus*. Likewise, both in Plautus and Terence, we have—*In scirpo nodum quæris*.

Page 5, line 10. Incouiences.] Probably a mistake for "incontinencies;" and line 30, "denocated" should no doubt be "denoted."

Page 7, line 16. Maximus.] In the original, "Maximinns."

Page 7, line 33. Erasmus labor in Euripides tragedies?] He translated into Latin verse the tragedies of Hecuba and Iphigenia; as Buchanan subsequently did the Medea and Alcestis.

Page 8, line 32. Tullie.] Ciceronis Orat., xxvi., 7. Pro Archia Poeta.

Page 9, line 9. What Cellarius, a learned father, attributeth to it.] It might not be easy to trace any early ecclesiastical writer of this name. The genuine reading may possibly be *Cassiodorus*, who is mentioned in

the next page. Besides various other works, he has left treatises on grammar and rhetoric. Lodge's printer has committed as glaring errors as the substitution of *Cellarius* for *Cassiodorus*.

Page 10, line 7.] Hiroaldus should probably have been Beroaldus. Philip Beroaldus, an eminent scholar, published, at Bologna, in 1488, "Annotationes in varios Auctores." These are included in a later publication from the Ascensian press, "Annotationes doct. Virorum in Grammaticos, Oratores, Poetas," &c. Paris. 1512, folio.

Page 11, line 1. A well of the Muses, which Cabelimus calleth Porum.] This passage, as it now stands, is utterly unintelligible: but it is not perhaps improbable that Lodge wrote, "which Caballinus calleth Persius;" that is, which Persius calleth Caballinus, in the first verse of his prologue:

"Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino."

Page 14, line 1. Tirtheus pollicy.] Meaning Tyrtæus, the Greek elegiac poet.

Page 16, line 3. A silly Tirthetus.] Silly, or feeble, as applied to Tyrtæus, who is described as being short of stature, lame, and blind of one eye. In the war between the Lacedæmonians and Messenians, the former, having consulted the oracle of Delphi, were promised victory, if they obtained a General from Athens: Tyrtæus was in derision sent to them by the Athenians, but his martial strains so animated the Spartans, that the Messenians were reduced to subjection.

Page 19, line 32. I must play the Musitian right nolesse buggs now come in place but pauions and mesures.] This is unintelligible nonsense. Mr. Collier has ingeniously suggested the right reading to be, "no loose jiggs," as contradistinguished from "pauions" (pavins) and "mesures," which were slow country-dances.

Page 21, line 9. Cretensis.] Error for Cretenses.

Page 21, line 11. Yf Boetyus fitten not.] "Fitten" seems to be a misprint for "feign." The passage here referred to by Lodge occurs in the treatise by A. Manl. Sev. Boethius, *De Musica*, lib. i.—"Tanta igitur fuit apud eos Musicæ diligentia, ut eam animos quoque obtinere arbitrantur. Vulgatum quippe est, quam sæpe iracundias cantilena represserit, quam multa vel in corporum, vel in animorum affectionibus miranda perfecerit. Cui enim est illud ignotum, quod Pythagoras ebrum adolescentem Taurominitanum sub Phrygii modi sono incitatum, spondeo succinente reddiderit mitiorem et sui compoten. Nam cum scortum in rivalis domo esset clausum, atque ille furens domum vellet amburere, cumque Pythagoras stellarum cursus (ut ei mos nocturnus erat) inspiceret, uti intellexit sono

Phrygii modi incitatum, multis amicorum admonitionibus a facinore noluisse desistere, mutari Modum præcepit atque ita furentis animum adolescentis ad statum mentis pacatissime temperavit." (*Opera*, p. 1064. Basilæ, 1546, folio.)

Page 21, line 17. With the foote *Spondeus*.] Sir Walter Scott, in republishing Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, in vol. iii. of his edition of the Somers' Tracts, has added a few notes: in one of these, where the author speaks of the effects produced by music, he says—"This is a very whimsical anticipation of the arguments of the learned Cornelius Scriblerus in favour of ancient music: 'Did not Pythagoras stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to a sober *spondeus*? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known that, when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they instantly grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age, could keep his Holiness's image from being burned of a 5th of November.'" (*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. vi.)

Page 21, line 20. As the magnetes draweth iorne [iron], and the Theamides driueth it away.] See note to page 57.

Page 23, line 11. *Te tigeris*.] Typographical mistake for *tetigeris*.

Page 24, line 12. Jodocus Badius.] An "eminent printer, scholar, commentator, and critic." (Dibdin's *Bibliogr. Decameron*, vol. ii., p. 115.) Badius Ascensius commenced his career as printer at Lyon, towards the close of the fifteenth century, and afterwards removed to Paris. The books from his press are usually distinguished with a woodcut of the interior of a printing-office, and the inscription, "Prelum Ascensianum." His notes on Terence are included in the edition printed at Strasburg, 1496, and in later impressions. He published an edition of Horace in 1503.

Page 24, line 34. *Comedia*, &c.] This definition, as Gosson specially takes notice of in his "Playes Confuted," does not occur in Cicero. His words are: "Yonge Master Lodge, thinking to iett upon star-toppes, and steale an ynche of his hight by the bare name of Cicero, allegeth from him, that a Play is *the School-mistresse of life; the lookinge glasse of manners; and the image of trueth*. But finding him selfe too weeke in the knees to stand it out, neither alleading the place where Tullie saith it; nor bringing any reason of his owne to prove it; hee flittes from this to the Etymologie of Plaies, from thence to the inventors,

and so gallops his wisdom out of breath. It seemeth that Master Lodge saw this in Tullie with other folk's eyes, and not his own. For to my remembrance I never read it in him, neither doe I thinke that Master Lodge can shewe it me.....But because Master Lodge will needes father these wordes upon Tullie that never spake them, I will first sette downe the matter, and the persons of both kindes of playes, then rippe up every part of this definition, that you may see how this Gentleman, like the Foxe at the banquet of the Storke, lickes the outside of the glasse with an empty stomacke, when his heade will not suffer him to enter in. ....Master Lodge, finding some peevish index or gatherer of Tullie to be a sleepe, is very wel contented to winke for company, and thinking his worde so currant to goe for payment, woulde gladly perswade us upon Tullies credite that a Play is *the Schoolmistres of life*. Wherein I perceive hee is no changeling, for hee disputeth as soundly, being from the Universitie and out of exercise, as hee did when hee was there, and at his booke," &c. (*Playes Confuted*. Sign. C 4., C 5, C 8.)

Page 25, line 6. Susarion Bullus, and Magnes, to auncient poets.] "To" is an evident mistake for "two." Susario, born in the Megarenian territory, "primus omnium versibus comœdias docuisse creditur." (Meineke, *Historia Critica Comicarum Græcorum*, p. 18.) In reference to the history of Magnes, see Meineke, p. 29.

Page 28, line 15. "Wrighters," for writers; line 23, "verdit," for verdict; and line 26, "fet," for fetched, derived.

Page 28, line 31. I should preferr Wilson's.] Mr. Collier, from this passage, concludes that a play on the subject of Cataline's Conspiracy was written by Robert Wilson, a player and dramatist. (*Annals of the Stage*, vol. i., xxxii.; vol. iii., 93, 246.)

Page 30, line 8. The alters of peace.] In the original, "theatters of peace."

Page 31, line 12. Silius Italicus.] In the original, "Siluius Italicus."

Page 31, line 24, Candida, &c.] In one of his later tracts, Lodge quotes this line from Ovid, with this translation:—

"Peace is for men, and wrath for fellon beasts."

*Wits Miserie*, &c., 1596, p. 70.

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## ALARUM AGAINST USURERS.

Page 47, line 7. Our youth, which was fligge, is now at leake.] Evidently meaning, who was flush with money, is now exhausted, or left bare. *Fligge*, properly, is fledged. Thus Peele, in his "Edward the First:"—

"Baliol shall live; but yet within such bounds,  
That if his wings grow *fig*, they may be clipt."

*Works*, by Dyce, vol. i., p. 180.

Page 57, line 28. As the Theamides of Aegypt.] "There is another mountain in the same Ethyopia, and not far from the said Zimiris (for so they cal the sandy region of Ethyopia), which breedeth the stone Theamedes, that will abide no yron, but rejecteth and driveth the same from it." (Holland's Pliny, vol ii., p. 587.)

Page 65, line 14. Thus by collusion.] In the "Looking Glass for London and England, written jointly by Lodge and Greene, a Usurer is brought upon the stage, giving bribes to the Judge and opposite Counsel, in order to obtain a decree that a Client had forfeited his recognisance on his land; and the following paragraph is worked up skilfully—the said Client having granted a receipt or assurance for forty pounds, "Whereof I received ten pound in money, and thirty pound in lute-strings, whereof (he says) *I could by great friendship make but five pounds.*" Here, in the Alarum, the sum said to be received for thirty pounds' worth of lute-strings was four nobles.

Page 71, line 7. The funerall epitaph of the universities.] Alluding to the custom of publishing a series of Funeral elegies by the members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, upon the death of persons of distinction.

Page 71, line 18. Savanarola of Rome.] The person here mentioned is obviously to be distinguished from Savonarola, Prior of the Convent of St. Mark, at Florence, whose denunciations against the Court of Rome led to his death, in 1498. See Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, vol. ii., p. 309.

Page 72. The two lines at the foot of this page are quoted from Ovid:—

Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,  
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.

*Remedia Amoris*, lib. i., l 91.



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